



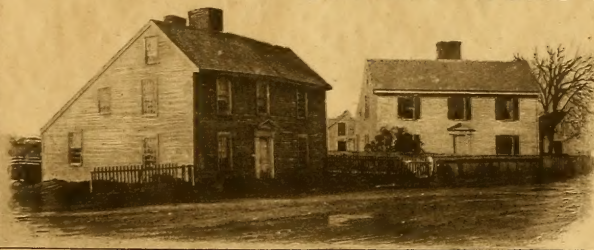


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*PORCUPINE'S*

W O R K S.

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VOL. II.

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“ The whole tribe of rascals, I made no doubt, would rise  
“ to oppose my efforts; but then I was prepared to oppose the  
“ whole tribe of rascals. Like a Porcupine, I sat self-collected,  
“ with a quill pointed against every opposer.”

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PHILADELPHIA:

*PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM COBBETT,*

OPPOSITE CHRIST CHURCH.

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## C O N T E N T S.

- I. The Cenfor for March, 1796.
  - II. The Cenfor for April, embellished with a striking likenefs of a political finner, endeavouring to stop the wheels of government.
  - III. The Cenfor for May.
  - IV. The Scare-Crow.
  - V. The Life of P. Porcupine.
  - VI. The Cenfor for September, with the Life of Tom Paine.
  - VII. The Cenfor for November, replying to the insolent and seditious Notes of the French Minister, Adet.
  - VIII. The Cenfor for December, with a Letter to the infamous Paine, in answer to his Letter to Gen. Washington.
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THE  
POLITICAL  
CENSOR,  
OR  
MONTHLY REVIEW  
OF THE  
*Most interesting Political Occurrences,*  
RELATIVE TO  
THE UNITED STATES  
OF  
AMERICA.

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BY PETER PORCUPINE.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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PHILADELPHIA.

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY, WILLIAM COBBETT, NO. 25,  
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M.DCC.XCVI.









## INTRODUCTION.

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SOME of the principal debates of the present session of Congress, with Remarks thereon, appeared a few weeks ago, under the Title of "A Prospect from the Congress-Gallery," published by Mr. Thomas Bradford. The favourable reception of that work led me to undertake that which I now offer to the public. My plan, however, being altered, for reasons with which I am going to acquaint the reader, it became necessary to alter the title also.

No one, who has been an attentive observer of the violent and dangerous attempts, which have been made, and are still making, against the Federal Constitution, and consequently against the peace, prosperity and happiness of our country, can have failed to perceive, that they had their rise in the deception, which has been so industriously circulated through every part of the United States. It is not to be presumed, indeed, that the leaders in this hostile and formidable combination have been deceived: they have long been marshalled and ready for the attack: but, it is the delusion, which has been quietly suffered to steal its way among the people, that has called them into the field and encouraged them to assault, first the out-works, and at last the very citadel of our liberties and our lives.

The source of this delusion it is not difficult to discover : we have it continually before our eyes. I mean the *public papers*, and I speak with a very few exceptions.

The general government adopted the most effectual measures for facilitating the conveyance of information to every quarter of the Union, at the least possible expense. Hence subscribers to papers were found in abundance, and the editors, striking off numerous impressions, were, of course, enabled to furnish them at a low price. The intention of the government, as expressed by the President himself, was certainly the most beneficent, that of spreading *true* information and *useful* knowledge among all classes of the community. But what has been the consequence? Exactly the contrary. The French Revolution burst forth like a volcano, and its devouring lava reached even us. The editors, perceiving the partiality of the most *numerous* class of their subscribers for this revolution, and all the novel and wild principles it has given rise to, have been seduced by the love of gain, to flatter that partiality, by extolling those principles, at the expense of every thing, their own private interest excepted. Their papers, which swarm like summer flies, are become the vehicles of falsehood in place of truth, of ignorance in place of knowledge. Like the tenebrificous stars, mentioned by a celebrated author, they shed darkness in place of light.

A veil has been carefully drawn over the distresses and horrors resulting from the anarchical system of France; or, when this could not be done, when the editors have feared to be anticipated by their fellow-labourers, they have endeavoured to out-vie each other in apologies for what ought to





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have been held up to detestation, or, at least, as an awful lesson to ourselves. Every one, even of the most destructive and impious acts of that pretended republic, has been trumpeted forth as the effect of a liberal and enlightened policy; while no insinuation, no subtilty, no audacious falsehood, has been left un essayed to thwart all the measures of our own mild and wise government, to disfigure its principles, and sever it from the affections of the people.

To countervail the malignant efforts of these retailers has ever been my wish; and, I hope, it will not be thought presumption in me, if I believe that the trifles from my pen, which the public have honoured with their perusal, have, in some slight degree, had the desired effect. But, alas, what can a straggling pamphlet, necessarily confined to a single subject, do against a hundred thousand volumes of miscellaneous falsehood in folio! Their sheets, if extended, would more than cover the surface of our country.

In opposing a literary monster like this, I am aware that a Porcupine, with all his quills, can never hope for complete success: but nothing can be accomplished without being begun: I hope to call up abler hands to my aid: to me it will be a sufficient honour to have led the way.

This I shall attempt in a monthly work, of the same bulk and price as the one which is here submitted to the public. In this work I shall take a review of the political transactions of the past month; give an account of every democratic trick, whether of native growth, or imported from abroad; unravel the windings of the pretended patriots,

and more particularly those of the *flour merchants*; and I trust, I shall be enabled to give, monthly, a sketch of political affairs more satisfactory, because more correct, than has ever yet appeared in this country. These will be the leading objects; but I shall exclude nothing, not entirely foreign to the nature of the work, that may contribute to the use or amusement of my readers.

The news-papers are supported by subscription, and for that very reason the *Censor* shall not. As long as people read, so long shall I write; and, when the Bookseller advertises me that the work lies on his shelf, it will be a very good hint for me to draw in my quills.

Here, then, begins a *bellum eternum* between the fabricating *Quid-Nuncs* and me.—There is my glove, gentlemen; take it up as soon as you will. You well know that your abuse will infinitely redound to my honour; and, therefore, to silence me, by rendering my work sterile and uninteresting, you are reduced to the cruel necessity of telling the truth.

I should think it necessary to offer an apology for having prefixed the title of *Censor* to the present Number; but the reader will at once perceive, that it is now assumed for the sake of uniformity, as applicable to the future contents of the work, and not to the remarks on the debates of Congress, a *body* to which I should be very sorry to be wanting in respect.



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THE  
P O L I T I C A L  
C E N S O R,

For MARCH, 1796.



THE Reader will please to recollect, that, in the *Prospect from the Congress Gallery*, I brought down the proceedings in the House of Representatives to the 5th of January, the memorable day of the exhibition of the French Flag. I should not now have thought of returning to the same subject, had I not been led to it by an attack on the President, in the anarchical Aurora of Philadelphia.

One would have thought, that giving this flag a place among the *Archives* of the United States, would have been conferring honour enough on it; but nothing would content the French-Americans, who write in the paper I have just mentioned, short of its being hoisted in the Congress Chamber, as a trophy of the victory of French influence. They cite us the example of the Convention. But, let

them say under what circumstances, and with what motive our flag was granted a conspicuous place in their hall. It was dishonoured by being swung up, gibbeted up, by the side of the flag of *regenerated* Geneva; a state in which the Convention had established their system of pillage and murder, and which they treated as a conquered country, rather than as an *independent* ally. To add to our humiliation, a duplicate, as I may call it, of our flag was sent to Geneva, and there exhibited in the Convention of a poor little degraded nation of thirty thousand bodies, I will not call them souls. This was saying to the Genevese: See, you are not the only people who have thrown themselves on our protecting power, and sent us a pledge of their submission to our principles.

Thus, by the indiscretion (to give it the mildest term) of our Ambassador, have we been degraded in the eyes of even *Italians*, and exposed to the gibes of the little scandalizing circles of the least respectable people in Europe: and, in return for this cruel insult, we are called upon to distinguish the flag of the Convention with a place in the public sittings of our legislature, and by this act acknowledge ourselves the supple tools of our insulters!—This is modern patriotism.



## DEBATE ON THE APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE MINT.

*January 19th.*

*Mr. Williams*, agreeably to notice before given, moved to strike out of the Appropriation Bill all the gross sum, appropriated for the officers of the Mint.



Mr. SEDGWICK (from Massachusetts) thought that the course which the gentleman is pursuing, has never been adopted before. It is incorrect to discuss the merits of the mint in passing this bill. We might as well take up the salary of the chief justice, or any other article in the bill, as the mint. We never would have done, at this rate. We are now only to vote for the bill, as agreeably to the laws already made. Mr. Sedgwick said that if the gentleman from New York (Mr. Williams) would bring forward any proposition for the regulation, or even the abolition of the establishment of the mint, if it could be proved productive of public benefit, he, with every other gentleman, would give him their aid to effect the object; but that now, he conceived, it could not regularly be brought forward. He thought an appropriation bill should be conformed exactly to the state of the public engagements, and that where establishments had been formed and salaries provided, the amount of them should be the principle of calculating the amount of appropriations; and the House ought not, by withholding appropriations, to break in upon and destroy establishments formed by the whole legislature. That these observations had hitherto been sanctioned by the practice on this subject. He observed, that if the House was to investigate, in the discussion of an appropriation bill, the amount of salaries and the legal establishments of government, the public service would be dangerously destroyed. He remarked, that it was to be observed, that no appropriation was made, for any purpose, since the commencement of the year.

Mr. GALLATIN (from Geneva) rose to state a general principle, which he thought it of importance to lay down on this occasion; lest the decision on the present question, grounded on a different principle, should, on some future occasion, be brought forward. The principle was, *that this House has a right, by withholding appropriations when they see proper, to stop the wheels of Government.* This, he said, was plainly to be inferred from the practice of the House, in their passing annually an appropriation law—He observed, that in one instance the House had departed from that principle. In respect to the payment of the interest on the public debt, for the support of the public credit,

the House had thought it necessary to give up that right. If this principle is not just, it would be best to make a permanent provision at once.

Mr. SEDGWICK said that he had certainly no intention to have given occasion to the observations which had been made, but as the general principle which he had laid down, had been denied, and as it had some relation either intimate or remote to the subject before the committee, he would take the liberty to repeat the principle, and to say a few words in support of it.

The principle, then, which he had assumed, was, that when legal establishments were made, it was the duty of the legislature to make appropriations conformably to the public engagements ; and that neither branch had a right to withhold its assent.—He observed, that the whole legislature, and not a part, were competent to form contracts, and to establish and alter compensations and salaries. The legislature, and not either branch of it, had the power of expressing the public will, and pledging the public faith : that when a salary is ascertained, the public faith is pledged that it shall be paid, according to the stipulation ; and that therefore the public credit is involved in making the necessary appropriations, without which it could not be paid. He asked, if in such case it was competent to the House rightfully to withhold the means necessary for the performance of the public engagements !

He said, he had always supposed, that the power of the House, in the case of appropriations, did not give a power to yield or withhold assent on such a subject. He believed, in every such instance the exercise of discretion was restrained ; to illustrate his ideas, he could mention a similar instance. The constitution had declared, that the President should receive a stated compensation for his services, to be ascertained by law ; which could neither be diminished nor enlarged, during the term for which he should have been elected. Here was a duty imposed on the legislature, with the performance of which they could not, they had no power to dispense. Yet after the compensation was stated, no payment could be made but in consequence of appropriating. He asked, if in this case, when



the public will was expressed, the engagement and the national faith pledged, the legislature could of right withhold the necessary appropriation? The same observations might, he said, be applied to every instance where public controuls were formed. The public faith was pledged, the necessary appropriations must be made, to prevent a violation of it, and, if withheld, such violation might justly be charged on the legislature.

Here a long conversation took place, with respect to the expediency of the proposed measure, on the advantages and disadvantages of a Mint, &c. After which Mr. *Livingston*, whom we shall by-and-by see making a considerable figure in the field of opposition to the government, made a motion *for the striking out the whole appropriation for the Mint.*

Mr. MURRAY (from Maryland) said, that had the gentleman from New York moved for delay, for the purpose of introducing a motion to repeal the law which rendered this appropriation necessary, he would not have troubled the House with a single remark; but his motion to strike out an appropriation, for the purpose of bringing the policy of the law itself into discussion, contained a principle in his mind so repugnant to the great legislative duties of the House, that he would oppose it. The object of the appropriation is not a temporary one, but a part of the machinery of our government, under the express authority of the constitution, by law. The doctrine now contended for by the gentlemen from New York and Pennsylvania (Mr. *Livingston* and Mr. *Gallatin*) was, that this House have a discretionary power of appropriating or not.—To this doctrine, taken in the extent which he conceived they contended for, he could not give his support. On the contrary, he thought, that in all cases where an appropriation flowed from a law to make good a contract, or to erect a permanent organ in the government, and from any law whose object was permanent, the true doctrine was, that it was the duty of the House to vote an appropriation. A law is the will of the nation. The same powers only that formed it can repeal it. If it be a constitutional act, no power can lawfully obstruct its operation or its existence. But attending to the doctrine

maintained to-day it would follow, that though this House had not the power of repealing a law made by all the branches of government, it may obstruct its operations and render it a dead letter; though it cannot repeal, it may do what ~~that~~ amount to a repeal, which is the assumption of a power almost equal to that of exclusive legislation. He thought he saw in this an evil of great extent, and an anarchy of theoretic principles. It appeared to him, that though we originate money bills, we had no right to refuse an appropriation to existing laws that either secured a debt or any contract, or that related to objects permanent by the law that created or acknowledged them, as long as the law itself remained unrepealed. We had but a share of legislative power. Where a law, relative to such objects as he had alluded to, existed, from which an appropriation followed, till the law ceased, by repeal or by other constitutional means, it was obligatory upon us, as well as upon our constituents, and the only powers we could exercise, of a discretionary sort, resolved themselves either into the mode of making good the appropriation, or of voting for its repeal. The other branches would then judge of the propriety of our proceeding; but till they, who assisted in its enacting, judged with us the necessity of doing it away, a duty resulted that we should give it the energy intended by its enactment.

The Appropriation for the mint was finally passed.

## R E M A R K S.

The first three items in the Appropriation Bill were as follows :

For compensation to the President of the	<i>Dollars.</i>
United States . . . . .	25,000
To the Vice President . . . . .	5,000
To the Members of the Senate . . . . .	38,000

Now, would it not have been much the shortest way for Mr. *Livingston* to move for striking out these three items! This would have been coming to the mark at once. By only three strokes of the



“ *Calm Observer’s*” pen, the free, the independent, the beneficent government of the United States might have been changed into a National Convention; and in the same number of days, we might have seen our streets patrolled by revolutionary ruffians, our property exposed to requisitions and our heads to the guillotine.

But, it is not my intention to enter into the merits of a motion, at once the height of malevolence and absurdity; I have introduced this debate merely to have an opportunity of introducing the principle laid down by *Mr. Gallatin*, and *Mr. Gallatin* along with it.

This gentleman tells us, that the House of Representatives “ have a right, by withholding appropriations *when they see proper*, to *stop the wheels of Government.*”—I should be glad to know where he learnt this: whether from his companions in Braddock’s Field, or from their correspondents, the corrupted *flour merchants* in Philadelphia. They, indeed, were well versed in stopping the wheels of government by the agency of *appropriations*.

When *Mr. Gallatin* rose from his seat to broach this clogging principle, there was an old farmer sitting beside me, to whom the person of the orator seemed familiar. “ Ah, ah!” says he, “ what’s “ little Moses in Congress!”—I sharply reprimanded him for taking one of our Representatives for a Jew, but to confess a truth, the gentleman from *Geneva* has an accent not unlike that of a wandering Israelite. It is neither Italian, German nor French, and were it not a sort of leze republicanism, I would say he clipped the king’s English most unmercifully. Such an accent is admirably adapted for extolling the value of leaden buckles,

or for augmenting the discordant howlings of a synagogue; but it throws a certain air of ridicule over the debates of a legislative assembly, and forms a sort of burlesque on the harmonious eloquence of the other members.

When I told the good jog-trot to take care what he was saying, for that the personage then on his legs was no other than the great Gallatin, he opened his eyes, and with a look and voice expressive of an honest indignation, "What!" says he, "that same Gallatin who was one of the leaders in the 'Western Infurrection?'"—I could not help smiling at the simplicity of my country friend, in not perceiving that such a circumstance was the highest proof of Mr. Gallatin's patriotism, and the only one that recommended him to the suffrages of his constituents.—"No wonder," says the farmer, "that he wants to stop the wheels of government. I wish he'd attempt to stop the wheels of my waggon, as I am going down hill."—God forgive me, but I believe I said *amen*.

Mr. Gallatin has been accused of inconsistency, but here I cannot join the enemies of that gentleman. Whatever a man may be, I love to do him ample justice. This is a principle so strongly imprinted in my breast, that it induces me to undertake the defence of Mr. Gallatin's consistency, though I have not the highest respect for his general conduct or for his character.

We might follow this gentleman through his political career from the day of his disembarkation to the present session of Congress, but it will not, I imagine, be necessary to go further back than the Western Rebellion.



So early as the 21st of July, 1791, we find him Clerk to a meeting for opposing the excise law, or, in other words, "stopping the wheels of government."—On the 21st of April, 1792, we find this adjourned meeting declaring: "That whereas some men may be found among us, so far lost to every sense of virtue, and feeling for the distresses of our country, as to accept the office for the collection of the duty;

"Resolved, therefore, that in future we will consider such persons as unworthy of our friendship, have no intercourse or dealings with them, withdraw from them every assistance, and *withhold all the comforts of life*, which depend upon those duties which as men and fellow citizens we owe to each other, and upon all occasions treat them with that contempt they deserve; and that it be, and it is hereby most earnestly *recommended to the people at large*, to follow the same line of conduct towards them."

Thus, then, I think here is no inconsistency; no change of principles. The man that could draw up a resolution like this, cannot be said to have abandoned his principles, when he declares that the House of Representatives may stop the wheels of government, when they see proper, by withholding appropriations.

It is said, indeed, that Mr. Gallatin has since repented of his insurrection conduct, that he called the above quoted resolution his "political sin," and we all know that he signed a promise of submission to the laws; but, let it be remembered, that he never talked about this political sin, until he came down to Philadelphia, and that his promise of sub-

mission to the laws was not made, until he saw that resistance was in vain, and that it was the only way of availing himself of the amnesty, and saving his carcass from a loathsome dungeon. And, if he did leave his poor deluded adherents in the lurch, and even sacrifice them to his own safety, this is no more than every rebellious ringleader is ready to do, when the moment of danger arrives. It is by no means a proof of inconsistency in the gentleman from Geneva. It is, to use the words of a late political writer, "*varying his means to*" "preserve the *unity of his end.*" When overturning a government, or stopping its wheels, is the sole object of a patriot, so long as he keeps steadily towards the point, whether by open rebellion, confessing his political sin, pretending submission, lurching his associates, or withholding appropriations, he can never be justly charged with inconsistency.



## DEBATE ON THE APPOINTMENT OF A STENOGRAPHER.

*January 29th.*

On the 28th a report of the Stenographical committee was given in, specifying that the committee had received proposals from Mr. *David Robertson* of Virginia, whose demand for one session was 4,000 dollars. The report became the order of the day for the twenty-ninth, when a resolution was proposed in favour of the appointment.

I shall choose from this debate what fell from Mr. Swanwick and Mr. William Smith, as appearing to me to comprise nearly all that was urged on both sides.



Mr. SWANWICK (from Pennsylvania) As to the gentleman who is the subject of the resolution, if I have more strenuously than usual opposed the motion, it is from a desire to keep him from quitting the lucrative situation he is said to find himself in, to embark on the stormy sea he is contemplating: to be the organ of the members of this House to their constituents is indeed a very delicate task; one for which considering the danger he might be in of an Orpheus's fate, that of being torn to pieces, the salary is but a poor compensation. He is to do justice to the eloquence of some members—he is to clothe in an elegant dress the uncouth, yet well meaning expressions of others, but what will he do with the silent members, who never speak at all?—What will their constituents think of them? Indeed, Sir, if he had the idea I have formed of his danger, he will not undertake at all. Faction and party have been mentioned—happy stenographer, if he can keep clear of these! If he fall into their power, insensibly he will represent one side in clouds and darkness, the other as ornamented with the brightest beams of light. How will he please both? Misrepresentation is complained of: alas, Sir, how quick is error, how slow is the progress of truth in almost all things: our Stenographer must indeed be a wonder-working man, if he can revert this tide, and make every where light, and correct reasoning prevail. The best mode of informing our constituents is by the yeas and nays on our acts; this truly shews, as a gentleman from New-Hampshire has observed, our doings, which are much more interesting to them than our abstract reasonings; these our constituents will easily form to themselves ideas of when they know our votes.

Mr. W. LYMAN (Massachusetts) said that, if this resolution did not pass, *it would be advisable to send all the Printers to the gallery.*

Mr. W. SMITH (South Carolina) said it was admitted on all sides, that it was highly important for the people to receive the most accurate information of the proceedings of the House, and that the debates were in general extremely misrepresented. Was it not then the duty of the House to remedy this evil and to adopt such measures as would transmit to the people in every part of the United States, the most accurate information of the conduct of

their representatives? The House had now an opportunity of obtaining the services of a gentleman peculiarly distinguished for the rare talent of reporting with accuracy public debates: the compensation which would be adequate to such useful and laborious service was beyond the ability of any printer, the House ought therefore to contribute towards it; the sum required was a trifle when compared with the advantages; it was no object: the only question then was, whether the stenographer ought to be an officer of the House; in that capacity he certainly would be more easily restrained from the commission of any wilful misrepresentation. Mr. Smith did not feel the force of the objections against the report. It had been said that although the members were now misrepresented, yet they had it in their power to publish corrections; but these corrections were often overlooked, while the misrepresentation was operating very injuriously to the character of the member: this was generally the case in places remote from the seat of government; the mangled account of a debate was republished in a distant paper, and the correction, if it reached the distant printer, was generally disregarded. Among the opponents to the report, Mr. Smith said that he was surprised to find the gentleman who represented this city (Mr. Swanwick) who more than any other member should have withdrawn his opposition to the measure proposed; that gentleman's constituents had it in their power at any time to hear the debates of Congress; they were on the spot; ought he not then in candor to assist in facilitating to the remote citizens the means of obtaining the best knowledge of the proceedings, and the most correct statement of the discussions of the House; ought they, from their remoteness, to be kept in the dark, or to be furnished with such light as would only mislead? Had they not a claim on the House to adopt such means as would enable the citizens in every state to judge of the propriety of public measures? The member from this city had another exclusive advantage; if misrepresented he could correct the error, and the correction will be read; that was not the case with the members of remoter states, whose reputation might be injured by misrepresentation without a similar advantage: the member from this city was in the midst of his constituents; he had daily opportunities of setting right any misstatement by personal explanation.



Mr. SMITH said he did not agree with some gentlemen that it was sufficient for the people to know what laws were passed, without knowing the previous discussions; he thought on the contrary, the favourable or unfavourable impression of a Law on the public mind would depend in a great degree on the reasons assigned for and against it in debates, and the people ought to know those reasons; when a Law passes imposing a Tax, would not the people be reconciled, if they saw from the discussions of the House that such Tax was unavoidable, and that the particular mode of taxation was the best which could be devised? And ought this information to depend entirely on the caprice or convenience of the reporters, who attended when it pleased them, and who published just as much of the debates as they found leisure or patience to accomplish? Mr. Smith said, he was convinced that the errors which had excited so much complaint were not the effect of design, but merely of inadequacy to the task; very few were competent to such a business, which required peculiar skill in stenography, very laborious application, and a clear comprehension of the subject matter of debate. It could not be expected that persons thus qualified would devote their whole time to this business without an ample reward. The report was objected to because there was novelty in the plan; it was true the House of Commons of England had no such officer, but their practice was not a fit precedent for us on this occasion, for they admitted no person to write down in the House their proceedings; their debates were taken from memory. This House on the contrary had, from its first institution, facilitated, by every accommodation, the reporting their proceedings. The thing was not altogether however without precedent; during the existence of the National Assembly of France there were officers of the House who composed a daily work called the Logography, which was an exact account of the debates of that body. It had been asked, what controul the House were to have over this officer? He answered, that the stenographer would be liable to be censured or displaced, if he should be guilty of wilful misrepresentation; it would be always easy to discriminate between a casual inadvertence, and a criminal misstatement: the officer's character and talents, his responsibility to the House, and his oath to report with impartiality, would

be a sufficient pledge of his accuracy. Mr. Smith seriously believed, that the character of the House had suffered from the erroneous statements which had gone abroad; he wished to guard against this evil in future; he was willing, for himself, that every syllable he uttered within those walls, should be carried to every part of the Union, but he deprecated misrepresentation. He was anxious that the truth should be known, in relation to every act of the government, for he was as satisfied that the affection and confidence of the people in this government would increase with the promulgation of truth, as that whatever it had lost of that affection and confidence was owing altogether to the propagation of detraction and calumny. It was under these impressions that he had originally brought forward the proposition, and that he now recommended the report, and having heard no reasons to change his sentiments of the expediency of the measure, he should persist in supporting it.

The committee of the whole was discharged from any further consideration of the subject.

## REMARKS.

The House had nearly got upon a rock here, which they would have found it difficult to get off from in safety. Perhaps there was never a resolution proposed, at once so apparently trifling and so pregnant with mischief. Let any man reflect for a moment on the state of parties in this country, and he will look with affright at the appointment of an officer, invested with the power of disfiguring every argument, and even every phrase that a member of the legislature may let fall. The gentlemen who supported the resolution, talk of his being sworn; and, did we live in those good old times, when oaths were superior to the spirit of party, the argument would be unanswerable: but, alas! those times are no more. Oaths on the Evangelists are, in this *enlightened* age, little more than mockery.



The members of the present Congress have every man of them sworn to maintain the Constitution of the United States, and yet, how many of them do we see at this moment, straining every faculty of the mind to render it null and void? What then could be hoped from a stenographer.

Were a perfect stranger to listen to a debate he would contract a partiality for one side or the other, before it was half over. Every man in a popular government has his party; and who can suppose that the stenographer would not have his? It was said that the House had a check upon him, in their power to dismiss him from his office. But, this must be done by a vote of the House, and therefore it could be no defence for a member who had the misfortune to find himself in a minority.

Indeed, this power of dismissal is one of the worst parts of the plan; for, as the Stenographer would be loth to quit so lucrative an employment, he would of necessity be led to preserve a majority in his favour; and, what would be so sure a way of doing this as misrepresenting the speeches of the minority? A member might complain; but the stenographer, secure in his majority, would laugh at him. Thus might a man of talents and integrity be officially represented as a fool or a knave, without having the possibility of redress. In vain would he endeavour to justify himself: the sworn stenographer would be believed before him, and the House, by a solemn decision, would determine that he had said what he never dreamt of.

Should an officer like this ever enter the House, it is easy to foresee that he will not be long wanted. The very sight of such a tremendous umpire

would frighten away all freedom of speech. It is true the members of the majority might prattle away, but those of the other side would naturally look upon themselves in the situation of a man who is making a deposition. One party only would dare to open their mouths. Where there is no opposition there can be no debate, and, of course, no need of a stenographer.

*Mr. Smith's* objection to citing the example of the British House of Commons on this occasion did not appear to me well founded. They permit no one to write down their words after them; yet I believe it will be allowed that their debates are very well reported, and this is a pretty good proof that an officer for that purpose is by no means necessary.

This gentleman mentioned the officers of the *Logography* employed by the second National Assembly in France. Unfortunate instance! The French Constitution, that "master-piece of legislation," which was to last as long as the round world, lasted only ten months and ten days; and, among the engines by which it was destroyed, the office of the *Logography* claims a conspicuous place. There were ten of these reporters. They wrote in the literal character: one took the first sentence, another the second, and so on. Ten men were much more difficult to warp and corrupt than one would be, and yet we ever see them the decided tools of the strongest party. Members complained of misrepresentations, and had the satisfaction to see their complaints still more disfigured than their speeches. The consequence was, the few real friends of the constitution were obliged to hold their tongues, and suffer the inflammatory har-



rangues of their opponents to go forth among the people uncontradicted.

I never like to hear the examples of foreign governments applied to our own, particularly the examples of what is called the government of France. I was astonished that a gentleman of Mr. Smith's good sense and good intentions should hold up for our imitation, or even mention as an instance, one of the most insidious measures of an Assembly, who were guilty of every crime under heaven; who, after having repeatedly sworn to defend with their lives, the inviolability of their sovereign, coolly planned an insurrection to hurl him from his throne, afterwards made this very insurrection the subject of an article of accusation against him, and decreed that their own *perjury was a virtue*!

Mr. Lyman's hint for driving all the printers out of the House, *unless the resolution passed*, was a striking instance of the domineering spirit, which would infallibly have overborne any stenographer who had been unfortunate enough to accept of the post.

This hint broke out, some days after, in the form of a resolution, from the lips of Mr. Heath of Virginia.—“Resolved, that, until a stenographer be appointed, or further provision made for taking the debates of this House, *no printer be permitted to publish abstracts of the speeches of members, unless permitted by members making the same.*” This was the substance of the resolution, and a curious one it is.

These gentlemen seem to have been determined to force their harrangues, at full length, down

our throats, or to keep us in a sort of political starvation. We must either swallow them by dozens of yards, as buffoons do ribbons, or we must never have a taste.

I wonder where Mr. Lyman learnt a doctrine like this. Such an idea could certainly never be engendered in the free temperate air of Massachusetts. As to the gentleman from Virginia I am not surprized; for, we know that, when a sulky negro will not lick up his mess clean, however insipid, disgusting and nauseous it may be, he is muzzled till his stomach comes to. But, are we Pennsylvanians to be treated thus?—No, no, Mr. Heath; when you get the government on the other side of the Potomack, you may, and undoubtedly will, do what you please with it; but we have four years to live, at any rate; be not in such haste to muzzle us then.

Should this resolution ever reach the other side of the Atlantic, what idea will it give the English patriots of our liberty of the press? If a member of the British House of Commons were to propose such a tyrannical resolution, I should not wonder to hear of his being stoned to death. Not publish abstracts from speeches without particular permission! The idea was certainly imported from the borders of the *Palus Meotis*.

Had these two gentlemen restricted the prohibition to their *own speeches*, I believe that neither the House nor the public would have cared much about the matter; for neither of them is of the Ciceronian stamp. It is observable, that those who appeared most anxious for the appointment of a stenographer, if we except one or two, are amongst the few whose speeches can do them no sort of cre-



dit with any party. This is the way of the world. Animals, whether endued with the faculty of speech or not, seem to fly in the face of nature. The ugly woman is everlastingly at her glass; the owl thought her frightful brood the prettiest little creatures in the world; and the insipid orator, while his voice is drowned in the hemmings, coughings and snoarings of his drowsy audience, thinks he is uttering sentences that ought to be written in letters of gold.

It was observed in the course of the debate, that, if the printers committed errors, gentlemen might write out their speeches and send them to the press. To this Mr. Nichols replied, that he was above doing any such thing.—For my part, I must confess, that, were I capable of making a speech, I should be too lazy to write it out for the News-Papers; but as to its being beneath a law-giver, I shall say nothing; for we have an example before our eyes of a folio orator in the House of Assembly of Pennsylvania, who is so far from thinking it beneath him to write out his speeches, that he even reads them from his seat, like a school-boy from his bench. I allude here to one *Doctor Morpheus*, who, finding his neighbours determined not to die under his hands, is now endeavouring to assassinate the State. The State, however, seems to partake of the obstinacy of his neighbours, turning a deaf ear to all his prescriptions. The bolus of sedition which he had kneaded up for the Assembly, did, indeed, at first, operate as a provocative on some of the members from Whiskyland; but, luckily, the soporific qualities of it soon became predominant, and, at last, absolutely irresistible. At the end of the second paragraph the Chairman was perceived to yawn, the third rocked him off, and the fourth laid the whole Assembly fast asleep. The fifth

reached the door-keeper, at the further end of the passage, and before the sixth was half finished, an old woman who sells apples at the gate, dropped from her stool. The political *Morpheus* continued to spread his poppies, till, perceiving the effects of his bolus, he slunk off home to his liver nippy and four crout.—Should this quack in politics as well as physic, be suffered to continue his lectures, the Assembly of Pennsylvania may write over their doors, as the French do over those of their burying grounds: “ This is the place of everlasting sleep.”

After this little trip to the Land of Nod, let us return to our stenographer.

I by no means call in question the virtue of Mr. Robertson, the officer proposed: on the contrary, I should suppose his virtue must be very high; for like that of Fielding's post-boy, it is very high priced. If it be equal to his modesty, it is certainly beyond any thing reasonably to be expected from a frail mortal. The humble demand of four thousand dollars for the session is not a great deal more than eight times as much as any member of the House receives. The very mention of such a sum cannot fail to bring forth swarms of stenographers, as a warm night at the Play-house is said to hatch comedians.

I cannot conclude this article without reminding gentlemen of their cruelty to my poor Caledonian friend, Callender. How was he mauled! how was his *Register* torn to pieces! One took him by the wig, another by the ear; he writhed and winced and jumped about, as the French say, like a frog upon a gridiron. I much question if he were in greater torture when the constables of sweet Edinburgh were at his heels.—Oh! gentlemen from



Virginia! how could you so belabour this imported patriot? A man that has not only forsworn his country, but has written, or rather transcribed, two whole "Political Progresses" purely to curry favour with you! Nay, he has even blasphemed the President, and justified the non-payment of debts; and yet, Oh, ingratitude! you could smile at his agonies! If this be the way you treat your friends, I hope I shall never be numbered amongst them; at least until your manners and principles change.

One gentleman expressed a good deal of anxiety, lest the "Political Register" should descend to posterity; but, let him quiet his fears on this account; for, whether the speeches which Callender has collected were *written out* or not, they are a more potent opiate than any drug that was ever pounded in the mortar of *Doctor Morpheus*, and that is saying a great deal, I am sure.



I now come to a debate, if a debate it can be called, which I would have the reader pass over without perusal, if he has a heart ready to take fire, when he sees a wanton indignity offered to the greatest and most estimable characters.

#### DEBATE ON HALF AN HOUR'S ADJOURNMENT.

*February 22d.*

This was the Birth-Day of *General Washington*. The morning was remarkably fair: the firmament decked in its brightest robes. May it ever be so! Never, never may a cloud darken this auspicious day!

The city was all alive: joy seemed to gladden in every face; the workman had thrown by his hammer and the housewife her needle, to celebrate this festival of valour, wisdom, and true patriotism. I was going, among hundreds of others, to see the cannons of the state fired on this joyful occasion, when, passing by the House where the Representatives meet, I perceived the doors open. I thought I would just step in, and see what they were about. I entered, found the gallery quite empty, and was surprized not to find the House empty also. This surprize soon gave way to indignation, as the reader will readily believe, when he hears what was passing.

*Mr. Smith* (from South Carolina) moved, that the House adjourn for *half an hour*, in order to give the members an opportunity of congratulating the President of the United States on the return of his Birth-Day.

Strange to tell! this motion was opposed. The ground of this opposition was, that it was the duty of the House first to attend to the discharge of their legislative functions, before they attended to the paying of compliments. It was said, on the other hand, that it had been the practice, ever since the establishment of the general government, for the House to make a short adjournment, for the purpose mentioned in the motion.

After some conversation in this way, *Mr. Gallatin* (from Geneva, last from *Whiskyland*) moved, that the words, "*half an hour*," be struck out.

This amendment was rejected. The motion was then put, and lost.

Ayes 38  
Noes 50



Thus was it determined, by a majority of twelve, to withhold from the President a slight compliment, which he had been accustomed to receive from the House, from the first year of its existence.

I was but too right in saying, that, at the opening of the session, “ he saw, even among those to whom he addressed himself, numbers, who, to repay all his labours, all his anxious cares for their welfare, were ready to present him the cup of humiliation filled to the brim.”

It was *Mr. Parker*, the *blooming* and *accomplished* Mr. Parker, the *honest* and *virtuous* Mr. Parker, of the *free* State of Virginia, who is as punctual in the discharge of his legislative functions as his constituents are in the discharge of their debts : it was this celebrated gentleman, who opened the career, by a motion for not waiting on the President with an answer to his speech to both Houses. Mr. Parker was, without doubt, persuaded of the truth of Johnson's maxim :

“ Fate never wounds more deep the *gen'rous heart*,

“ Than when a *blockhead's insult* points the dart.”

The excuse, “ that it was the duty of the House first to attend to the discharge of their legislative functions,” was the most miserable subterfuge that ever issued from the lips of malevolence. *Half an hour* only was asked for. Heavens ! How many half hours have been idled away this very session !—The Speaker sends word that he is *indisposed*.—Adjourn ! Adjourn !—And this is repeated *day after day*. What would have been easier than to appoint a Speaker *pro tem*. if members were so remiss in

the "discharge of their legislative functions?" Yet, this was not done, nor, I believe, proposed; though some one of these fifty indefatigable members were certainly present. How differently do men see the same object, under different circumstances! The Speaker's head-ache adjourns the House for whole days. But, *half an hour*, a poor thirty minutes, was too precious to be wasted in a respectful compliment to the best man, perhaps, this day existing in the world!

The gentleman from *Whiskyland* was, without doubt, afraid, that the motion would not be rejected altogether. He imagined the House had not so far got the better of all decency, as to come to an unqualified determination not to wait on the President, he therefore proposed to leave out the words, "*half an hour*." If this amendment had passed, the House would have adjourned, not for *half an hour*, but for the whole day; but then it would have seemed that they did it for their own pleasure and recreation, and not for the purpose of complimenting General Washington, the only thing that Mr. Gallatin seems to have been afraid of.

This proposed amendment is an excellent explanation of the ambiguous excuse, "that it was the duty of the House first to attend to the discharge of their legislative functions." What! would their duty permit them to separate for *the whole day*, and not permit them to separate for *half an hour*? These gentlemen seem to count time as the French do their assignats; a thirtieth part is more valuable than the whole. Mr. Gallatin appears to have scorned the subterfuge. No matter how much time was spent, or in what manner, so that it was



not for the express purpose of waiting on the President; so that the insult was rendered acute.

What must have been the President's reflections, when he read the sketch of this debate? An intruding foreigner, a mere adventurer, who never set his foot in the United States, until long after the revolution, comes here to arraign the conduct of General Washington, to alienate the affections of the people from him, while he basks in the sunshine of his government, and reaps the fruits of his valour and his wisdom. And, what are the services Mr. Gallatin ever rendered America? Is this question necessary? Where is the man who does not recollect the alarm, the distress, caused by the Western Insurrection? The million and a half of dollars that it cost the Union, besides immense private sacrifices? Fifteen thousand men forced from their business and their homes, to undergo one of the most fatiguing marches ever performed, and which many of them did not survive, cannot already be forgotten. Ask any of these men; ask the families, the widows and orphans, of those who lost their lives in this expedition, what are the services Mr. Gallatin has rendered their country. And yet this man now raises his head among the legislators of the United States, and refuses thirty minutes of respect to the very man, to whose lenity, to whose *amnesty* alone he owes, that he is now in a situation to insult him.

When I compare the determination of the House of Representatives of this day, with their conduct and that of the people, at the time of the President's installation, I blush for them.—His journey from his seat in Virginia to New-York, was almost one continued triumphal entry. As he approached the towns, he found the road decked with laurel and

strewn with flowers. Sometimes he was hailed with the firing of cannon, at others with the ringing of bells, and every where with the shouts of the multitude. Processions were formed to conduct him, the magistrates, the military, men of all trades, companies of matrons and choirs of white-robed virgins. It were vain to attempt an account of the festivals, balls, galas, fireworks, illuminations, mottos, sonnets, and odes, in honour of the "Saviour of his Country."—"Merit (said one of his panegyrists on this occasion)" Merit must be great indeed, "when it can call forth such honours from a free and enlightened people. Honours due to a man, whose life has been one series of labours, which are upon a scale that heaven never before assigned to mortal. *Future generations* will say of him with the poet:

" So near perfection, that he stood  
 " Upon the bound'ry line  
 " Of finite from *infinite* good,  
 " Of human from *divine*."

Will "future generations" believe, that, in less than seven years after this unbounded strain of panegyric was in vogue, the Representatives of the people came to a formal determination, that *half an hour* was too much to be wasted in congratulating this same man on the return of his Birth-Day?

When the President first accepted the honourable post he now fills, what was the state of this country? Suffice it to say, that it was such as excited shame at home and contempt from abroad. His acceptance of the Presidency inspired a kind of national joy; it was the presage of a prosperity that



was to heal the wounds of a long and tiresome state of discredit and confusion. The people clung to him as the anchor of their hope: and, have they been deceived? Have not the riches and prosperity of the whole country far outstripped what could be hoped for by the most sanguine? More has been accomplished in the short space of seven years, under the Federal government than was accomplished in an age, under any other government in the world. If, then, the President merited such high eulogiums, at the time of his taking on him the administration of this government, what does he merit now? Certainly he does not merit to be insulted. Certainly *thirty minutes* of adjournment would not have been too much for a man, who, a few years ago, “ stood upon the “ boundary line between human and divine goodness.”

Do the gentlemen of the House of Representatives recollect, that not only our eyes but the eyes of the world are on them? What will other nations say to us? What will Europeans, who look on General Washington as the first of mankind, and who have heard and admired all our praises bestowed on him? What will they think of us and our Representatives, when they are told of this thirty minutes decision? We have often boasted that our President was happier than any monarch upon earth, as reigning in the hearts of a free people. I hope this tone will cease, until we take effectual measures to guard him against future indignities. When a king is insulted, we see all the worthy part of his subjects press forward to the throne with assurances of their love and esteem, and pledging their lives and fortunes for his security. Here a certain torpidity seems to pervade all this class of society: if their wishes are kind and sincere, they

are useless, as long as they do not break out into action.

But, it would be unjust not to say, that this decision of the House of Representatives, was very far from being sanctioned by the voice of the people. That voice breathed sentiments very different from those of the opposers of Mr. Smith's motion for an adjournment; and of this the House had a striking and humiliating proof.—For my part, the motion was no sooner lost than I quitted the Gallery, boiling with indignation, and went to partake in the jollity of the day; but, the next morning, I had the satisfaction of reading the following extracts from the debates, that took place in my absence. “ *Mr. Nichols*,” says the reporter, “ offered his observations on the bill; but, from “ the firing of cannon, beating of drums, ringing “ of bells, and huzzas, *in honour of the President's “ Birth-Day*, it was impossible to hear what he “ said.”

Nothing on earth was ever more apropos than this. How must the opposers of the motion have felt? Something like a king of England, when he heard the shouts of his soldiers for the acquittal of the bishops, whose disgrace and ruin he had contemplated. If ever malice met its true reward, it was at this moment. As if the people had said: “ you “ have aimed a blow at the reputation of our friend “ and father: you wish to persuade us, that he is “ no longer worthy of our love and veneration; “ but you shall not succeed. He is as dear to us “ as ever. You may continue your harrangues; “ but we will drown your voices with our acclamations for the return of the happy day, that gave “ him to the world.”



It is with triumphant satisfaction I observe, that the 22d of February was never so honoured as this year. Every State, every town in the Union, resounded with festivity and joy. The city of Philadelphia, ever distinguished for its attachment to the President, seemed truly sensible of the treasure it possessed. The theatre, the circus, the ball-rooms, even those of private parties, were decorated with emblems of his wise and heroic deeds. Every heart overflowed with gladness and gratitude. A few solitary breasts in Congress alone, mourned amidst the joyous scene; as the poisonous plants under the torrid zone are said to flag and droop, while those of salubrious qualities raise their heads, flourish and bloom.

Though I am not an admirer of *toasts*, I shall close this article with one, drank at *Newark*, as it seems to express the general sentiment of the people of the United States, on this occasion. “ The  
 “ illustrious *Washington*, our beloved President, in  
 “ whom are united the talents of a consummate  
 “ General, an honest Patriot, and an enlightened  
 “ Statesman. May the day of his nativity be  
 “ marked in the calendar of time, and consecrated  
 “ as a festival worthy of the celebration of the  
 “ latest ages; but let blackness of darkness for  
 “ ever rest upon the accursed hour, that gave ex-  
 “ istence to *his unprincipled calumniators*.”

## DEBATE ON THE BILL AUTHORIZING A LOAN FOR THE USE OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

*February 23d.*

This debate was very long, and rather uninteresting; but, as I mean to speak on it myself, I cannot with candour refuse to give a sketch of what was said by one or two of my opponents, to enable the reader to judge between us.

Mr. SWANWICK (who spoke on the same side that I shall do) said, that he objected to the bill generally upon the same ground as yesterday, with respect to joining the securities of the lots and the faith of the United States together. He asked, how the passing of this bill could give value to the buildings of the Federal City? Is it not, said he, already enacted, that Congress shall sit there in the year 1801? The value of the lots, he said, was to be increased only by the selling them to a number of persons. The city must owe its prosperity to its peculiar advantages as a commercial spot, and not from its being the seat of government. It was, therefore, the interest of the United States to sell the lots and induce the people to settle there. The higher price the lots bore, the greater would be the obstacles to settlement. If it was the intention of the United States to grant money for the completion of the buildings, let the House say so. When it was first proposed to remove the government to the Federal city, it was said, that it would be the interest of persons to give lots to encourage the government to come there. The security now asked for was never contemplated. He had, however, no objection to the United States granting money, but he was against the making of two loans, one on the credit of the United States, and another on that of the United States and certain lots.

Mr. BRENT (from Virginia) said, that it had been observed, that if the lots be a sufficient surety for the loan, why guaranty it? At present, he said, the lots were not sufficient. Mr. Brent observed, *that the bill before them would*



*be considered as the touchstone to determine whether the seat of government will go to the banks of the Potomack, or not.* Motives of policy and economy, and objections to increasing the public debt, will not apply in this case; the very act provides funds to guaranty the loan, for though the property, until the proposed loan be guarantied, would sell for *a mere trifle*, when it is *guarantied*, it will sell for a *great price*; so great a difference would it make, that he believed property which will then sell for two millions of dollars, would not otherwise be worth 100,000 dollars. If, therefore, gentlemen are against the bill from economical views, they are mistaken; for, it was his opinion, that the property would not only pay off the loan, but eventually *be a considerable fund towards the discharge of the public debt*. It had been suggested that the United States were under no obligation to make this guarantee. He thought differently; he believed the credit of the United States materially concerned. The public have relied fully upon the countenance of government in the business, many persons, indeed, have made great sacrifices to procure lots in this new city, and, if after holding out temptations to people, government should not go there at the proposed time, all these persons will be ruined, and *a stain will be laid on the national character*. He hoped, therefore, no objection would be made to carrying the bill into effect.

Mr. GILES (from Virginia) wished to remark on what had fallen from a member from Pennsylvania yesterday, with respect to the law providing for the removal of the seat of government. *That law, he said, differed from all others.* The Constitution itself, he said, prescribes the rule, the act only fixes the spot where it should be carried into effect. *The act is, therefore, not repealable.* The Constitution does not give a power to fix upon two spots, but upon one spot. He thought it necessary to make this remark, lest he might be supposed to countenance the opinion he combated. It had been remarked, that it would be in some degree degrading to the United States, to borrow money on the credit of lots; he thought differently, and shewed that it was a common thing in governments to borrow money on different funds. It had been wished to disconnect the government from the business—whilst government guarantied the loan, he said, it would make no difference

whether the loan was bottomed on the lots or otherwise. The nature of the engagement was the same. The question was, whether the House would agree to guaranty the loan, or not.

Mr. GILES said, that he had seen and was acquainted with the buildings carrying on in the Federal city. He thought *the house erecting for the residence of the President was much too magnificent*, much more so than was intended. Every one thought so who saw it; but this was no reason for obstructing the progress of the business. He hoped the bill would be formed in a manner so as to meet the general sense of the House. Though he had *objected to the grandeur of the house intended for the President*, he would have the buildings for Congress erected on a grand scale, and fitted for the Representatives of a great and free people.

The Bill was finally recommitted.

## R E M A R K S.

The reader has heard what was said on both sides of this question, and I have now to beg him to attend to what I would have said, had I been a member of Congress.

Mr. CHAIRMAN,

It is well known, that I am no orator; that I speak right on, making my tongue the true interpreter of my heart. You will not therefore expect from me the wily sophistry of a G—tin, the quibbling of a G—les, the verbosity of a B—win, or the patriotic bombast of a Liv—ton.

It is seldom, Sir, that I trouble the House with my sentiments on any question whatever. There are so many gentlemen among us, who are speechifiers by profession, who deck every subject, however sterile and trifling, with all the flowers of the



garden of eloquence, that a plain spokesman like me can have little chance of being heard with any degree of patience. On the present occasion, however, these gentlemen do not seem to be come, like the bee, loaded with sweets; the few they have brought with them are already scattered abroad, and have lost their fragrance: and, as the day is not yet far enough advanced to countenance an adjournment, permit me to hope for indulgence, while I humbly endeavour to spin out the time between this and dinner; or, as our ploughmen have it, while I take a gentle turn to wind down the sun.

Should gentlemen find themselves inclined to repose, as I have often been in listening to them, I beg them not to stand upon ceremony, but to loll back at their ease, and leave me to jog quietly on.

We are called upon, Sir, to *guaranty* a loan, for which the lots of the City of Washington are to be a *security*; and the gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Brent, tells us, that, though the lots are at present worth but a *mere trifle*, they will, when guaranteed, be of *great value*. This is rather obscure, I shall therefore endeavour to explain it by comparison; which, I make no doubt, I shall do to the satisfaction of the House. Suppose I had a lot, not worth a brass farthing, and was to draw a note payable out of the produce of this same lot, such note would be worth but a "*mere trifle*;" but, when endorsed by a man of credit, it would be "*of great value*;" because the holder would always know where to look for payment.

But the friends of the guarantee do not stop here. They assure us, that it would render the

lots so very valuable as to "create a considerable fund towards the discharge of the public debt!" Much as I wish to see that debt discharged, I by no means approve of its being done by taking advantage of an overstrained generosity. The Virginians have most generously bestowed part of the land, and, not content with that, they now offer us an opportunity of paying off the public debt with speculations in the lots. I am one of those who are willing to forego any and every offer of this kind. I am willing that the Virginians themselves should be permitted to guaranty this loan, and receive exclusively all the immense advantages accruing therefrom. Let them undertake the negotiation upon their own bottom, which, from the great credit they enjoy in foreign countries, they cannot fail to effect upon the most reasonable terms.

It is said, that foreigners will not venture their money on the lots, because they can form no idea of their value; neither can I, and this is another reason for my wishing to leave the business in the hands of those who are upon the spot, and who seem to be the only persons interested in the matter.

The gentleman, who made us the bounteous proposal for paying off the public debt by the means of the guarantee, concluded with an argument, which, I believe, he conceived to carry more weight with it; that is, unless the government went to the City of Washington at the time specified by the act, it would be "*a stain on the national character.*"—I participate with Mr. Brent in his anxiety for our national character, and am glad to have it in my power to convince him, that it could be in no danger from the disappointment he seems so much afraid of. We see a very considerable State of the



Union, Sir, tenaciously adhering to a law, made expressly to screen its citizens from the obligation of discharging their just debts; and we have seen this very House pass a resolution for the sequestration of all debts due from Americans to their creditors in Great Britain. Neither of these has ever been called a stain on our national character; and, if these are not, if our character is proof against these, I imagine we have little to fear from the government's remaining at Philadelphia. I will mention another instance, Sir, still stronger. If we look back into the journals of Congress, we shall find the king of France styled, our *great* and *good ally*, our *friend* and *deliverer*; and yet we have applauded his murder . . . . . [there the Chairman would have called me to order, upon which I should have said]—Sir, I should be sorry to break through the rules of this House; and, I must insist that I am perfectly in order. The gentleman from Virginia had laid great stress on what he presumed would be a stain on our national character. I looked upon myself as entitled to prove that he was mistaken; and I certainly had a right to do this, by bringing forward what I conceived to be much better calculated to impress a stain, and which, however, had not produced that effect. If, therefore, there was any deviation from the question, the gentleman led the way, and I was only following him. Besides, Sir, look over the debates of this House, and you will see to what a nut-shell compass they will be reduced, if you exclude all the extraneous matter. If members are to be bound down to the simple question before them, if no latitude of digression is allowed of, no little rambles to France for eulogium and to Great Britain for invective, how do you imagine, Sir, that *patriotic* members would be able to give proofs

of their diligence by eking out the session to six or seven months?—Your assent, Sir, to the justness of these observations, encourages me to take up the thread of my argument.

If, on the day of our pompous reception of the French Flag, poor murdered Louis had risen up through the floor, and said: “Ungrateful Americans! you who flattered me in the hour of my prosperity and your distress; you who called me your deliverer; you who made public rejoicings for the day of my nativity, are now joining hands with the very men who led me to the block; are expressing “your sincere and lively sensibility, your sympathy and affection” towards them; are giving a pompous reception to the emblems of their triumph over me, at the very moment that my portrait which was to be the memento of my services and of your gratitude, is hanging up within your walls.”—If the spectre of this injured prince had thus spoken, what should we have said? I know a member who would have replied: Avaunt, “ermine monster!” But, for my part, I should have felt the stain: I should have thought myself spotted as a leopard. And yet, Sir, this has never been mentioned as a stain on our national character. To apprehend, therefore, any danger from our not removing to the banks of the Potomack, is to strain at a gnat, while we swallow a giant.

Much has been said, Sir, on the manner in which the buildings of the City of Washington have been conducted. This is a branch of the subject that I should have passed over in silence, had it not been for an expression or two that fell from another gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Giles. That gentleman



observed, that "the house erecting for the residence of the President was *much too magnificent*;" but that, though he *objected to the grandeur* of the house intended for the President, he would have the buildings for Congress erected upon a *grand scale*, and fitted for the Representatives of a great and free people."—I do not choose, Sir, to let this fall go abroad unnoticed, lest the world should imagine us all tainted with that ungovernable vanity, which seems to have engrossed the soul of our unfortunate colleague.

The gentleman is afraid that the house of the President may be *too magnificent*; but that which he expects to occupy *himself*, he wishes to see upon a *grand scale*.—Modest man! The President is to be kept within the walls of a plain building, to remind him of the lowliness of his estate, of his being the *servant* of the public; while Mr. Giles is to strut beneath the roof of buildings upon a *grand scale*, fitted for the Representatives of a great people; or, in other words, for the great Representatives of the people.

I am thinking, Sir, that the public will do well to keep *us* within a plain building, or I am afraid our heads will soon be turned. We are in absolute need of being dieted, for we are grasping not only at all honour but at all power too. If we once enter the pile proposed by our colleague; if we once get under those Corinthian columns and starry vaults, we shall expect other things on a "*grand scale*" also; we must have our coaches-and-six, our led horses, our pages, our grooms, our huntsmen and our buck-hounds; our villas, baths, sofas and beds of state. We may expect in due time, to hear the gentleman from Virginia propose a

*Seraglio* as among the conveniences of the “ *Representatives* of a great and free people.”

Much do I fear, Sir, that if we were once got in possession of all these pretty things, we should be very loth to return to our humble dwellings and our homely fare. In short, I think we should do like the *great Representatives* of the French; that is, declare ourselves permanent, or, at least, order the people to elect nobody but ourselves, which amounts to exactly the same.

But, we are told, that this building upon a *grand scale* is not intended as an honour to us, but to our constituents. This is the very gull trap which the poor silly French have fallen into. Every thing that their grovelling, low-bred tyrants, have assumed to themselves, has been done under the specious pretext of doing honour “to a *great and free people*.” They have seized on all the palaces in the kingdom, on the Royal studs, coaches, and every other article of luxury, for their own exclusive use; they wallow in sumptuousness, while their ragged slaves have but two or three ounces of dirty-coloured bread a day, and, if they murmur, they shoot them down by thousands; and, all this is for the “honour of a *great and free people*.” A great people, a free people, a sovereign people, and the like, are very pretty phrases; they tickle the ears of the multitude; but, should they perceive how completely the demagogues transfer this grandeur, liberty, and sovereignty to themselves, perhaps they would cease to admire them; and nothing seems better calculated to open their eyes, than seeing them in a splendid palace, while they, many of them at least, are obliged to put up with log-huts.



It is become a prevailing fashion, among the opposers of our government, to confine the expression, "Representatives of the people," to this House only. But, Sir, is not this a very false, as well as dangerous notion? Is not the President the Representative of the people as well as Mr. Giles? Yes, and of the whole of the people too, while Mr. Giles represents but a very small part of one state. The epithet *immediate* is sometimes prefixed; but then, Mr. Giles can be the *immediate representative* of no more than an eighteenth part of the State of Virginia, while the President is the immediate representative of the whole Union; for the representation must ever be immediate, though the election may not. If therefore, a preference is due to any branch of the government, the President seems to have a better title to it than any of us, and seeing the thing in this light, I cannot help looking upon the observation of the gentleman from Virginia as extremely improper if not indecent.

I thought, Sir, I heard the word *Capitol* mentioned during the debate. For the love of modesty, I hope the Congress-House is not to be called a *Capitol*! If this be the case, it will be necessary to go a step further, and assume the masquerade dress of the French Romans. How pretty we shall look in long white robes, descending to our toes, a blue girdle about our waists, a scarlet cloak on our shoulders, and a red liberty cap on our heads! Let them all be well embroidered with gold, as those of the French legislators *are to be*; and, if they are even set with precious stones, it will be an additional proof of our jealousy for the honour of "a great and free people." We shall, indeed, bring on us a ridicule equal to that excited by the

upstart pettifoggers of the National Assembly, when they insisted on the Folding-Doors of the Louvre to be thrown open at their approach; but, let the world be merry while we are swagging about in our consular robes, we shall care but little whether we are called ambitious buffoons or not.

This idea of a *Capitol* seems to be borrowed from the State of Virginia, the Assembly-House of which has taken that name. For what reason it was there adopted, I know not, unless it be, that there are such numbers of Cæsars and Pompeys in the neighbourhood, against whose ambitious projects the grave and virtuous senate are ever vigilant to preserve the liberty of their country. The *Capitol* of Virginia resembles that of Rome also, in that it has a *slave mart* in its vicinity.

I shall now, Sir, return to the proposed guarantee, and advert to another of the forcible arguments of Mr. Brent. This gentleman tells us, that “the guarantee is the touchstone to prove whether the seat of government is to be removed or not.” I am willing to take the gentleman at his word. I am willing to allow, that refusing the guarantee of the loan, will amount to a declaration of our wish to remain where we are; and, with this view, I shall give the refusal my hearty support . . . . . [Here a loud cry of, hear him! hear him!]  
—I am glad to find, Mr. Chairman, that gentlemen are so disposed to hear; for, I can assure them, that, what I have to say, is not only worth hearing, but attending to also.

I look forward, Sir, to the day of removing the government to the banks of the Potomack, as the dawn of its destruction. Open the page of history,



and you will see, that the fate of every popular government in a great measure depends on the disposition of the people immediately in its neighbourhood. I could cite you a thousand examples, from the fall of the Grecian States down to our own times; but I shall content myself with one of modern date; and as the gentlemen on the other side of the House are so fond of flying to France, I trust I shall be excused for doing the same.

When the Constituent Assembly conceived the destructive project of annihilating the government, which their constituents had positively ordered them to aid and strengthen, what did they do? Removed themselves to Paris, where they knew the greatest number of disaffected persons were assembled. The consequences are but too well known.

We are not ignorant of the general disposition of the State to which this government is to be removed. We have seen its legislature, during this very session, soliciting every State in the Union to join them in reducing this government to a mere democracy. Nor can any of us have forgotten the public invitation to the people of other States, to oppose the treaty with His Britannic Majesty by open force, boasting that there were "a hundred thousand free and independent Virginians," ready to strike the first blow. Can it be supposed, then, if we were now assembled at the City of Washington, that these hundred thousand free and independent Virginians, whether black, white or yellow, would not dictate to us all we should dare to say or do? Do you think, Sir, that the cutting truths, which have this day fallen from my lips, would ever have been uttered in the City of Wash-

ington? No; I should have expected to have my throat cut, or my eyes gouged out, by some slave, or slave-dealer, before I got home to my dinner. I will never go there, Sir; and, to those gentlemen who do, I sincerely recommend the precaution of a steel collar, if not a suit of armour, *cap-à-pié*.

Mr. GILES has told us, Sir, that the law for the removal of the seat of government differs from all others; that "the Constitution itself has marked the *rule*, and only left Congress to name the spot; that the law is therefore not *repealable*." Curious quibble!—The Constitution says, that the Congress shall "exercise exclusive legislation over such district as may become the seat of government of the United States."—Now, what is there here, that makes the act unrepealable? What *rule* is here marked out? Is there a word about the law being unalterable? Does the Constitution say, that when the district is once fixed on, it shall never be changed for another? There is something so ridiculous in the idea, that one would wonder how it ever found its way into words; and, to hazard those words, the gentleman must have a very high opinion of the forbearance of this House. Suppose, for instance, the banks of the Potomack should be visited with the plague or yellow fever; are we to remain there, and let our carcases be thrown into the river? Suppose a volcano or earthquake, or, in short, suppose what you will; are we yet bound to make the City of Washington the seat of government? And what, I ask, are plagues, yellow fevers, volcanos and earthquakes, compared with the knives of "a hundred thousand *free and independent*" slaves?—In a word, Mr. Chairman, so fully am I convinced, that the re-

removal of the feat of government to the State of Virginia will prove the overthrow of our happy Constitution, and eventually plunge our country in anarchy and blood, that I shall not only oppose every measure that may accelerate the fatal epoch, but I pledge myself to bring forward a motion for the repeal of the act altogether.—And now, Sir, as I see the gentlemen from Virginia are bursting with reply, I sit down, satisfied of having discharged my duty, without giving offence to any one, to whose ears truth is not disagreeable.

## DEBATE ON THE MEASURES TO BE TAKEN TO PREVENT THE IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.

*February 18th.*

Mr. LIVINGSTON (N. York) said, he would call the attention of the House to the situation of a very important and meritorious class of men, whose value seemed to have been over-looked, and whose dearest rights were either shamefully neglected or ignominiously surrendered—He adverted to the seamen of the United States. This valuable class of men would fall under one of these descriptions.

1. Native American Citizens.
2. Such as were Citizens at the declaration of Independence and at the period of the peace with Great Britain.
3. Foreigners naturalized since the declaration of Independence.

It would be no difficult matter to prove, that all the individuals of either of those descriptions were equally entitled to the protection of government; to the same or greater exertions in *their* favour than were made for those citizens whose situation rendered it easier to apply for relief.



Yet this meritorious body of our constituents, he said, thus entitled to our protection and favour, sailing under the sanction of our national flag, had been illegally seized, violently forced into a service they abhorred, cruelly torn from their relations, their families and their country, and ignominiously scourged for asserting the privileges of their citizenship. The country, to which they looked for protection and relief, had regarded their sufferings with apathy and indifference ! Three years we had beheld their miseries and heard their cries ; yet for three years we had been silent spectators of this disgraceful scene. We had begun a compact with their oppressors, in which these unfortunate men looked in vain for one word of comfort in their misery, for one little article in the voluminous pages of the instrument, that might offer a hope of recompense for their past sufferings, or security against future oppressions. “ *I blush* (said Mr. Livingston) as an American, to think it was an American Minister who could be “ *guilty of this disgraceful omission*. I should be *covered with* “ *shame and confusion for my Country* if I could suppose it “ capable of giving that omission its sanction, and I hold it a “ sacred duty, in whatever station I may be placed, to contribute every exertion, and the little influence I possess, for “ their relief.”—He concluded with moving the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to inquire and report, whether any and what legislative provision is necessary for the relief of such American Seamen as may have been impressed into the service of any foreign power—and also to report a mode of furnishing American Seamen with such evidence of their citizenship as may protect them from foreign impressments in future.

Referred to a select committee.

*February 29th.*

The committee made their report, the substance of which was ; that the impressment of American Seamen by *foreign powers* was too *notorious to need proof* ; and that the President of the United States shall send agents to *England* and the West Indies, in order to afford relief to such American *citizens* as have been illegally seized.

Mr. HARPER (S. Carolina) hoped when this resolution was committed to a select committee, some statements would have been brought forward, some facts produced, upon which to found the proposed inquiry. The committee have reported that they do not think it necessary to adduce any particular instances in which American Seamen have been impressed by foreign nations, the facts, they alleged, are too notorious to require particularizing. He could not suppose these gentlemen would believe that the House could proceed to legislate on uncertain newspaper reports. He trusted they would afford some proof who, what number, when, and where American Seamen have been impressed. Until this was done, he should doubt the fact.—He was heard, he believed, by Representatives from every port in the United States, and if the fact was so notorious as to need no further evidence, he doubted not some of these gentlemen would be able to give some account of the business.

If the facts were established, Mr. Harper believed there would be but one opinion on the propriety of granting relief; but before they proceeded farther, some information was necessary respecting the existence of this abuse. He had applied to the office of the Secretary of State, and to other offices likely to afford information on the subject; but he found no instance of the impressment complained of, in which redress had not been given. But, if any such instances do exist, in which relief has been applied for, and not obtained, gentlemen from some of the sea ports will be able to mention them. If not, he hoped the committee would rise and recommit the report.

Mr. LIVINGSTON said, the present measure was intended to afford relief to such of their distressed fellow-citizens as had been illegally seized on the high seas. The gentleman, he said, who brings forward objections to the proposed inquiry, was in his place when the resolution upon which the report of the committee is founded, passed unanimously. Why did he not then come forward? [Mr. Harper said he was not in the House at the time.]—The resolution does not direct the committee to inquire into facts, they were considered as notorious, and nothing

seemed necessary but to fix upon the best mode of furnishing relief. The Legislature of the United States have formerly had evidence, and they have acted upon it. If the gentleman will look into the proceedings of the last session of Congress, he will find a considerable sum granted to Mr. Cutting, for relief of this distressed body of men. Some he relieved, others he did not. When the dignity of the nation, said he, is insulted, in the persons of our fellow-citizens, it is necessary at least to make inquiry into their sufferings.

A remark had fallen, Mr. Livingston said, from the member from South Carolina, which he wished to notice. He said he had applied to the office of the Secretary of State, and found there no complaint which had not been redressed. Now, he had waited upon the Secretary of State, as chairman of the committee, in vain for information on the subject. The Secretary informed him, that he could not give him the evidence which it appears he has given to the member from South Carolina. How, he wished to know, happened it that a member who opposes the business in question, should be furnished with that information which was denied to a member who supported it?

It is said, added Mr. Livingston, that we are attempting to legislate without evidence. Though no facts are at present before the House, it is notorious that numerous instances have been made known to government, and the present measure is meant to inquire into the cases of sufferers and remedy them as far as possible. It is admitted by the member from South Carolina that facts have existed, but that they have been removed. If these grievances, then, said he, have existed, let us prevent them in future. Let us not wait till it is too late to grant relief. The men, said he, who suffer by the depredations complained of, are at a great distance from their homes and friends, in foreign ports, dragged on board Tenders, and made to experience every hardship which can be conceived. And now, when a mode is proposed for the relief of these distressed citizens, evidence is called for! *If one of these men is confined in the East Indies, can evidence of his bondage be expected to be given here?* Such hardships have existed, and it was their business to prevent them from again



occurring. He hoped, therefore, the committee would not rise, as he trusted there was sufficient evidence on which to ground the inquiry.

Mr. HARPER wished to remark on what had fallen from the member from New-York, on the Secretary of State's refusing information to certain members and giving it to others. He applied to the office of the Secretary of State, to learn whether there were any documents there to support the proposed inquiry, and was informed there were only two cases; in one of which application was made to the British government; *four persons* were said to have been impressed; but on inquiry, it appeared, *that two of them were British subjects, and the other two had enlisted into the service.* The other complaint came to the office when the Secretary of State was much engaged in other concerns, but he believed relief was granted. This, he said, was verbal information; he had applied for written documents on the subject, and doubted not he should receive them as soon as other business would permit.

Mr. SWANWICK (Pennsylvania) said, the member from S. Carolina had called for information; he conceived no particular information necessary. He could mention an instance in which he had immediate concern. A vessel of his going to the West-Indies had all her hands taken out of her, and obliged to work the guns of an English frigate; and, on their expostulating that though they were prisoners they did not wish to work the guns they were threatened with whipping, and the captain was told if he interfered, he should be whipped and *sent home* to England in irons. If he had thought facts were wanting, by a single advertisement in one of the Philadelphia papers, they would have been overpowered with facts. But if he had done so, he supposed he should have been charged with raising dissatisfaction in the minds of the people, or with encouraging Jacobinical principles. He therefore did not do it. But, without going out of the walls of the House, he said, he found evidence sufficient. He read an extract from the communication of the Secretary of State, dated March 2, 1794, in which were mentioned the representations made by sundry merchants of Philadelphia (of whom he was one) respecting the impressment

of American Seamen. This document was thought sufficiently strong to make an article of instruction to Mr. Jay in his late negotiation; but, owing to certain difficulties, no specific agreement was entered into by him for their relief.

The plan now before the House, said Mr. Swanwick, is intended to remedy the difficulties which have been urged as obstacles in this business, by opening registers in which to enter every American Seaman, by which may be known at any time the number of Seamen belonging to the United States, and by means of which every such Seaman would be possessed of a certificate of his *citizenship*.

Every one knows, said he, what has *been felt* on account of American Seamen carried into *Algiers*. *No evidence was required with respect to their numbers, or how they were employed.* The united exertions of the whole American people *seemed to cry out* for their releasement, and the business, at length, has been effected. And let us not, said he, attend to our distressed citizens, in one part only, but in all parts of the world. Let us not, said he, *be too nice about evidence.* These men are generally *ignorant*, and cannot give the necessary information; he thought, however, they had information sufficient for legislating upon in the present case. He hoped, therefore, the report would not be recommitted, until the committee had discussed the business.

Mr. TRACY (Connecticut) believed that every member in that House felt the propriety of extending the benefit of the laws to every class of citizens, and to none more than to American Seamen. Some members seemed to suppose that the distresses of American Seamen have been looked upon with apathy, but if due attention had been paid to the efforts of government, it would have been seen that they had always been duly attended to. It is well known that great difficulties arise when it is attempted to distinguish between *English and American Seamen*. This has been the reason why ample regulations have not always taken place. He hoped the government would be popular, and that the new members in the House would assist the old ones to render it more and more so; but thought

government ought not to be charged with apathy without paying due attention to what government had done.

Mr. TRACY proceeded to take notice of the resolutions proposed in the report. He inquired what good the agent to be sent to Great Britain would do. Are there Seamen, said he, employed but at one place? Had not the United States Consuls at every port, and can they not do the business? He wished for information on the subject. *A great part of the Seamen were foreigners*, he said, and it would be very difficult to separate them. If the plan proposed, however, could be made to appear to be beneficial, he would heartily join in effecting the desired relief to the class of citizens alluded to.

Mr. GOODHUE (Massachusetts) said the member from New York, on bringing forward this business, had charged government with looking upon the distresses of American Seamen with apathy, and *blushed* on account of its conduct towards them. He represented, he believed, twenty times the number of American Seamen that that gentleman represented; he was himself, indeed, formerly a Seaman; yet he did not believe the evil complained of existed to any alarming degree. Mr. Cutting, it had been said, had relieved many Seamen; that it was in the year 1790. Last summer the British took many vessels bound to France, but they did not take the crews. There were some instances, he said, in which Seamen had been impressed, and he should be in favour of every necessary step to afford them relief; but no obloquy should be thrown on government. Neither does the evil exist to the extent it might have been supposed, when the business was brought forward. A member from Pennsylvania had mentioned a particular instance: he could mention a particular instance of a French captain who had so ill-treated some American Seamen, as to be cashiered, on a representation being made to the French government.

Mr. DAYTON (New Jersey) said that he had not expected an opposition to the resolution under consideration on the ground of fact, that he could not have supposed any member would have questioned the existence of the



evils, which the propositions were calculated to remedy. He entertained a belief that the impressment of American Seamen, particularly on board of British ships of war, was a matter of too great notoriety, to need any evidence at this time. But the member from South Carolina, who manifested the most zealous opposition to these measures, had admitted that there had existed instances of this sort, and as it must follow that what had once existed might again exist, it behoved Congress to make provisions tending to prevent, or at least most speedily and efficaciously to remedy them.

Mr. Dayton declared that he heartily approved the object of the resolution, as originally proposed by the member from New York, and the general principles of the report founded thereon, as a question of humanity, and of great national policy. It was, however, with pain that he heard the worthy mover draw into unfavourable question, the conduct of the Secretary of State, and indulge himself in some severe reflections and imputations upon that officer. Mr. Dayton ascribed it to an irritability, and perhaps an honest irritability, upon this subject so affecting and interesting to Americans. He ascribed it to a warmth of temper in which in this particular case, the cooler judgment of that gentleman, and the knowledge of the real character and conduct of the Secretary of State had no agency or influence. The expressions which had been uttered by some gentlemen in the course of the discussion tending to charge our government with a criminal apathy and indifference towards this description of citizens, did by no means, Mr. Dayton said, meet with his approbation. He believed them to be unfounded, for he was persuaded that whenever it heard, it did whatever it could to relieve the Seamen of the United States, and to obtain for those who unfortunately needed it, complete redress. Having said thus much in vindication of the conduct of the government, he returned to the resolution itself, and declared himself its advocate. It contained neither in its words nor spirit, any imputation upon the Executive, of the sort hinted at.

In the former case, every one must perceive it more than possible, that owing to distance and the time which

must consequently be expended in the communication to, and remonstrance from our government, an *American citizen* might be impressed and compelled to serve months, perhaps years in a service, which he detested, *and possibly forced to apply the match to a cannon charged with balls aimed for the destruction of his friends.*

Mr. BOURNE (Rhode Island) proposed to amend the resolution, by striking out that part of it which appoints an agent for Great Britain and confines the sending of an agent to that part of the English possessions in the West Indies to which the greatest number of American vessels sail.

Mr. LIVINGSTON was pleased to see gentlemen concur in endeavouring to form a plan for the relief of American Seamen. It has been asked why the Consuls were not entrusted with this business; the committee considered that, as the Consuls of the United States received no other recompense for their services, than the dignity and consequence which their office gives them, they would not be likely to pay sufficient attention to a business of this kind. They considered the immense labour of Mr. Cutting to deliver the impressed American Seamen. They supposed, therefore, if the duty were laid upon the Consuls, a salary should be annexed to their office; but, as there is no Consul in the West Indies, a special agent should be appointed.—In order to bring a view of the business before the House, he would ask, how relief is to be afforded to a Seaman who has been impressed? Suppose he is seized in London, he is sent down to Portsmouth. The agent must attend immediately, get certificates, pay fees of office, employ council, &c. to release a single Seaman; a trouble he believed, no Consul would take. The committee supposed that the solemnity of commissioning an agent, especially on the business, would convince *Foreign powers* that they would no longer *suffer the British*, or others, to exercise that power over American Seamen which they themselves could not exercise. It is to be hoped, also, that, when the government of Great Britain sees a step of this sort taken, it will give up the practice of seizing American Seamen, and let them pass in quietness. If not, the agents employed could transmit to this country an account of what Seamen were seized by them, and every particular

respecting the same. This consideration influenced the committee, and he trusted it would influence the House.

Mr. S. SMITH (Maryland) said that as the member from South Carolina had called upon gentlemen from sea ports for evidence, if they were silent, it would be supposed no information could be given on the subject under discussion. He supposed he should be prevented from giving this information now, because the amendment of the first resolution was under consideration. [The House called for information.] He said he represented a port where the fact of American Seamen being impressed by the British was *so notorious*, that every *man* knew it. But how, said he, is this information to be got and transmitted to the Secretary of State? No complaint is likely to reach his office, except brought there by merchants. In his *own trade*, he had frequent instances of this sort, almost in every voyage. He could *not say the men impressed were always Americans, but they were men sailing under the authority of the United States*. We have a flag, under that flag men are seized, and they have a right to expect, when seized, redress from government. There is no *difference* between *British* and *Algerines*, for, by the former, they are compelled to fight against those whom they *wish well*, which is *equal to any slavery that can be imposed*. He said, that from one of his ships there were two New England men impressed; one of whom being a stout, courageous man, wished to have defended himself against his assailants; but the supercargo said, no, this will risk the cargo of the owner. The advice he gave, supposing government would afford these men relief.

If the member from South Carolina wished for *such information as would be received before a court of Judicature*, it could not be got. Mr. Smith thought sufficient attention had not been paid by government to *Merchants and Seamen*. Mr. Jay, in his communication to Lord Grenville says, an impressment of American Seamen had taken place, who had been forced to fight, &c. If this had not been so, it had not been written by Mr. Jay, nor would Lord Grenville have promised relief. He hoped this information would be thought sufficient.



It had been said that there were not many instances of American Seamen impressed ; but, suppose there were but one man, *and he a negro*, suffering under *the galling yoke of impressment*, it is the duty of government to provide relief for that man. The same member has said that the Quiberon vessels did not impress the crews of the ships ; he said it was sufficient to take their flour and pay them nine dollars for what might have been sold the next day for twenty or upwards.—Mr. Smith concluded by observing, that if we were a feeble nation, we had a right to expect justice ; but he hoped we were not so feeble as some gentlemen imagined.

Mr. GILES (Virginia) was of opinion, with the member from Rhode Island, that American citizens should be attended to in other countries, as well as in Great Britain. He had not heard of any *impressments* but by the British, but he had heard of *captivities* ; and that House had heard of a French officer being cashiered, for ill-treating American citizens ; but it had heard no instance of Great Britain punishing officers for ill-treating American citizens. No, this marked the different characters of the two nations towards the Americans.

Mr. SWANWICK rose to inform the House that since he was in his place yesterday, he had been called upon with evidence on the subject now before the committee, in consequence of the call made for it in the course of the debate. The instances he had given to him were, the case of Robert Norris a native of Princeton in New Jersey, and *five others* who sailed on board the American brig Matilda, captain Burke, from Philadelphia, which sailed from this port in May last, for Bourdeaux, and were on the 9th of July, brought to by four British frigates, forcibly taken into the vessel, impressed and compelled to go and serve on board one of the said frigates called the Stag, where they served four months, when the said Robert Norris made his escape from the frigate at Sheerness, at the risk of his life, and returned in January last to the United States. His companions he believes are yet in bondage. The other instance was the brig Sally, captain Wilkins, which sailed from this port in May last bound to Madeira, and five days after leaving the Capes was brought

to by the Rattle Snake sloop of war, captain York, and the mate (*a native of Scotland*, but who had failed for *many years* out of the United States) and one of the best Seamen (an American) taken out. They were carried to Hallifax, from whence the fore-mast man made his escape, and arrived here the beginning of July. Before they arrived at Hallifax, he informs, that fifteen men were taken out of American vessels.—Mr. Swanwick read also an account from an owner of several other impressments.

Mr. SEDGWICK (Massachusetts) said, he was yesterday prevented from attending the House by indisposition. The subject struck his mind, he said, in several points of view which had not been noticed. He was surprized why the business was undertaken in the way it was. No description of men, he said, were more entitled to regard than Seamen: but this did not reconcile the adoption of the subject in the manner proposed. The Executive, he was of opinion, would consider itself, as charged with this business. An agent who is neither consul nor minister, is an instrument unknown, and undefined character that would not be recognized. It was impossible, he said, for any two agents, one in Great Britain and the other in the West Indies, to gain information of the sufferings of Seamen in different parts of the two countries, particularly in Great Britain. He called upon gentlemen to say whether they had ever heard of such a character as they were proposing to create? He said America had consuls in every part of the world, and if they have not, they ought to have salaries for the business. Why appoint agents, and what authority will they have?

Mr. SEDGWICK noticed the different kinds of American citizens, and of the difficulties arising from the doctrine of inalienable right supported by the English, and observed that when two countries each claim a right to a man, means but force was left to decide between them.

The resolution was amended, and a select committee ordered to prepare a bill. The substance of which in the next *Censor*.

Now, extraordinary as it may seem, and much as the reader may be disappointed, I must absolutely decline making a single remark on this debate. I would, however, recommend it to him, to give it an attentive perusal ; after which, by way of recreation, he may read the following dialogue.

## LEGISLATIVE WRANGLING

*à la mode de Paris.*

*Mr. L*——The Seamen, sailing under the sanction of our national flag, have been violently forced into a service they abhor, cruelly torn from their dear wives and smiling babes, and ignominiously scourged for asserting their privileges as citizens ! The country to which they looked for relief has regarded their sufferings with apathy and indifference. Three long, long years we have beheld their whippings and heard their lamentable cries ; yet, for three long, long years we have been silent spectators of the disgraceful scene ! We have begun a compact with their oppressors, in which these poor dear fellows look with longing eyes in vain for one little tiny article, one ray of hope ! *I blush*, that an A——can Minister could be *guilty* of this *disgraceful* omission !

*Peter Porcupine*.—Mr. Chairman, the gentleman who spoke last, has described the sufferings of our injured fellow citizens in a manner that does infinite honour to his feelings. He talks about *blushing* and *guilty disgraceful omissions* with a warmth peculiar to himself, and admirably calculated to produce what the players call stage effect. Indeed, Sir, I cannot help looking on ourselves as engaged in the performance of a tragedy here : the gentleman has gone back 2203 years, even to the days of *Euripides*,



for his model. The piece will certainly do us honour ; but, it seems to be incomplete without a chorus to throw light on some parts of it, that in particular where he speaks of *blushing* ; and, as I have a few verses in my hand, which are not quite foreign to the subject, I beg leave to read them.

\* “ In short to run the L . . . . stonian round,  
 “ Where ev’ry trick of knavery is found.  
 “ Close at his heels trots cousin Peter R.  
 “ And M——, a younger, feebl’r star.  
 “ Two hopeful brothers of a hopeful breed,  
 “ Two thrifty plants of well approved seed,  
 “ Who long have tried, *by arts and measures base*,  
 “ To lift from filth the remnant of their race ;  
 “ A race so sunk, by habit so deprav’d,  
 “ So long by vice and infamy enslav’d ;  
 “ So weak, so haughty, pompous, proud and mean,  
 “ Indeed so black, so shameful and obscene,  
 “ That nought but strength omnipotent can save  
 “ Their name deep sinking in oblivion’s wave.”

Charity begins at home, says the old proverb ; and so ought *blushing*, Mr. Chairman. One would think that a man to whom lines like these apply, need lend his cheek to blush for nobody, and particularly for the governor of N—Y—k, one of the brightest characters in this or any country. There is more wisdom, more honesty, more real patriotism in one curl, nay in one single hair of Mr. J—y’s wig, than in all the skulls of all the L——s, from the day’s of St. Patrick down to the present hour.

Mr. L—— The gentleman seems to be paying me off *in my own way*.

Peter Porcupine. No, Sir, by no means, I am paying you at the rate of *twenty shillings in the pound*.

\* See Democratiad.

*Mr. L*—— I see the gentleman is a little nettled. The House know too well the value of what he advances to form a wrong estimate of it. I shall let him fling his dirt; thank heaven, it cannot soil my character.

*Peter Porcupine.* True, Sir; nor is it so malicious to fling dirt as to fling *stones*. I defy any one to say, that I or any of my *family* or *friends*, ever flung stones in order to knock out the brains of a man, whose arguments I was afraid to hear, because I knew them to be irresistible. The treatment of Mr. H—ton is a stain, an everlasting stain on the city of N—Y—k. I do not scruple to say, without disparagement to a crowd of worthily celebrated men of whom this country may boast, that, after General Washington, this man has rendered it the most essential services; this very man whom a gang of foreign ruffians were hired to dispatch. Had one of the missiles hurled from their infamous hands struck him on the temple, you might have had the pleasure of seeing him expire at your feet, while we should have mourned the irreparable loss. Were I to draw your character, Sir, and place it by the side of that of Mr. H—ton; then you would have reason to blush indeed, a die ten thousand times deeper than crimson would become your jaundiced cheek.

*Mr. S*—— The gentleman last up seems to have lost sight of the question altogether. One would think he was contemplating protection to Mr. H—ton instead of A——can Seamen. I shall endeavour to bring him back to the subject before the committee, reminding him, at the same time, that such personalities as he deals about him are very derogatory of the dignity of this House.

I am astonished that proofs of impressments are called for. When we heard of American Seamen being prisoners *in Algiers*, no evidence was required with respect to numbers. The united exertions of the whole A——can people seemed *to cry out* for their releasement. Let us not be *too nice about evidence*. These men are *ignorant*, and cannot give the necessary information.

*Peter Porcupine.* Mr. Chairman, I thank the gentleman for his hint about personalities; but he will allow, that I am as excusable as Mr. L——, who talked about the *shameful, guilty, and disgraceful* conduct of a most upright public Minister. I may not have the mellifluent eloquence of the gentleman last up: I know I am a rough-hewn mortal; but, as I am speaking to men, and not to an assembly of *little misses*, the want of that gentleman's silver lisp may not amount to a total disqualification.

I shall now turn to what the gentleman has advanced on the subject before us.—He begs us “not” to be *too nice* about evidence.” This is going a step beyond the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris. There the *accuser* is heard, and if the jury are satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner, *no evidence is heard in his defence*. This is not being over nice; but we are required to be still less nice. The merciful French hear the witnesses against the prisoner at any rate; but we are called upon to give our verdict, without hearing any at all; poor unfortunate Great Britain is to be condemned upon the bare indictment. One comes forward and accuses her; she holds up her feeble emaciated hand, and pleads, NOT GUILTY, my Lords. Some of us wish to hear what can be urged against her; but the gentlemen tell us not to be too nice about evidence; that she is a notorious offender, that “*eve-*



“ *ry man knows it, though no one can give regular information of it,*” and, in short, that she ought to have been annihilated long ago. In vain do we, like Pontius Pilate, ask, *for what*; still they cry with one voice, Let her be crucified! Let her be crucified!—And is it thus we treat our poor old mother in the hour of her distress?

The gentleman produces, as a sufficient reason for our not being *too nice*, the great “*ignorance of the citizens* impressed.” And, do I hear this language from Mr. S——k? Is it possible for the people to be ignorant, while under the rays of this focus of science? Do I live, Mr. Chairman, to hear the words *ignorance* and *citizens* articulated in the same breath? How long, Sir, have our ears been dinned with, *an informed people, an enlightened people*; with the destruction of superstition and prejudice, and the luminous close of the eighteenth century? And, shall we now be told, that our *citizens* are *ignorant*? That they are such stupid brutes as not to be able to give an account of what has befallen them? Not even of their imprisonments and their stripes?

But, Mr. S——k, after two or three days diligent search, brings us something like an account of some men impressed from a vessel *of his own*; and this, he insists, is evidence enough for any reasonable man. Thus, when a sailor can be brought to say, that he has been impressed and scourged, he is an *enlightened citizen*; but when he cannot, he is a poor ignorant devil, “not capable of giving the necessary information.”

The gentleman told us something about *Algiers*, and, though I cannot for my soul perceive why *Algiers* was dragged into the debate, I look upon

myself as entitled to say a word or two in reply. "The united exertions," says he, "of the whole A——can people seemed *to cry out* for the releasement of the prisoners in Algiers." I believe, Sir, that the people in general were much affected with the fate of those unfortunate men, and that, had proper measures been taken to call their feelings into action, the prisoners would long ago have been restored to their families and country, without the interposition of government; but, no one will deny, that these measures should have originated with the *merchants*; that the example should have been given, and, indeed, the greatest part of the money bestowed by themselves. Was this the case? They did, indeed, "*cry out*;" they might, for ought I know, make fervent applications to heaven; but the applications to their purses, which had been filled by the toil and hardships of these poor fellows, were very faint and ineffectual. A subscription was opened in this city, Mr. S——k was himself one of the receivers, and I now call upon him to say, how much his brethren subscribed, and how much he subscribed himself. I call upon him to say, whether a company of *foreign players*, yea, even English players, did not subscribe more than all the merchants of this great, rich and flourishing city!—Here was "apathy and indifference," indeed! Here Mr. L—— might have seen reason to "*blush* for a *disgraceful omission*!"

I am not sorry that the little gentleman bestowed a few of his silver sounds on the slaves in Algiers, as it furnishes me with an opportunity of comparing the conduct of the friends of the resolution towards those men, and that which they now hold towards Seamen impressed by the English. The slaves in Algiers could have been at any time ransomed, and

we well know, that they were *all* real *A—cans*. The Seamen impressed are indefinite ; we know not who or where they are ; all we know about them, is, that they are *all*, or nearly so, subjects of the king of Great Britain. Now, how comes it, that these gentlemen show such amazing zeal, and are so deeply touched with what they gravely call the *sufferings* of the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, while they show such indifference for our own citizens ? This seems totally unaccountable, yet, Mr. Chairman, I think I can explain it in a few words. The impressment of *British* Seamen by the British forms a subject of opposition to the treaty ; any measures taken to resist that impressment may lead to a war ; the expense attending the agents sent out will come from the public purse, and not from the purse of these gentlemen. None of these weighty reasons existed with respect to the slaves in Algiers, and therefore, they might have remained there, till they had rotted in their chains, had not that government which these sticklers for humanity now accuse of apathy and indifference, been much more vigilant and humane than they.

I have much more to say on this subject, Sir ; but as the hour of Turkey and Madeira is at hand, I sit down, in order to give the House an opportunity of adjourning.

*(To be concluded in the Cenfor for April.)*

## NARRATIVE.

*Of the Suicide of the Argus of New York.*

OF all the acts arising from folly, wickedness, or despair, that of Suicide is best calculated to awaken curiosity. It is so hard to be accounted for from the common evils incident to life, and is such a direct violation of the first law of



nature, that a man must possess an extraordinary degree of stoicism, not to feel some inclination to be informed of the cause. For my part, I felt this inclination so forcibly, upon hearing of the fate of the renowned *Argus*, that I could not rest, till I had obtained a circumstantial account of the whole affair. I trust, it is unnecessary to say how my breast has been wrung by this melancholy relation; nevertheless, I should not think I discharged my duty as *Censor*, did I neglect to impart it to my readers.

By way of preface to this Narrative, it may not be amiss to give some account of the wonderful two-legged creature who is the subject of it.

His name indicates that he has a hundred eyes, which is a real fact. These eyes, like those of the beast in the vision, are divided between his fore and hinder parts; but, in other respects, they resemble those of the Lamprey Eel: that is, they emit filth and noxious matter in place of admitting light; or, in other words, they answer none of the useful purposes of this organ in other animals. He is extremely vindictive and ferocious, and though his stupid eyes are too dim to wound in the manner of the basilisk, yet, when he has no other means, of vengeance left, he drops tears that scald and burn like *aqua fortis*.

These qualities could not fail to recommend him to the great Citizen G——t, of seditious and insolent memory. He very soon became the Citizen's chief favourite, and is supposed to have drunk deeply at the fountain of his largesses. From motives of gratitude, therefore, he was desperately attached to the cause of the French Republic. He has written, sworn, and lied in that cause; and, of all the tools of faction, has, perhaps, been the most steady to his trust. He has chanted the Marseillois Hymn, and celebrated all the successful massacres of his benefactors, with that kind of savage joy that animates the ravages of beasts of prey.

But, alas! How transitory are all sublunary things! The disgraceful defeats, or, to use their own expression, "the *little success*," of his masters, during the last campaign, plunged him into a state of dejection, from which he was only raised to be sunk over head and ears in despair. Like many other charitable patriots, he was buoyed up by the hope of a rebellion, or, to give it the fashionable term, of a *revolution*, in Great Britain; and this event was reduced to a certainty by the account concerning the *Sedition Bills*, which our industrious and faithful and impartial news-mongers spread through the country.

This, then, was the rock of our *Argus's* hope: still, however, he had his doubts and his fears, and these were left to fluctuate during the wide chasm in our foreign intelligence. Nothing torments and harrasses the mind like suspense. The poor *Argus* became pensive and melancholy, was often seen to stop in the middle of the street, and heard to mutter incoherent ex-

pressions about rebellion and *Sedition Bills* and Pitt and King George, or Citizen Guelph, as he called him.

On Wednesday, the fatal 23d of March, about a quarter after six in the morning, he was perceived with a spying-glass in his hand, walking on the battery opposite the port. He was observed to stop often and clap the glass to one of his eyes, then scratch his head, clench his fist, and give other evident tokens of anger or madness. At last, turning himself towards the water, he laid the telescope to his shoulder, as if it were a gun, and, after making a motion to fire, uttered a loud cry and ran down to the beach. Two labourers, who had viewed him all this time, now lost sight of him. One of them hastened to the spot, where he found the poor distracted wretch belabouring a log which had been thrown up by the tide. His left hand was all over blood, and the telescope was reduced to splinters, except about four inches of it, which he still gripped fast in his right. Upon being asked what was the matter? "Look," says he, holding his bloody hand to the man, "Look, my lad, that's the heart's blood of Pitt: no pity! no pity! let's to the palace and cut all their throats!"

The other workman now came up, and the two together, with the help of a third person, made shift to get him home, without further mischief. This was not effected, however, without some danger; for, as he conceived himself going to Newgate, as a preparative for a voyage to Botany Bay, there is not a mean of annoyance that he did not make use of, or an execration that he did not vomit forth.

When he was put to bed, he swore he was 'on a rack a million times crueller than that of Damien. "Rascals," says he, "I have only killed a minister. I have only done my duty as a citizen and a patriot." These ravings continued for nearly two hours, after which, having been copiously bled, he dropt off to sleep.

About four in the afternoon he awaked, when to the joy of his friends, and the surprize of every body, he seemed perfectly restored to his senses. He eat a basin of panada, drank a little wine and water, and appeared quite recovered, except from the bruises he received from the ribs of minister Log.

Just as things were taking this happy turn, one of his printers brought word that a ship was that moment arrived from Liverpool, bringing news to the end of February. This imprudent communication was the cause of an immediate relapse. He jumped up, and, without either hat or coat, ran down to the wharf, from whence he got on board the vessel. "Well," says he, with a voice and look that scared the whole crew, "Well, Rascals, you are come at last. Tell me this moment; are the *Bills* passed."—The Captain answered *Yes*. "What!" says the raving *Argus*, "the Bills passed and no Revolution!"



*None*, says the captain.—“ What ! the English are not cutting “ one another’s throats yet ! ”—*No*, says the humane tarpawling, *more is the pity ; but let us hope, for the love of God that they will begin soon.*—His charitable informant had hardly done speaking when our poor unfortunate friend made an attempt to throw himself over the quarter deck. Being prevented here, he assumed a placid mein, pretended he was only in a joke, though it was evident to every one, he was but too much in earnest. Soon after this he slipped from among the crowd (which was very considerable on account of the great news that was expected) and got away on the fore-castle, where he was preparing to hang himself. He had even got the cord round his neck, when he was perceived by a man upon the yards. His intentions were now so manifest, that it would have been downright inhumanity to neglect him any longer. He was conducted home by some of the citizens, and put under the care of his own people.

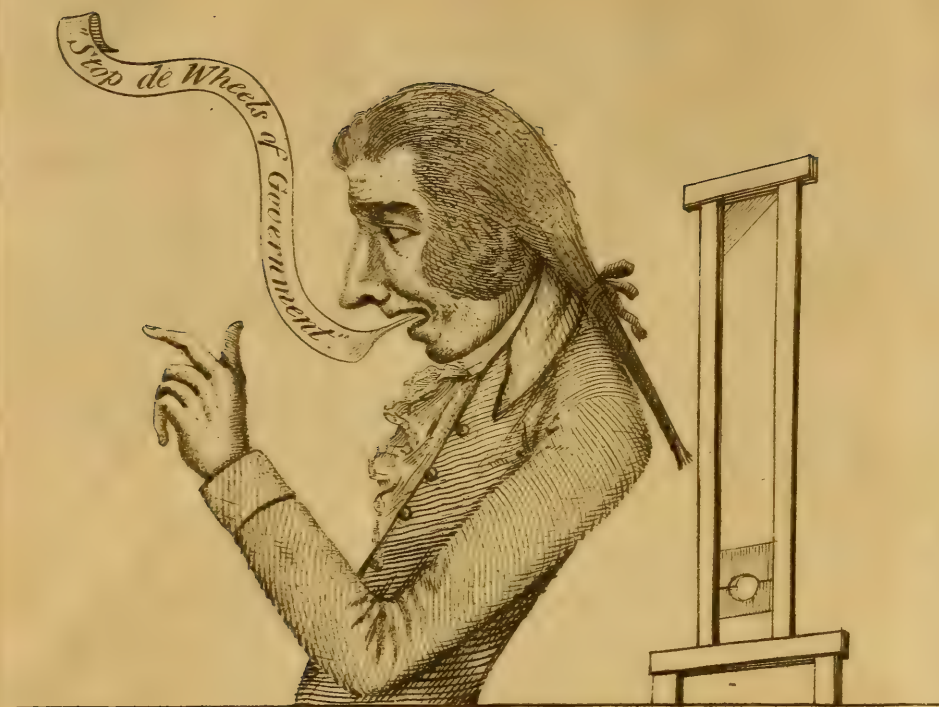
Arrived once more at his home, he seems to have been resolved to defer the execution of his desperate design no longer. He dissembled, however ; talked very connectedly ; inquired whether the paper was nearly composed or not, and even sat down and took his pen under pretence of writing an article of news. By these means he prevailed on his people to leave him alone ; two of them, however, thought it prudent to remain at the head of the stairs, in order to be at hand, should he make any attempt on his life. Their suspicions were but too well founded ; for, at the end of half an hour’s dead silence, they heard him utter a most dreadful groan, and, presently after, fall on the floor. They attempted to force the door, but it was too securely fastened. They then applied to the wainscot, and, at last, made an opening, when, shocking to relate ! they found their dear master weltering in his blood, his throat being cut nearly across. A surgeon was instantly called, and every assistance given ; but, I am sorry to add, that, when this morning’s post came away, there was little hope of recovery.

The interval between his entering his apartment and perpetration of the horrid deed, was, it seems, employed in writing a farewell letter to his Sister and only relation, the *Aurora* of Philadelphia. I am promised a copy of this letter, which, if obtained, shall find a place in the next *Censor*.

It is said, with what truth I do not pretend to ascertain, that the instrument with which the fatal gash was given, was one of the long *couteaux*, employed in the prisons of Paris, and was a *keep-fake* from a very intimate friend now in France.







*A Political Sinner.*

P O R C U P I N E ' S

# POLITICAL CENSOR,

For April, 1797.

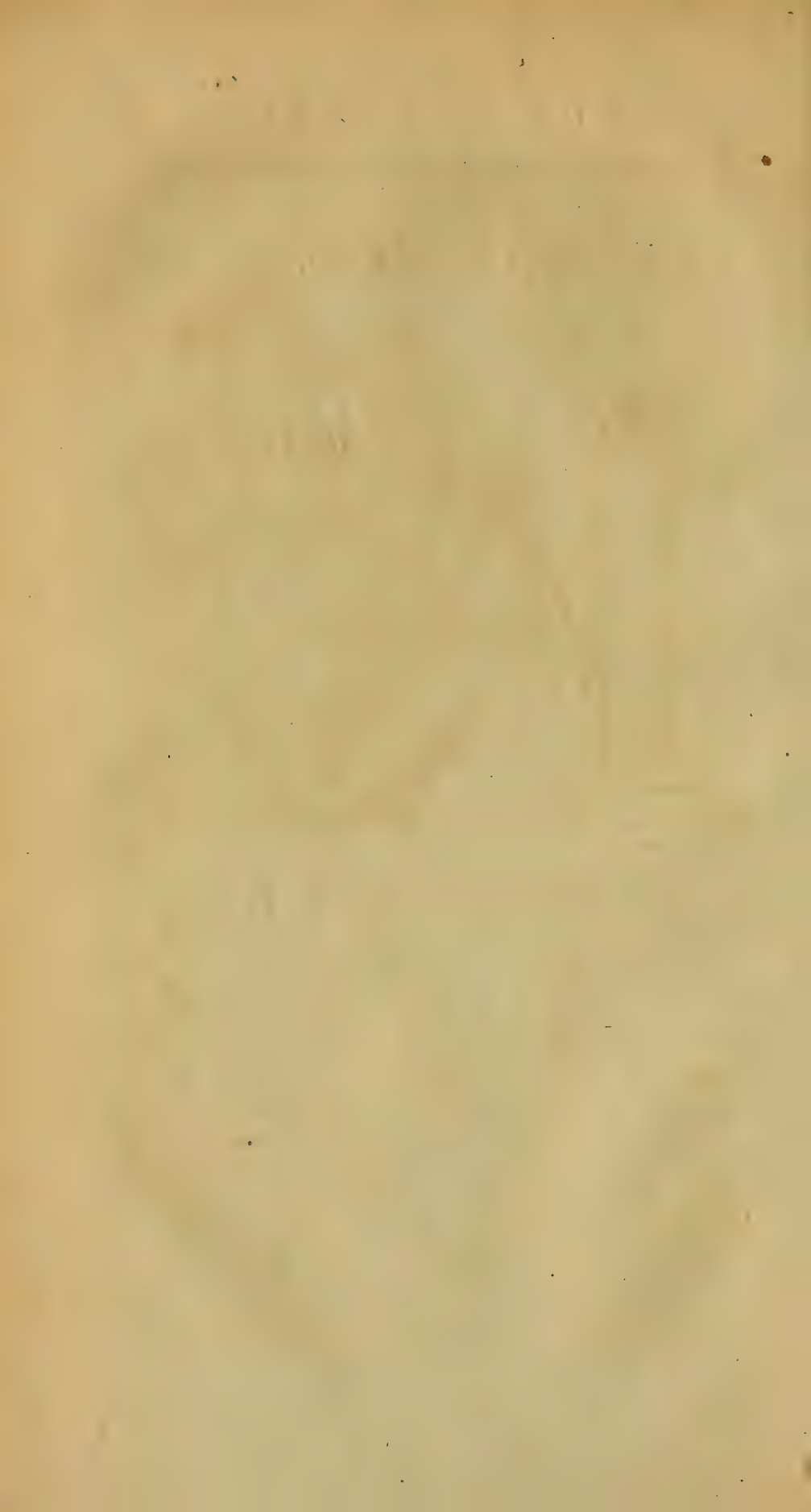
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# DEBATES

IN THE

*House of Representatives,*

CONTINUED.

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MR. S. SMITH observed, that “ were there  
“ but *one man*, and he a *negro*, suffering  
“ under the galling yoke of *impresment*, it was  
“ the duty of the government to provide *relief* for  
“ that man.” Now, Mr. Smith, have you not  
several negroes ? How easy, then, is it for you  
to do an act of philanthropy, without applica-  
tion to the government, and without plunging  
the country into a dangerous dispute with ano-  
ther nation ? You will say, without doubt,  
that your negroes are not suffering under the  
galling “ yoke of impressment ;” but, where  
is the difference, whether they are under the  
yoke of the British or under your yoke ; slave-  
ry is still slavery ; nor is the yoke the weight  
of a hair lighter, for lasting *durante vita*, or  
because it is imposed by a man who pretends to  
be the advocate of liberty.

Nothing that I have said, or shall say, on  
this subject, is intended to justify the British

in their impressment of *Americans*: I look upon their conduct in this respect as tyrannical; as the effect of that overbearing insolence which is the characteristic of but too many among their subaltern officers, and I think that redress ought to be obtained, with all convenient speed. But, I here confine myself to *Americans alone*, by which word I mean, those who were born in the United States, or were inhabitants of them at the peace of 1783, not including *deserters from the British during the war*. These are Americans, and no others are, and, I venture to predict, that, whatever schemes the Congress may fall on, whatever registers, certificates or oaths of civism they may think proper to furnish sailors with, Great Britain will ever seize hers, where she finds them.

Mr. LIVINGSTON said, that "it would be no difficult matter to prove, that foreigners naturalized since the Declaration of Independence, were entitled to the protection of the government." He attempted to prove this, but I shall not contradict him, for the thing is, in itself, so evidently absurd as to need no remark.—As to what he pleases to call the *naturalization of foreigners* (whole cargoes at a time or otherwise), the rights of citizenship they enjoy under their new masters, &c. &c. shall be reserved for a future opportunity. It will be sufficient to add, on this article, that a bill was at last agreed to for appointing agents for the relief and protection of impressed seamen. But if these agents are to be employed (as the instruments of a predominant) faction to embroil this country in a war, it were far better they had never been appointed.



# PAPERS RELATIVE TO THE TREATY WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

MARCH 2d.

Mr. LIVINGSTON (from N. York) said, that it was generally understood that some important constitutional questions would be discussed, when the treaty lately concluded between this country and Great Britain should come under consideration, it was very desirable, therefore, that every document which might tend to throw light on the subject should be before the House.—For this purpose, he would move the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to lay before this House, a copy of the instructions given to the minister of the United States who negotiated the treaty with Great Britain, communicated by his message on the 1st. inst. together with the correspondence and documents relative to the said treaty.” Ordered to lie on the table.

To this resolution the following exception was afterwards added:—“excepting such of the said papers as any existing negotiation may render improper to be disclosed.”

Mr. TRACEY (Connecticut) requested the gentleman who brought forward this resolution to give his reasons for doing so. He had at present only told the House that, as the constitutionality of the treaty might be discussed, he thought it necessary to propose the measure. It was well known, by every man in that House, that much difference of opinion, and much sensibility, had been occasioned by the treaty in question all over the Union.—He thought that the only way to treat the matter fairly, would be, for every member on that floor to come forward and express himself openly. Perhaps the happiness of the country might

depend upon the issue of their deliberations upon it. In order to avoid all bitterness and misunderstanding, it would be best for members to come forward at first and state their opinions fully. He, therefore, asked, why this motion was made? If made barely to enable the House to examine into the constitutionality of the treaty, he thought that might be determined by comparing it with the constitution itself. It may be thought necessary that these papers be produced in order to impeach any of the persons employed in the negotiation, or the President. He wished to know for what purpose these papers are called. He thought, to declare the whole intention of the motion would be a means of harmonizing the House upon the subject. However, until he knew the real intention, he would hope it was a good one. If he disagreed from the honourable mover, he should give his reason for it, it was a delicate subject. That they had a right to the papers called for, for a good purpose, could not be doubted, but unless the House had real occasion for them, the President would be justified in keeping them where they are. What, said he, do we want with these papers? Is it to make a better treaty, or to do away the one made? He wished to know the mover's reasons fully.

Mr. LIVINGSTON said, he had never any wish to conceal his intention, as he trusted he never should have any which he should be ashamed to avow. The gentleman asked with propriety for information; he answered, his motion was made for the purpose of gaining information. He asked, to what particular point? It may be to all the points he has mentioned. It was impossible to know, until the papers were before him. He wished for information, the result would depend upon the information received. He did not know that the impeachment of any person would be determined upon by that House. He did not think so himself; but he thought it necessary they should have an opportunity of making a fair judgment of the matter. They were the proper persons to whom was delegated the power of punishing officers; they ought, therefore,

to have full opportunity of judging of their conduct. It was simply for information that the resolution asked, not only with respect to the officers who were employed on the occasion, but with respect to the thing itself. He believed, that House had the power to carry into effect any Treaty, or not. It was for this purpose that he wanted information; and if the House were of the same opinion, they would support the motion. Something had been said as to the delicacy of the subject. If, said he, any reason of State will not permit the President to give the papers they asked for, he will give his reasons for refusing them. He meant not to invade the rights of any branch of government; it was information which he sought for.

Mr. GILES (Virginia) said he would briefly state the reasons which induced him to support the passing of the resolution which lay on the table. The gentleman from Connecticut had justly said that the treaty had caused great sensibility throughout the United States. It was on this account that he wanted that information which they had a right to expect, and without which they could not proceed to consider the subject. If he were to judge of the treaty itself, it would not allay that sensibility which had been raised against it, but he trusted the information which was called for would be of a sort to reconcile the public mind. If no information was given, he must own it would have an unfavourable impression on his mind. He wished, therefore, for information.

Mr. MURRAY (Maryland) observed, that if the mover of the resolution before the House had clearly declared that the object of it was for information, he should not have an objection to it; but the explanation given, led him to believe that it had in view the establishment of a very alarming doctrine—no less than to determine, whether the treaty shall be carried into effect or not. By the constitution, he said, the treaty was become the law of the land, and obligatory on all the citizens of the United States. From the explana-



tion given, he should give the measure his decided negative; for if that House had the power to decide on the legality of the treaty, in vain has the Constitution given power to the President and Senate to make treaties. It appeared to him, that the House had no right to inquire into the particular ground upon which this treaty has become the law of the land, since it appears that the President and Senate have acted agreeably to the Constitution. It would be a solecism in Government, to say that there were two powers which could controul each other. He thought the resolution unconstitutional, as it was predicated on the right of that House to interfere with the power placed in the President and Senate to make treaties. In order to justify this motion, the House should first determine the treaty to be unconstitutional, and that it ought not to be the law of the land. If it was agreed that that House had a right to examine all the secrets attending negotiations, a plan will be adopted which may open secrets that may be of great injury to the nation. Every man knows, said he, that in diplomatic transactions there are certain secret negotiations; he did not know that it was the case in this, but it might be so. To carry into effect this resolution, appeared to him a direct invasion upon the constitutional rights placed in the President, in conjunction with the Senate. He doubted whether the Senate could make this demand.

Thus did the discussion wander from its object. This motion of Mr. Livingston was the signal of hostile preparation. The Friends of the treaty took the alarm, and the question became, not whether the House had a right to call for the papers or not, but whether their sanction was necessary to the execution of a treaty.

The debates occupied the House and the public during nearly a month. It is incompatible with my plan to give the speeches at length,

many of which do honour to the hearts and many others to the heads of the speakers : among the former may be noticed those of Messieurs Buck, Sedgwick, Harper, and William Smith ; among the latter, those of Messieurs Gallatin and Giles ; and, on the whole, the debate contains as masterly a display of polemical talents as, perhaps, was ever exhibited by any assembly in the world.

The resolution was finally carried, and on the 31st of March the House received the following message from the President, in reply.

“ GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

“ WITH the utmost attention I have considered your resolution of the 24th instant, requesting me to lay before your House a copy of the instructions to the minister of the United States, who negotiated the treaty with the king of Great Britain, together with the correspondence and other documents relative to that treaty, excepting such of the said papers as any existing negotiation may render improper to be disclosed.

“ In deliberating upon this subject, it was impossible for me to lose sight of the principle which some have avowed in its discussion, or to avoid extending my views to the consequences which must flow from the admission of that principle.

“ I trust, that no part of my conduct has ever indicated a disposition to withhold any information which the Constitution has enjoined upon the President as a duty to give, or which could be required of him by either House of Congress as a right, and, with truth I affirm, that it has been, as it will continue to be, while I have the honour to preside in the government, my constant endeavour to harmonize with the other branches thereof, so far as the trust delegated to me by the people of the United States, and my sense of the obligation on it imposes to preserve, protect and defend the constitution, will permit.

“ The nature of foreign negotiations requires caution ; and their success must often depend on secrecy ; and even when brought to a conclusion, a full disclosure of all the measures, demands, or eventual concessions which may have been proposed or contemplated, would be extremely impolitic ; for this might have a pernicious influence on future negotiations ; or produce immediate inconveniences, perhaps danger and mischief, in relation to other powers. The necessity of such caution and secrecy was one cogent reason for vesting the power of making treaties in the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate ; the principle on which the body was formed confining it to a small number of members. To admit

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“ then a right in the House of Representatives to demand, and to  
 “ have as a matter of course, all the papers respecting a negociati-  
 “ on with a foreign power, would be to establish a dangerous prece-  
 “ dent.

“ It does not occur, that the inspection of the papers asked for can  
 “ be relative to any purpose under the cognizance of the House of  
 “ Representatives, except that of an impeachment ; which the resolu-  
 “ tion has not expressed. I repeat, that I have no disposition to with-  
 “ hold any information which the duty of my station will permit, or the  
 “ public good shall require to be disclosed ; and, in fact, all the papers  
 “ affecting the negotiation with Great Britain, were laid before the  
 “ Senate, when the treaty itself was communicated for their considera-  
 “ tion and advice.

“ The course which the debate has taken on the resolution of the  
 “ House, leads to some observations on the mode of making treaties  
 “ under the Constitution of the United States.

“ Having been a member of the General Convention, and knowing  
 “ the principles on which the Constitution was formed, I have ever  
 “ entertained but one opinion on this subject, and from the first esta-  
 “ blishment of the government to this moment, my conduct has exem-  
 “ plified that opinion, that the power of making Treaties is exclusively  
 “ vested in the President, by and with the advice and consent of the  
 “ Senate, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur ; and that  
 “ every Treaty so made and promulgated, thenceforward becomes the  
 “ law of the land. It is thus the Treaty-making power has been un-  
 “ derstood by foreign nations, and in all the Treaties made with them  
 “ we have declared, and they have believed, that when ratified by the  
 “ President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, they become  
 “ obligatory. In the construction of the Constitution every House of  
 “ Representatives has heretofore acquiesced, and until the present time  
 “ not a doubt or suspicion has appeared, to my knowledge, that this  
 “ construction was not the true one. Nay, they have more than ac-  
 “ quiesced ; for, till now, without controverting the obligation of  
 “ such Treaties, they have made all the requisite provisions for carrying  
 “ them into effect.

“ There is also reason to believe that this construction agrees with  
 “ the opinions entertained by the state conventions, when they were  
 “ deliberating on the Constitution, especially by those who objected to  
 “ it, because there was not required, in commercial Treaties, the con-  
 “ sent of two-thirds of the whole number of the members of the Senate,  
 “ instead of two-thirds of the Senators present, and because in Treas-  
 “ ties respecting territorial and certain other rights and claims, the  
 “ concurrence of three-fourths of the whole number of the members of  
 “ both houses, respectively, was not made necessary.

“ It is a fact declared by the general Convention, and universally  
 “ understood, that the Constitution of the United States was the re-  
 “ sult of a spirit of amity and mutual concession. And it is well known,  
 “ that under this influence, the smaller states were admitted to an  
 “ equal representation in the Senate, with the larger states ; and that  
 “ this branch of the government was invested with great powers ; for  
 “ on the equal participation of those powers, the sovereignty and  
 “ political safety of the smaller states were deemed essentially to de-  
 “ pend.

“ If other proofs than these, and the plain letter of the Constitution  
 “ itself, be necessary to ascertain the point under consideration, they



“ may be found in the Journals of the General Convention, which I  
 “ have deposited in the office of the department of State. In those  
 “ Journals it will appear, that a proposition was made, “ that no Trea-  
 “ ty should be binding on the United States which was not ratified by a  
 “ law,” and that the proposition was explicitly rejected.

“ As therefore it is perfectly clear to my understanding, that the as-  
 “ sent of the House of Representatives is not necessary to the validity  
 “ of a Treaty ; as the Treaty with Great Britain exhibits in itself all the  
 “ objects requiring legislative provision, and on these the papers called  
 “ for can throw no light ; and as it is essential to the due administra-  
 “ tion of the Government, that the boundaries fixed by the Constituti-  
 “ on between the different departments should be preserved : a just re-  
 “ gard to the Constitution and to the duty of my office, under all the  
 “ circumstances of this case, forbid a compliance with your request.”

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## R E M A R K S.

Nobody will deny, that the House of Representatives have a *right* to call for papers of every kind, relative to matters laid before them ; nor will any one deny, that the President has an equal *right* to refuse them. The necessity of the call can alone render it justifiable in point of propriety, and, consequently, if no such necessity exists, a refusal on the part of the President cannot be improper.

Three reasons were urged in favour of the call : 1. something might be discovered that would justify an impeachment ; 2. the papers might throw light on some parts of the treaty ; 3. they might contain something, which would tend to reconcile the people to that instrument.

With respect to the first of these ; *discovering grounds for an impeachment*, I would ask, who could have been the object of this impeachment ? not the Negotiator certainly ; for, whatever might be his conduct at the court of Lon-

don, it had received the solemn sanction of the President and Senate. He was charged with powers to make a treaty, he had done so, and those who had dispatched him, had approved and ratified the result of his negociation ; if, therefore, there was any blame, it must fall on those under whose orders he acted, and not on him.

I presume the idea of impeaching the Senate never entered the brains of even Virginians, and of course the President must be the object. How an impeachment of General Washington will sound in the ears of others I know not, in mine it sounds extremely harsh ; and, when I compare him with those who had the effrontery to start the idea, it is with difficulty I refrain from breaking through that respect, which is due to the assembly into which they have found the means to insinuate themselves. That *they* did not expect to find something that would furnish grounds of impeachment I will not pretend to aver, for men are but too apt to judge of others by themselves ; but the only answer that such a slanderous insinuation merits from us, is, silent contempt.

But, *the papers might throw light on some parts of the treaty.* Now, I, who am no statesman, God knows, have read this treaty, and I think I understand it perfectly well. It is in good plain English, and, though that may be one of its principal faults with the quibblers from the south, yet it ought to render explanatory papers unnecessary. Will any one of the Opposition members say, that he does not understand the treaty ? If he says so, will it not

be necessary to send him back to his constituents, or furnish him with an interpreter? I confess that the outlandish gentlemen, such as Mr. *Gallatin* for example, may experience serious difficulties on this account; but is this to authorize a call that would divulge all the secrets of the state? would it not be infinitely better to have the treaty translated into *Italian*, or, like the French decrees of fraternity, into all the living languages? Besides, let it be remembered, that the papers called for are in English as well as the treaty, and of course, those who do not understand the latter would not understand the former.

I would by no means insinuate here, that all the Opposition members, who are not foreigners, are adequate to a full comprehension of the treaty; for, though, like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, they talk tolerable good prose, without knowing it, their speeches fully prove that they know but little of the merits of the treaty. And, to them, as to foreigners the same question will apply: if they cannot understand the treaty, how are they to understand the papers? Most people, I believe, will allow, that a diplomatic correspondence is more difficult to analyse than the instrument in question, and, if so, how is it possible that these contracted minds should derive light from such a correspondence?

Some of the members of Opposition are, however, of a different stamp. These did not want light. They are blessed with that in the extreme degree. The rays strike on their minds with such force as to blind every princi-



ple of honour and honesty. From the finesse of these gentlemen what could have been expected for the papers? that profound politician patriot *Madison* found out *five* different constructions of one single clause of the constitution, and perhaps he would have found five times the number of every clause in the dispatches. Where or when could this have ended?

It is something truly astonishing that papers, or any thing else, should, at this late hour, be called for, in order to throw light on the British treaty. There have been, upon a moderate computation, more than fifty volumes in folio written and printed on the subject; public meetings have been held on it in every corner of the Union; petitions by hundreds have been given in for and against it; and the instrument itself has been in the hands of every one during the space of eight months. Where, then, do these people come from, who now want papers to throw light on the subject; if, indeed, they can prove, that they have been buried in the western woods, plotting “political sins” anew, or constantly occupied in driving their negro *constituents* to the tobacco fields and home again, I shall be ready to make an allowance for their ignorance; but, if they cannot prove this, if they have enjoyed the same means of information as those enjoyed by every man in the *free* States, and are yet ignorant of the merits or demerits of the treaty, I must absolutely declare them too stupid to judge of it at all, and totally unworthy of having an intricate diplomatic correspondence submitted to their examination.

But allowing that the papers might have thrown light on some parts of the treaty, how was this necessary to their deciding on granting the supplies necessary to carry it into effect; for, it is for this purpose alone that a treaty is laid before them. We will suppose, for a moment, that they had discovered that Mr. Jay had gone beyond, or fallen short of his instructions; nay, we will even suppose, that they had found as indubitable proofs of English corruption, as they have had of French corruption; how could that circumstance have affected their decision? If they have a right of exercising their judgment with respect to a treaty, it must be on the treaty itself, and that was before them. The means employed in the negociation could not alter the instrument itself. It has a precise meaning, couched in terms which cannot be misunderstood, and on that meaning alone could they found their decision. What an idiot of a connoisseur should we think him, who, upon the sight of a picture, should call for the pencils with which it was painted, in order to form an opinion of its merits. Yet, exactly such was the call for papers relative to the treaty.

There was, however, another reason assigned: *these papers might contain something, which would tend to reconcile the people to the instrument.* I could have excused every thing but this gross, this palpable hypocrisy. What! did these Opposition members desire to see something that would reconcile the people to the treaty! these very men who had, in ways more or less direct, stipulated with the mob to oppose it. It is a fact well known, that the leaders among

them had all written or made public speeches representing it as inimical to the rights and liberties of the people; the gentleman who brought forward the resolution was one of those who took the lead at New-York, when the *French* and American flags were hoisted against it, and when it was absolutely burnt before the house of Governor Jay. And yet, these very men now pretend, that they wish for something that may reconcile the people to it! what an opinion must they have of the President, to suppose him open to such barefaced deception; when men have long succeeded in this, or any way, they are apt to over-rate their talents; it is not therefore so very wonderful, that they should imagine it as easy to cajole General Washington as their deluded constituents.

I have now done with the *pretended* motives of the resolution (on which I must confess I have taken up too much of the reader's time), and shall come to what I imagine to be the *real* motives of it.

To begin at the fountain head, the mind from which the mischievous and malicious idea first issued, it is tolerably well known, that the *Livingstons* harbour a mortal hatred against the family of his Excellency Governor *Jay*, which hatred is undoubtedly paid back with contempt. The characters of the parties sufficiently explain the cause. This is not the first instance of private resentment finding its way into public assemblies. Something in these papers might have been found which, if properly handled, would have impressed on the minds of the ignorant, a belief that Mr. Jay had aban-



doned their interests; that he was partial to the English nation (which alone is a sufficient crime), and that he felt little anxiety for the success of the French. The slightest expression, leaning this way, would have been tortured into the most odious signification by men who are capable of finding five different constructions of a simple sentence. There could not be imagined a more complete method of rendering the worthy Envoy odious to the majority, *in numbers*, of his State, and of preparing the way for his being rejected at another election.

But though this might be the principal object with the "*honourable mover*," as he has been ironically called, yet we must not suppose all the members of Opposition to have no higher views. They undoubtedly participate with Mr. *Livingston* in a detestation of the Envoy. I presume this, because it is natural; but their projects seem to be much more extensive than the ousting of a governor. Their eyes are fixed on another quarter, where a nobler game presents itself. In short, if I have any penetration, their plan is nothing short of driving the President of the United States from the post he now fills.

If there be any one who, measuring the hearts of others by his own, looks upon this as impossible, I request him to turn his eye to the insults that have been heaped on this Saviour of his country during the present session of Congress. The fact is, nobody doubts of this, and the only thing that surprises me, is, nobody attempts to render the destructive project abortive.

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C

It may be asked, what views can the Opposition have? To this question I answer by another: what views have the disorganizers in every country? What views could the *nobleman* have who proposed, in France, the abolition of *nobility*? What views had the *bishop* who proposed the abolition of *religion*? What views had the silly Lord Stanhope when he proposed an imitation of the French *sans-culottes*, and declared *he would like to be hanged*? If there were any thing too stupid, absurd and vile, to be wished for by those who are the partizans of France and of French principles, then we might inquire, what men could propose to themselves in driving a Chief Magistrate like ours from his post.

That they may not succeed is surely the sincere desire of every man, who wishes well to this country. But the event is, at least, doubtful. It requires fortitude something more than human, to endure such treatment as the President has received, without yielding to the dictates of disgust. There is hardly a man on earth but himself, that would not have retired long ago. For my part, I should have hurled the papers in their face, in the midst of their quibbling and spiteful harangues, sent them my resignation and retired to my home. Happily, General Washington is a man of another character. But it is not reasonable to hope, that he will bear this tantalizing for ever: there is a certain point beyond which the patience and fortitude of no man can go, and should his ungrateful enemies surpass it, we must expect to be left adrift in the storm.

I know, that it is become a custom to speak lightly of the services, past as well as present, of this great man, and that his adversaries ask, with a sort of triumph, what! is America so poor in talents and virtue as not to possess another man fit for President?—I am far from thinking any such thing. I believe there are many men in America of great talents and virtues, even equal to those of General Washington; but there is something more necessary in the chief of this Union, which no man possesses but himself; and that is, *Universal confidence*. Some other man may be found, the favourite of this or that part of the Union; but no other, of every part of it. It is a melancholy truth, but a truth it is, that his life, as it grows towards a close, becomes still more and more necessary to his constituents. I do not scruple to say, and I care not who differs from me, that it is he, and *he alone*, that has kept the Union entire to this day. Several gentlemen have been named as his successors, all of them, without doubt, very fit for the important functions they would have to exercise; but, I ask any thinking man, if, with the example they have before their eyes, either of them would accept of the Presidency, or, if they should, if they would be able to maintain harmony among the States for one year? I am confident they would not, unless a change of principles should take place, which, at present, there is little reason to expect.

These considerations ought to unite the friends of order and good government in their attachment to the man of their choice. They should not content themselves with silent



approbation of his conduct, or confine the effusions of their gratitude to sentiments over the bottle: the applause of a drunkard is little better than slander. No; this is not the way of giving support to the government; it is to be done by manly and affectionate addresses; by public declarations of disapprobation of the conduct of the enemies to the peace and happiness of the country, and by zealous and effectual endeavours to undeceive the misguided multitude.



I have hitherto deferred giving the reader the Ayes and Noes on the call for papers, in order that they may appear in this place, after the motives of the resolution have been, as I presume, fairly stated. Here they follow, and the reader will do well to recollect, that, however they may shift hereafter, this is the list to which he may at all times refer, to know who are the friends and who are the enemies of the government, constitution, peace and prosperity of the United States.

#### A Y E S.

Messieurs, *Baiyl*, Baird, Baldwin, Benton, Blount, Brent, Bryan, Burges, Cabel, *Christie*, Claibourne, Clopton, Coles, Dearborn, *Dent*, *Duval*, Earl, *Findley*, Franklin, *Gallatin*, Gillespie, Giles, Gregg, Greenup, Grove, Hampton, Hancock, Harrison, *Hathorn*, *Havens*, Heath, Holland, Jackson, *Kitchell*, *Livingston*, Locke, *W. Lyman*, *Maclay*, Macon, Madison, Milledge, Moore, *Muhlenberg*, New, Nicholas, Orr, Page, Parker, *Patton*, Preston, Richards, Rutherford, Sherborn, Israel Smith, *Samuel Smith*, *Sprigg*, *Swanwick*, Tatem, *Van-Courtlandt*, *Varnum*, Venable, Winn. 62

## N A Y S.

Messieurs Bourne, Bradbury, Buck, Coit, Cooper, A. Foster, D. Foster, Freeman, Gill, Gilman, Glenn, Goodhue, Goodrich, Griswald, Harper, Hartley, Hillhouse, Hindman, Kittera, S. Lyman, Malbone, Murray, Reed, Sedgwick, Sitgreaves, Jeremiah Smith, N. Smith, Isaac Smith, W. Smith, Swift, Thatcher, Thomas, Thompson, Tracey, Van-Allen, Wadsworth, Williams.

37.

It is a truth, which cannot be too often repeated, that the opposers of the British treaty are for the most part, men who have long and steadily opposed every salutary measure of the general government, joined by such as this treaty obliged to pay their just debts. It is well known that it is against the Southern States alone that the British merchants complain, and for this reason it is that we see the members from those States most opposed to it. All the names in the above lists, written in *italicks*, are members coming from States to the North of Virginia, from which it will appear, that only two members from the Southern States voted in the minority. This circumstance is a sufficient proof of the motives of the opposition.

RESOLUTION BY WAY OF PROTEST AGAINST  
THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

April 26.

The House having resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the Message from the President, Mr. Blount, (from North Carolina) moved the following resolutions, which were finally passed.

Resolved, that, it being declared by the second sec-

tion of the second article of the constitution, " that  
 " the President shall have power, by and with the ad-  
 " vice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties,  
 " provided two-thirds of the Senate present concur,"  
 the House of Representatives do not claim any agency  
 in *making treaties* ; but that when a treaty stipulates  
 regulations *on any of the subjects submitted by the con-*  
*stitution to the power of Congress*, it must depend for its  
 execution, as to such stipulations, on a law or laws to  
 be passed by Congress, and it is the constitutional right  
 and duty of the House of Representatives, in all such  
 cases, to deliberate on the expediency or in expediency  
 of carrying such treaties into effect, and to determine  
 and act thereon, as in *their judgment* may be most con-  
 ductive to the public good.

Resolved, that it is not necessary to the propriety of  
 any application from this House to the Executive for  
 information desired by them, and which may relate to  
 any constitutional functions of the House, that the pur-  
 poses for which such information may be wanted, or to  
 which the same may be applied, should be stated in the  
 application.

On the latter of these resolutions it is only  
 necessary to observe, that it is by no means in-  
 consistent with the motives that dictated the call  
 for papers ; those motives I have already stat-  
 ed, it will therefore be useless to say any thing  
 more on the resolution.

The first resolution merits a great deal of at-  
 tention, as it seems to be the lasting definition  
 of the treaty-making power.

*Patriot Madison* was the only member that  
 entered into a defence of this resolution. To  
 give his speech here would be to fill up my pa-  
 ges with what no one would read : I shall,  
 therefore, content myself with inserting an ex-



tract from the debates in the Virginia Convention, at the time when the Constitution of the United States was under consideration.

The reader should be informed, that this *patriot* was, at the time of forming the constitution, a firm friend to it : and indeed, I have seen it asserted in print, that he even drew it up. Let us, then, compare the explanation he gave of this treaty-making clause, at the time the constitution was under consideration, with the explanation contained in the resolution which he now supports.

A member in the convention having objected to the treaty-making power, as expressed in the constitution, because treaties became supreme laws of the land, *without the participation of Congress*, patriot Madison rose and said: “ *Are not treaties the law of the land in England?* ” “ I will refer you to a book, which is in every “ man’s hand, Blackstone’s Commentaries. “ It will inform you, that treaties, *made by “ the king*, are to be the supreme laws of the “ land. *If they are to have any efficacy they “ must be laws of the land. They are so in every “ country.*”

Now where has the patriot been since the time that he gave this explanation of the treaty-making power ? what sort of company must he have fallen into ? I should be very sorry to suppose that he has drunk at the fountain that poisoned his countryman Randolph ; but, really such a change of sentiment, such directly contradictory explanation of the very same clause, is hard to be accounted for.

In this debate on the call for the papers, which was, in fact, a debate on the treaty-making power, the patriot was several times called on for an explanation of his doctrine advanced in the convention. He had the prudence to avoid an answer at that time; and to reserve himself for the discussion of the present resolution. He tells us here, that, upon *his honour*, he has *forgotten* what passed in the convention; but that, however *respectable* such authorities may be, the constitution must now *explain itself*.—And so, Sir, you have *forgotten*, have you? Forgotten all about it? the waters of Virginia, where you have undergone your political baptism, and where you have emerged a new man, are, I suppose, like those of Lethe,

- “ Where mortals the *sweets of forgetfulness*  
prove ;  
“ Where the *Slave-dealer's* conscience is  
eas'd of its woes,  
“ And the *Debtor forgets all the debts that*  
*he owes.*”

But, though Mr. Madison had been dipped in the pool of oblivion, some other members of the House had not, and as they made so pressing a call on him for the explanation, he was obliged to say something. It was not certainly a very satisfactory answer, to say that, however *respectable* such authorities might be, the constitution must now *explain itself*. As to the *respectability* of the authority, as far as relates to himself, I am ready to give that up; but how the constitution is to explain itself, when he has found out five different constructions of the same clause, I cannot perceive. If it be true,

that he penned the constitution, I hope he will not boast of his work, unless, indeed, which is not impossible, he wished it to answer all the convenient purposes of a Jesuit's Creed.

The president, in his message, tells the House, with the candour and uprightness of heart which so eminently distinguish him from his adversaries, that the treaty-making power has been thus understood by both parties in the negotiations with foreign powers. "It is thus," says he, "that the treaty-making power has been understood by foreign nations; and in all treaties made with them, *we* have declared, and *they* have believed, that when ratified by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, they became obligatory."—To this Mr. Madison replies: "By *we* was to be understood the executive alone, and not the House of Representatives." Again he observes that "this was the first treaty made with a *foreign* power, since the operation of the present government, and that therefore precedents must lose much of their weight."

What the patriot means by a *foreign* power, I know not: it is more than probable that, in his ample budget of constructions, he may have a dozen or two ready to be applied to his word *foreign*; but, according to my simple conception of the meaning of this epithet, it is applicable to every power with whom the United States have made, or can make, treaties; and of course, it ought to be applied to the Indian as well as to the European nations. The continental powers of Europe are all situated on



the same land ; some of them must necessarily be divided by land-marks, as we are from the Indians, yet they treat each other as *foreign* powers. If the word *foreign* is to be applied to no nation situated on the same land with ourselves, it is yet to be proved, whether it ought to be applied to France and Spain, or not. Indeed, it is likely, that the patriot means to confine the word *foreign* to the British nation, as the only one which is divided from us by the sea ; if so, and if he should be able to persuade us, that his *construction* is a good one, we may then allow, that this treaty is the first which the Federal Government has formed with foreign powers ; but, till he can do this, I, for my part, must continue to look upon the treaties made with the Indians, as made with foreign powers.

If then it be true, and true it most assuredly is, that the treaties made with the Indians, bear in themselves the full force of the principle laid down by the President : “ that when ratified by the President and Senate, they become obligatory,” how happens it, that no objection was ever yet made to their contents in that respect ? foreign nations have seen those treaties go quietly into effect, without waiting for the sanction of the House of Representatives ; and this, of itself, was a declaration of the whole nation, that no such sanction was necessary. But, says the patriot, “ the House of Representatives never made any such declaration ;” and for this very reason ; because no such declaration was wanted. The President and Senate ratified the treaties, and nobody disputed their authority so to do ; the unmaking power of the

House was reserved to be exercised on the present occasion.

Had the House of Representatives possessed the power of setting a treaty aside, or rather as they now contend, of giving it a final ratification, they should have come forward and declared so, when the first treaty made under the present government was laid before them. This would have been candidly telling other powers not to look upon a treaty as finally ratified by the United States, till it had been approved of by the House; and, in the present instance, the king of Great Britain would not have been deceived into a ratification on his part, till such approbation had been obtained.

Taking leave of the tergiversation of patriot Madison, I shall add a few short remarks on the resolution itself.

One of its greatest faults is, its unnecessary length; it is however, like all the other propositions brought forward by the Opposition, calculated to deceive the multitude, and rally them under the banners of an interested and perhaps, corrupted faction, under the pretext of supporting their rights. The plain meaning of it is this: *The President and Senate have a right to make treaties, and the House of Representatives to unmake them*; and Mr. Blount, if he had had as much courage as malice, would have couched it in these very words.

“When a treaty,” says the resolution, “stipulates regulations on any subject submitted

“ by the Constitution to the power of Congress, it must depend for its execution on Congress,” and consequently on the House of Representatives. Several regulations are submitted to the power of Congress : I shall confine myself to one only, as sufficient to demonstrate the consequences of the doctrine here held up. “ Congress,” says the Constitution “ is empowered to regulate commerce with *foreign nations.*” Now what treaty, let me ask, can the United States make with any nation on earth, *not containing stipulations on commerce?* what treaty can be formed with Great Britain, with Spain, with the Algerines, or even with the Indians, that does not contain stipulations of this kind? There are treaties with them all now before the House, and they all do contain such stipulations. It follows, of course, that the President and Senate can make no treaty, that can be carried into execution without the consent or ratification of the House of Representatives.

Yes, there are treaties of alliance offensive or defensive, or both, which may not contain stipulations on commerce ; but then, the Congress has the power to declare war, and as these are certainly warlike regulations, the House of Representatives will undoubtedly claim a participation in making them, or at least in unmaking them, according to the spirit of the resolution. So that, the President and Senate’s treaty-making power is, in fact, no power at all. It is a mere form of words ; a deception thrown out to give foreign nations a belief of the stability and promptitude of this government, in order to lure them into *concessions*, while the



*real* power is reserved, for annulling such treaties as fall short of the exorbitant pretensions, or militate against the interested views, of these States.

If a vote of the House of Representatives be necessary to the *ratification* of a treaty ; I say ratification, because that ACT alone is worthy of the name, which gives full and complete effect to a treaty ; if, then, a vote of this House be necessary to such ratification, it should be obtained *before* the ratification be dispatched to a foreign court. Any other manner of proceeding is mere duplicity. What says the treaty before us : “ This treaty, when the same  
 “ shall have been ratified by his Majesty, and  
 “ by the President of the United States, by  
 “ and with the advice and consent of their Senate, and the respective ratifications mutually exchanged, shall be binding and obligatory on His Majesty, and on the said States,  
 “ &c.” Now, this has been done ; the treaty has been ratified by His Majesty and by the President, with the consent of the Senate, and yet the House of Representatives pretend, that it is *not* binding on these States, without *their consent* also. Is this duplicity, or is it something worse !

Suppose the posts, which are, in fulfilment of this treaty, to be delivered up to the United States, were situated in some part of Europe, where no intelligence of this resolution could be obtained in due time to prevent the delivery ; or suppose the treaty had stipulated for the western posts being given up in the month of December last. Had either of these been

the case, Great Britain would have fulfilled her engagement, in this respect, while the United States are debating with themselves *whether they shall fulfil theirs or not*. What sort of national faith is this ? To make use of the words of Mr. Giles respecting the land jobbers, this is *swindling upon a broad scale*, indeed.

This resolution, whatever may be the fate of the British treaty, will have the most pernicious effects on the relations of the United States with foreign nations. If the ministers of any power can be supposed to understand this Constitution, it must be those of Great Britain. We see, that they have understood it as giving the sole power of making and ratifying treaties to the President and Senate ; and it is certain that other powers have, till now, understood it in the same way. But, the resolution of *patriot* Blount is well calculated to undeceive them. All nations will now say : ‘ Yes, the Americans have a President and Senate, whom they hold forth to us as officers empowered to make treaties with us, and to give such treaties their full effect, as “supreme laws of their land ;” but we now perceive that this is all deception ; these officers are only authorized to make and ratify *sham* treaties with us ; if they obtain their wishes, they confirm these treaties afterwards, but if not, they reserve to themselves the power of setting them aside.’ In future, therefore, we must naturally expect, that no power on earth, except, perhaps, a humiliated king of Spain, or a stupid Indian Chief, will ever look upon a treaty with us as legally ratified, till it has received the

sanction of the House of Representatives; nay, were I a prince, I would not ratify, till the treaty had been signed by every individual member of the sovereign people; for, as *patriot* Madison judiciously observed, “there is a *provident* article in the Constitution itself, by which an avenue is always left open to the sovereign people for *explanations or amendments*, as they may be found indispensable.”

Here I shall be told, that the British House of Commons possesses the same power, with respect to treaties as is contended for by the House of Representatives, and yet, that does not prevent other nations from treating with the king of Great Britain. If any inconsistency on the part of the opposition could at this day excite surprize, it would be their having held up the practices of Great Britain as proper for their imitation. What! these very men, whose continual theme has been the execrating of the practices of that nation, now fly to it for precedents! the first writer that appeared in opposition to the British treaty, represented it as dangerous, because it would “tend to the introduction of the fashions, forms and *precedents* of a monarchy!” Mr. Giles said, in the debate concerning Randall, that “he should be sorry to see *this House* adopt *precedents* from the British House of Commons!” Several times during this very debate, it was averred that the Constitution of Great Britain was just crumbling to pieces; and it is no longer ago than last year, that the sagacious *patriot* Madison foretold, that he should soon see the peers of Great Britain coming to ask a lodging from him. Mr. Swanwick, in



the debates on the frigates, said that Great Britain was on the verge of ruin. Another of these opposers declared she was at her last gasp. And these are the men, who now tell us, that imitating Great Britain is the only way of preserving the liberties of the people; while they seize every opportunity most slanderously to represent the people of that country as slaves.

But, what are these precedents which they have taken from the Constitution of Great Britain? They tell us that the House of Commons claim a right to withhold the supplies necessary to carry a treaty into effect. They claim this right with respect to all supplies; but, were they ever known to exercise it since the reign of the profligate Frenchified Charles? At least, were they ever known to exercise it for the purpose of violating a treaty made with a foreign power? I defy these gentlemen to prove any such thing, and even if they could prove it, I would be very glad to know, how the precedent will apply to themselves. The British Constitution, happily for the people of that country, is not written in a book; is not reduced to a few clauses, each of which admits of *five constructions*. There is no positive law that says to the House of Commons; ‘you shall have no deliberative voice on the expediency or expediency of treaties.’ This is not necessary in a government like that of Great Britain. The organization of the House of Commons, is itself a guarantee for their doing nothing that may endanger the honour or safety of the State. The electors there are few; the members are the representatives of property, and not of numbers. They are elect-

ed for seven years, and not for two. They are independent of the mob, a much better security for the state, than their being independent of those who sit at the helm of affairs. There is not, I am persuaded, a man in that House, who could, under any circumstances, bring himself to avow openly, that "he *adored* the voice of the people," as Mr. Giles did in the debate on the call for papers. There is not the most distant resemblance between the House of Commons and the House of Representatives; and therefore the citing of precedents from the records of each other must be totally inadmissible. In one particular, however, I am willing to allow that the House of Representatives would do well in imitating the House of Commons, and here, I believe, I shall be seconded by every honest man in the Union; I mean in making provision for carrying the present treaty into effect.

In the Philadelphia Gazette of last year I find the following words, made use of by *Mr. Giles* in the debate on the allowances to members of Congress. "Mr. Giles said, there was a country from which America had *copied* a great deal *too much*. The members of the British House of Commons received no wages, while the officers of state had immense salaries. It was, however, *understood* that the British House of Commons were very *well paid*. Mr. Giles did not wish to see *scenes* of that kind *in this country*."

Now, would it, I wonder, be permitted me to ask this talkative gentleman, what he meant by "scenes?" If this were permitted, I would go on, and ask him, what he meant by *copying*

*too much* from Great Britain ? If he himself be a copy of some original from that country, which I believe to be the case, in this instance I shall not contend, that we have not copied too much ; but as to wages to members of Congress, I think we have not copied quite enough, witness a session spun out to the month of May, and nothing done. Again, I would ask him, how he came to *understand* that the members of the British House of Commons were very *well paid*, or in other words, *corrupted by the King* ? He knows how severely I could retort upon him here ; how I could dare him to a comparison ; but I forbear, and return to the sentence of this extract which so immediately applies to the subject before us.

It is well known, that the members of the House of Commons receive no stipend for their services in that capacity, therefore, when the proposal before the House was to draw money out of the pockets of the people to pay Mr. Giles and his colleagues such a stipend, he thought America should not copy from Great Britain. Imitating the House of Commons in this instance, would have deprived the gentleman of what he probably "*adored*" as much as he does "the voice of the people," and, perhaps a great deal more. The House of Commons was therefore thrown aside, as totally unworthy of imitation ; but, when something from the records of that House seemed to strengthen the arguments of Mr. Giles for setting aside the treaty, then it was not wrong to copy from it : it was to be imitated as the only model ; as the only assembly in the world, that was the true repository of the liberties of the



people.—These palpable inconsistencies I leave Mr. Giles to reconcile, which I make no doubt he will be able to do, to the entire satisfaction of *his* constituents.

I shall now dismiss this resolution of citizen Blount, with observing, that if no treaty, *containing stipulations on commerce*, is finally ratified till sanctioned by a vote of the House of Representatives, no treaty formed by the present government is yet valid; for though that with Spain, for instance, has been sanctioned by the House, such sanction was not obtained prior to the ratification by the king of Spain. The ratification which that king now possesses is not valid, and therefore the treaty is not. This is clear and fair reasoning, and I defy even patriot Madison, with his five constructions, to oppose it with success. Is it asserted, that the ratification now in the hands of the court of Spain is binding on the United States? So, then, is the ratification now in the hands of His Britannic Majesty; for they have both emanated from exactly the same powers. If the ratification exchanged with Great Britain be not final, be not obligatory, neither is that exchanged with Spain; the kings of both nations have been duped; they have exchanged obligatory ratifications for such as were not obligatory, and, of course, both the treaties become null and void: nor should I scruple, were I the minister of either of those princes, to advise an infraction of either treaty, when circumstances might render it convenient; fully confident that this resolution of the House of Representatives would justify the proceeding.

## RESOLUTION FOR SETTING ASIDE THE BRITISH TREATY.

*April 14th.*

MR. HILLHOUSE (from Connecticut) having brought forward a resolution for passing the laws necessary to carry the treaty into effect, *Mr. Maclay* spoke against it, and concluded his speech with the following preamble and resolution.

“ The House having taken into consideration the  
 “ treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, be-  
 “ tween the United States and Great Britain, com-  
 “ municated by the President in his message of the  
 “ first day of March last, are of opinion, that it is, in  
 “ many respects, highly injurious to the interests of  
 “ the United States; yet, *were they possessed of any*  
 “ *information which could justify the great sacrifices,*  
 “ contained in the treaty, their sincere desire to che-  
 “ rish harmony and amicable intercourse with all na-  
 “ tions, and their earnest wish to co-operate in haf-  
 “ tening to a final adjustment of the differences sub-  
 “ sisting between the United States and Great Bri-  
 “ tain, might have induced them to wave their objec-  
 “ tions to the treaty; but, *when they contemplate the*  
 “ *conduct of Great Britain in persevering since the trea-*  
 “ *ty was signed, in the impressment of American Sea-*  
 “ *men and the seizure of American vessels (laden with*  
 “ *provisions) contrary to the sacred rights of neutral*  
 “ *nations;* whether this be viewed as the construction  
 “ meant to be given to any articles in the treaty, or as  
 “ contrary to and an infraction of the true meaning  
 “ and spirit thereof, the House cannot but regard it  
 “ as incumbent on them, in fidelity to the trust repos-  
 “ ed in them, to forbear, under such circumstances,  
 “ taking at present any active measures on the subject,  
 “ therefore, *Resolved, that, under the circumstances*  
 “ *aforesaid, and with such information as the House pos-*  
 “ *sess, it is not expedient, at this time, to concur in*  
 “ *passing the laws necessary for carrying the said treaty*  
 “ *into effect.*”

## REMARKS.

The preamble to this resolution holds out as an excuse for withholding the supplies, that, *the House is not in possession of any information to justify the great sacrifices, contained in the treaty.* What information could possibly render those sacrifices less than they are? How could the communication of the correspondence between the President and Mr. Jay alter the nature of sacrifices contained in the treaty itself? If an infraction of this treaty should take place on the part of Great Britain, to what should we appeal? To the treaty itself, and not to the notes and conversations employed in the negociation. The instrument itself is good or bad, and contains in itself full proofs of either, and, if the House have a right to decide on its merits, why not do it boldly; why not scorn this miserable subterfuge?

“ But,” says the preamble, “ when they contemplate the conduct of Great Britain since the treaty was signed, &c.” Now, allowing all the falsehoods which have been circulated concerning impressments and seizures, to be undeniable truths, and that they are all contrary to the rights of neutral nations, what have they to do with laws necessary to carry the treaty into effect, or how can the papers of negociation render them more or less injurious? If they are contrary to the rights of neutral nations or to the letter of the treaty, no papers whatever can justify them; if they are not, no papers can render them unjustifiable.



One sentence in this preamble is singularly unfortunate : "*since the treaty was signed.*" Observe here well, that an objection to giving the treaty its final ratification is founded on something that Great Britain has done as an *infraction of it*. The gentlemen have fairly tumbled into their own pit. According to the resolution of Mr. Blount, now on the journals of the House, the treaty is not a law of this land ; it is not in force ; it is not yet a treaty ; and consequently the British can be guilty of no infraction. Do the Opposition wish, that this instrument should be obligatory on Great Britain, from the moment of the signing of the ratifications as they now stand, and that it should not even yet be obligatory on these States ? They may, probably, find powers to treat with them on this footing ; a king of scalpers, the five kings of France (barber Tom and his comrades four) or a degenerate scion of the stump of the Bourbons, may, perhaps, do it ; but the king of Great Britain never will.

After these remarks on this hypocritical and absurd preamble, I shall endeavour to point out the fatal consequences that the adoption of the resolution must be attended with, taking, previously, a view of the causes which have led to the present opposition. If, in doing this, I make use of an undisguised language, which, notwithstanding the boasted liberty of the press, is little customary in these States, I hope, my liege Lords, the sovereign citizens, will not take offence, as I declare upon my honour, that my motive, and my only motive, is, to persuade them to live in peace with the only pow-

er on earth that is capable of doing them an injury in war.

Among the causes of the opposition to the treaty, the stipulation for an honourable discharge of the debts, due from the Southern States (*Virginia* in particular) to the merchants of Great Britain, certainly claims the first place. These debts, due before the American war, were, according to the treaty of peace, to be honourably discharged; or, at least, no law was to be passed, or to remain in force, which might operate as an impediment to their recovery. Here is the article of the treaty; “*Art. IV. It is agreed, that creditors on either side, shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value, in sterling money, of all bona fide debts heretofore contracted.*”

Notwithstanding this, in defiance of the general government, and regardless of the national faith, thus solemnly pledged, the State of *Virginia* in particular has enacted, or kept in force, such laws as are an impediment to the recovery of these debts. In consequence of this violation of the treaty of peace, and as a protection due from Great Britain to her merchants, she kept possession of the Western Posts, in order to oblige the United States to a fulfilment of their engagements. The *debtor* State, or States, have continued their dishonourable laws in force to this day, and for this reason it is, that to this day Great Britain keeps the forts in her possession.

When a new treaty between the two nations was to be made, the relinquishment of the posts

was the first object on the part of Great Britain, and accordingly, the treaty sets out with a stipulation for their being given up, *on the first day of June 1796*, five weeks from this day. But, on the other hand, the United States stipulate to pay, or cause to be paid, the above-mentioned debts, the recovery of which has been hitherto unjustly impeded, by acts which the Virginians have the impudence to dignify with the name of laws.

It was not to be supposed that Virginia would not oppose to this arrangement. Both her Senators stepped forward against the treaty. One of them, Mr. Mason, divulged its contents prematurely. It was printed without the permission of the Executive power; agents were dispatched with it to every part of the Union, with instructions to misrepresent its meaning, and to stir up such an opposition as might deter the President from a ratification. The following advertisement will fully show the temper of that State at the time.

“ RICHMOND (*capital of Virginia*).

“ *Notice is hereby given,*

“ That in case the Treaty entered into by that  
 “ d——d Arch Traitor J—n J—y with the *British*  
 “ *tyrant* should be ratified—A petition will be present-  
 “ ed to the next General Assembly of Virginia at their  
 “ next session, praying that the said State may *re-*  
 “ *cede from the Union*, and be left under the govern-  
 “ ment and protection of ONE HUNDRED THOU-  
 “ SAND FREE AND INDEPENDENT VIRGI-  
 “ NIANS.

“ P. S. As it is the wish of the people of the said  
 “ state, to enter into a *treaty of Amity, Commerce and*



“ *Navigation*, with any other State, or States, of the  
 “ *present* Union, who are averse to returning again  
 “ under the galling yoke of Great Britain.—The Prin-  
 “ ters of the (*at present*) United States are requested  
 “ to publish the above notification.

“ *Richmond, July 30th, 1795.*”

I must beg to be excused for stepping aside from my subject a minute, in order to make a few observations, of a more general nature, on the conduct of this turbulent, and I may say rebellious State. One of her Representatives in Congress, Mr. Giles, said, “ that he hoped Virginia would pursue uniformly the line of conduct that had ever marked her political character. Her conduct, he observed, had been uniform from the beginning of the revolution to the present day ; uniform and exemplary in her *obedience to the laws*, &c.—He prided himself in representing such a State.” About a *twentieth part* of such a State, the gentleman meant, without doubt ; that is, if he did not, for the moment, mean to give up his title of “ *immediate* representative.”

Indeed, as Mr. Giles observed, the conduct of his State has been uniform, if a continual disaffection to the government of the United States, sometimes concealed under the mask of hypocrisy and base crawling flattery, and sometimes breaking out in open opposition ; if this be a uniform conduct, her conduct has been uniform. The reader must have remarked the words “ *British Tyrant*,” in the above advertisement and he must also know that to abuse and vilify that monarch is the favourite

theme of Virginians. Now, to give him a pretty correct idea of the uniformity of their political conduct, I shall here insert an extract from the American Magazine for September, 1769. “ We your Majesty’s *most loyal, dutiful, and affectionate subjects*, of your Majesty’s ancient colony of Virginia, beg leave in the *humblest manner*, to assure your Majesty, that your faithful Subjects of this colony, ever distinguished by their loyalty and firm attachment to your Majesty and your royal ancestors, &c. &c. We are *ready to sacrifice our lives and fortunes* in defence of your Majesty’s *sacred* person and government.—It is with the deepest concern and most *heart felt* grief that your Majesty’s dutiful subjects of this colony find that their loyalty hath been *traduced*, and that those measures which a just regard for the *British Constitution* (*dearer to them than life*) made necessary duties, have been misrepresented as rebellious attacks on your Majesty’s government.—After expressing our confidence in your royal *wisdom and goodness*, permit us to assure your Majesty, that the most fervent prayers of your people of this colony are *daily addressed to the Almighty*, that your Majesty’s reign may be long and prosperous over Great Britain and all your Dominions ; and that, after death, your Majesty may taste the fullest fruition of eternal bliss, and that a descendant of your illustrious House may reign over the extended British Empire *until time shall be no more.*” AMEN!

The man whose *sacred* person they were ready to sacrifice life and fortune in defence of, is now called the “ *British Tyrant* ;” and “ *the*

“ *British Constitution, dearer to them than life;*” is now, “ *the galling yoke of Great Britain!*” Poor bankrupt devils! the king of Great Britain stands in no need of their lives and fortunes nor of their prayers daily addressed to the Almighty. Neither do their curses affect him a bit more than those of the French atheists. I dare say, if the truth were known, that he does not think half so much about the “ancient and dutiful and loyal and pious State of Virginia” as he does about the kennel of his Stag-Hounds.

Another trait of the uniformity of conduct in this State is exhibited in her behaviour to the President of the United States. After his election, he received the first address from the Virginians. I can say nothing better nor worse of this address, than that it was full as dutiful, affectionate and *sincere*, as the address to the king. Let any man compare that address with the insults that this insolent State, and her members in Congress, have heaped on the President during the last nine months, and then doubt of the uniformity of the conduct of Virginia, if he can.

But Mr. Giles says, “Virginia has been uniform and exemplary in her *obedience to the laws.*” I shall mention but two instances of this. The first is, her having absolutely disobeyed the treaty of peace, by making, or keeping in force, acts which have hitherto prevented the fulfilment of that treaty, and which had nearly plunged the Union into a war. The second instance is, her having attempted during this very session of Congress, to raise up an opposition to the government in every State in



the Union, and even to destroy the constitution. If these instances of her "*obedience to the laws*" were not sufficient, one might add her instructions, to all her representatives, to oppose the execution of the British Treaty, "a supreme law of the land." Such are the proofs which Mr. Giles might have cited of her "uniform and *exemplary* obedience to the laws."

Mr. Giles may "pride himself in being a representative from "such a State;" but I believe that few men, who do not *adore* "the voice of the people," will envy him his post.

Who did not expect that every member from this State would do his utmost to set the treaty aside? the final determination of the House of Representatives is not yet known; but I do not scruple to declare all those enemies of the treaty, who voted in favour of Mr. Blount's resolution, and it is well known that every member from Virginia is included in that number. Had the treaty been opposed from any other motive than the one I contend for, surely, out of eighteen members, some one would have been found not included in the opposition.

If there are any particular members, among those now leagued against the constitution, who claim the guilty pre-eminence, it must be those who are actuated by this selfish, this disgraceful motive. It is a truth, and a truth that will be a lasting stigma on the American character, that, if this treaty be rendered null, it will be for no other reason, than *because it engages for a discharge of just debts*, on the part of Americans.

I am far from wishing to insinuate, that there are no honourable exceptions to be found among the people of Virginia : a recent attempt in their legislature to subject lands to seizure for the payment of debts is a full proof that such exceptions do exist, but, in speaking of a State we must speak of it as one ; our opinions must be founded on the measures it adopts, whether such measures may be the effect of the unanimous voice of the people or not. In like manner foreign nations must judge of the United States. If they fail in the fulfilment of their engagements ; if the swindling propositions for annulling the treaty should finally succeed ; foreign nations will pronounce on the measure itself, without paying any attention to our internal disputes and divisions. The minority will be lumped with the majority ; the everlasting stain will imprint itself on the whole American people, not excepting the hitherto spotless character of a Washington.

French influence is another source of opposition to the treaty. Those who have read Mr. Randolph's Vindication, as it was ironically called, have seen how narrowly the President escaped from the plots of that gentleman ; what overtures were made to the French Minister for " some thousands of dollars." They will see how that " pretended patriot" laboured to protract the ratification ; how well his plans were laid for embroiling this country with Great Britain, and how all his measures were taken for subjecting the government of this country to France. I do not say, that any of the members, who now oppose the government and the treaty, are absolutely in the pay of the five kings ; but, after reviewing the insidious con-

duct of the Secretary of State ; after having duly considered the rank of the persons on whose behalf, as well as his own, certain overtures were made : after having seen some of the men now in Congress, particularly *an inconsistent leader*, named as a confidential friend of *Citizen Fauchet*, I must be excused, if I have my doubts. Doubts I shall have, till I see those, who now oppose the treaty, cease their eulogiums, their fulsome and nauseous eulogiums, of a people, who, in their present state, are not entitled even to pity.

What influence the French have had among the multitude will appear from two circumstances (I could mention a thousand) fresh in every one's mind. At the town-meeting at New-York, called to condemn the treaty, the people marched under the banners of France and America. These flags were carried at the head of the vile and insolent procession that proceeded to the governor's house, and there burnt the treaty. The other fact is of still more recent date, and still more striking. The petition, said to be signed by fifteen hundred citizens of Philadelphia, against the treaty, and now before the House, was carried round for signature by a *Frenchman*. The *chairman* of the meeting was also a *Frenchman*; nor am I sure that it was not originally drawn up in the *French language*. I wonder what the people of England, or, indeed, of any independent nation, would say to a foreigner, who should carry round for their signature, a petition against the execution of a "law of the land;" a solemn contract entered into between them and another nation? there is a certain point of debasement, below which no nation can sink,



whether this be that point, or not, I will not at present take upon me to say : God only knows what he has yet in reserve for us.

I am aware, it will be said here ; that, though the chairman, under whose authority and direction this petition was drawn up, was a *Frenchman*, yet it was presented to the House by an *Englishman*, or, to speak more correctly, an *Homuncio*, born in England. But, let it be recollected that this *Homuncio* has, since the beginning of the present war, been a most desperate supporter of the cause of the French ; that he trades to France, and to France principally, and that the whole of his political career justifies the name of *English Jacobin*.

The reader, from what has been said of this diminutive mortal, will at once perceive that I am speaking of Mr. *Swanwick*, one of the august representatives of the City of Philadelphia. I have been told, that this gentleman has taken upon him to pronounce me a hired *English scribbler*. I will not tell this *omicciuolo* (for the *Italian* diminutive suits him best on every account) what I am ; but I will tell him what I am not.—I am not descended from the dregs of the King of Great Britain's Custom-House ; I was never fed from the scraps of His Majesty's bounty, collected by an honest spy, called a *Tide-Waiter*. I never snapped at the hand that gave me bread, and nourished the streams from which I drew my life. I am the base and cringing flatterer of no man, much less of the men I despise. I never wrote to England an enumeration of my *titles*, outnumbering those of a Spanish Hidalgo, and concluding with, " President of the Emigration society, Treasurer

“ of the Dancing-Assembly, and Trustee of the “ Young Ladies School.” At the age of *thirty-eight*, in the prime of life, I never decorated my bed-chamber with lascivious pictures, *Leda and her Swan*, and such like stimuluses. One who is obliged to have recourse to these miserable shifts is unworthy even of the name *omicciuolo*.

After having thus candidly given an account of myself, let me ask you *Mr. Swanwick*, a question or two.—How came you to imagine yourself blessed with the *aura divina*? How came you to imagine that the *Muses*, who are of the female sex, had ever cast a favourable eye on you? Besides, if you must commit your miserable doggerel to paper, why send it to England for impresson? Why take such incredible pains to insure its appearance in an English Magazine? Why did you not send it to your new country, France? Can it be possible that you yet wish to shine among the countrymen of your ancestors? I will wear the shine off you, as sure as you and I live.—As to the piece I here allude to, I have not room, at present, to lay it before my readers; but I will just ask, how you came to discover, that *Earth* is to become the *proto-type* of *Heaven*?

“ So shall the year to harmony be given,  
“ And *earth* be found the *proto-type* of *Heav’n*.”

Let the year be *given to harmony* as much as you please, set all your vestals to chanting, and rock us to sleep with your own *canzones*, yet I presume it will never be found that earth is the *proto-type* of heaven; the *proto-type* of something that existed *before it*, and which it is to *resemble*.—As soon as there is a vacancy in your Young Ladies’ Academy, I advise you to

fill it yourself, and to let poetry and politics alone.

It is just matter of surprise that this gentleman should be elected the representative of such a city as Philadelphia. The arts by which his election was brought about I reserve as the subject of an article in a future Censor. I have heard of a sturdy young Lord in England, who got himself elected through the interest of the wives and daughters of his constituents; Mr. Swanwick will never be suspected of *this kind of corruption*; but whether he ought to be suspected of no other kind, is more than I will pretend to determine. Grog is cheap, and its influence is mighty.

After this long and rambling digression, I return to the subject of French influence, and I am persuaded that the reader must agree with me, that, after the Virginia Debts, it has been the principal cause of opposition to the British treaty.

However, it must be confessed, that these causes, powerful as they have been, would have produced but a partial effect, had they not been aided by the delusion of the great body of the people with respect to the situation of Great Britain. The rancour they entertained against that nation laid them open to the falsehoods which the friends of France, among whom we may reckon nearly all the News-Printers, so industriously spread through the country. A hundred times Great Britain has been represented as on the brink of ruin. The editor of the Philadelphia Gazette opened the new-year, 1795, with congratulating his custom-



ers on the stability and vigour of the Federal Government, while that of Great Britain was just crumbling to pieces. In the same paper, he called the Island of Britain "*an insular Bastille*."—When intelligence was received of the progress the French were making in Holland, the papers announced it as an event that must necessarily be the immediate cause of the total overthrow of the British nation. "The taking of Amsterdam," said the papers, "is the last blow to the power of Britain." Bets were laid that Great Britain would become an appendage of the French Republic; and more than once were we informed by the public papers, that the tricolored flag was flying on St. James's Palace.

Gross as these impositions were, they were greedily swallowed by the people, nine-tenths of whom believed every assertion of the kind that was made. Men are apt to believe what they wish; it is hard to convince them, that those whom they hate are objects of envy and respect. Such was the general opinion of the distresses and weakness of Great Britain, and such the persuasion that her situation would oblige her to yield to any thing that Mr. Jay should dictate, that, when intelligence was received of the conclusion of the treaty, *Pichegru* was toasted as the *negociator*.

A circumstance like this, though despicable in itself, proves that an opinion was entertained, that His Britannic Majesty had been *forced*, by the successes of the French, to accept of such terms as Mr. Jay chose to offer, and of course, a treaty was expected, at once humiliating to Great Britain and honourable as well as advantageous to the United States. Nothing

equal to these lofty expectations was to be found in the treaty. It was a disappointment; and disappointment ever disposes men to discontent. In vain were the people told, that they had been deceived with respect to the state of Great Britain: in vain was it hinted to them, that she would finally be successful in the war: their hatred and the continued chain of falsehood running through the public papers, had rendered them deaf to the voice of reason and of truth. The Southern Debtors and French Emiffaries took advantage of this prevalent delusion, and the opposition became almost universal.

There were not wanting men of talents to add fuel to the flame, nor were there wanting others, actuated by a sincere love of their country, who endeavoured to counteract such baleful efforts. It is certainly owing to the writings of these gentlemen, that the people have latterly begun to form a right judgment of this important treaty, and to rally round that government on which their very existence as an independent nation depends. The judges, too, in the middle and northern States, have exerted a laudable zeal; some of the public papers have stood forth in the cause of order and truth; and there is not the least doubt, that the treaty would have met with no opposition in the House of Representatives, had not the members been chosen, while the public mind was at the height of its fermentation. This was unfortunately the case: *treaty*, and *no treaty*, were the signals at the elections; and as the opposers were the most numerous, so are the members of the opposition.

Thus is this opposition bottomed on *dishonesty*, *corruption*, or *ignorance*, and probably, on all three together. That it may be frustrated is my sincere wish, and that it will I have not the least doubt: I cannot bring myself to imagine, that the people of this country will tamely suffer themselves to be hurled from the pinnacle of national prosperity into the horrid abyfs of foreign and civil war, of anarchy, requisitions and massacre, by a band of interested and desperate leaders, who have nothing to lose but the posts which their too credulous constituents have bestowed on them. I have not the least doubt that the nefarious conspiracy will be finally rendered abortive, and that the French gold, now in circulation, will be as ineffectual as that formerly distributed among the “pre-tended patriots of America;” but, while there is a possibility of the contrary, the attention of the people ought to be directed to the dangers that await them. I shall point out these dangers as they present themselves to me: if the reader should think them imaginary, he may do well to treat them like other efforts of imagination; but, if he has the least reason to think them real, it is certainly his duty to endeavour to avert them by every exertion in his power.

The first thing that presents itself among the consequences of annulling the treaty, is, the detention of the Western Posts by the British. The not possessing of these posts has latterly cost the people of this country about a million of dollars annually, besides the loss of lives; besides defeats and continual discontents. The possession of them must, then, be a desirable object. But, say the enemies of the treaty,



they ought to have been given up long ago, unconditionally. I have proved the contrary, and I could repeat my proofs, but this is now totally out of the question: we know they were not given up, that they are not yet given up, and we may be assured that they will not be given up, unless the present treaty is carried into effect.

But, it is said, that the British are bound by the treaty to give up the posts on the first of June, and that they ought to fulfil this part of their engagements, without paying any attention to what is doing in Congress; that they have no business with our internal disputes, the treaty being the only rule for their conduct; and, with this doctrine in hand, it is supposed, that some members of the House of Representatives mean to delay their decision on the subject till after the first of June; and if the posts are not evacuated at that time, to accuse the British of annulling the treaty. To this I answer: that I am fully persuaded, that the Governor of Canada will retain the posts, till the treaty has been sanctioned by an appropriation law; and that I am fully convinced he would be justified in so doing. This nation formed a certain constitution, or manner of government, which they promulgated to the world; in this constitution it is said, that treaties, made and ratified by the President and Senate, *shall be supreme laws of the land*. Persuaded that the nation would abide by this its solemn declaration, several powers made treaties with the President and Senate, and among others, Great Britain; but before the time for fulfilling a certain stipulation in the treaty with Great Britain is arrived, it

becomes matter of doubt, whether this treaty be valid or not; or rather, one branch of the American government declares it invalid, by a resolution entered on its journals. Under such circumstances, will common reason or common sense deny, that the British would be justifiable in refusing to fulfil their part of the stipulations?

I have said, that Mr. Blount's resolution declares the treaty *invalid*. The word *invalid* is not made use of but we shall soon see that the resolution goes to the full length. The House, by adopting it, have formally and explicitly declared, that a treaty including commercial regulations, is not binding on the United States, till sanctioned by the House of Representatives. The present treaty includes commercial regulations, and therefore is *not binding on the United States*. The House have also declared in this resolution, that treaties including commercial regulations require the sanction of the House of Representatives before they can be effectual; or, in other words, that the ratification of the President and Senate is *not sufficient to give such treaties their full and entire effect*. The present treaty was, then, concluded and ratified by persons not fully empowered so to do.

Now, the first principles, touching treaties, are; that, to be valid, *the parties must have full power to conclude, ratify, and carry into effect*; and that, the covenant must be *equally binding and obligatory on both parties*. The House of Representatives have declared, that the present treaty fails in both these points; they declare it invalid, and the British will certainly be permitted to believe them. Upon this ground it is, that, should the Governor of

Canada deliver the posts, before the House has sanctioned the treaty, he would deserve to lose his head.

I will just stop here to observe; that, I dare say, it never entered into the heads of the wise Opposition, that Billy Pitt may, perhaps, play them a trick. Suppose he could gull the *five* sans-culotte kings with Canada, in exchange for St. Domingo! the *Posts* would go into the bargain, of course, and then we should have to dispute with our own dear kindred republicans for them. Take care, gentlemen; now or never is the time to have them, take my word for it.

The treaty being invalid, all the other stipulations as well as that respecting the posts, will assuredly remain unfulfilled. The revival of the sentences given in the courts of Vice Admiralty and, the appointment of commissioners for examining appeals, &c. will not take place; the consequence of which will be, the merchants of this country will lose about five or six millions of dollars. Indeed, Mr. Livingston, with a view of silencing these people, has brought forward a resolution for paying these few millions out of the treasury of the United States. All the difference in this case will be, that the loss will be divided among us all; the hard-working peasant and mechanic will be obliged to contribute towards an indemnification for a loss, incurred by adventurers and speculators.

Things will remain, then, with respect to Great Britain, just as they were before Mr. Jay went to England; we must, therefore, bring ourselves back to that epoch, and set out afresh.



The same alternative presents itself a negociation or war. The President would prefer a negociation? but, can any one suppose, that he will ever enter into another? I shall, however, for a moment, admit this to be possible. I shall suppose him content to give up his adherence to the constitution, to receive his instructions from the House of Representatives, and to order his Envoy to confine himself within the bounds traced out by that House. I shall suppose the Envoy arrived at the Court of St. James's; and, that all may be of a piece, I shall suppose this Envoy to be the immaculate *Mr. Gallatin*. If this respectable personage should be admitted to an interview with Lord Grenville, of which I much doubt, the following dialogue would very probably take place.

*Lord Grenville.* Your most obedient, Sir. What may have procured us the honour of this Extraordinary Envoy from our very good friends the United States?

*Mr. Gallatin.* Vy, me Lort, de Citizens Sovereigns of my country dit send me to make a treaty vit you's king.

*Lord Grenville,* (aside) I wonder where the Devil his country is?—Sir I fear here is some mistake. Pray Sir, permit me to ask, of what country you are a citizen?

*Mr. Gallatin.* I am porn Citizen of Geneva, but ..

*Lord Grenville* (interrupting him), but, now you are a Citizen of France, I suppose. It is my duty to inform you, Sir, that the King my

Master authorizes me to open no negociation with any person, acting under the direction of regicides and common stabbers.—Here! Tom! show this Citizen down stairs; and, do you hear! *don't let him come behind you.*

Tom (taking the Envoy by the shoulder). Come, come, go along, go along, my good fellow. I wonder where the stupid porter was, that this ill-looking fellow got up stairs.

Mr. Gallatin (resisting). But, me Lort, hear me von vort. Though I vas porn Citizen Genevese, I am now Citizen American;\* ant I am sendd to you's king by my sovereigns, to make a treaty vit him. Here, me Lort, are me credentials (pulling out papers).

Lord Grenville. But, Sir, previous to examining your papers, may I beg to be informed, how it comes to pass, that the Americans should choose for the representative of their nation, or for a *representative of any kind*, a foreigner, and a foreigner too whose looks are not calculated to produce a prepossession in their favour.

Mr. Gallatin. Bella di fuori, e dentro ha la magagna.

\* Mr Gallatin has, I am told, founded a new town in the Whisky country, which he has named, *New Geneva*. A fellow transported, some years ago, to a certain State not far from the *Potomac*, christened his cabin, *New Newgate*; it was, I presume, in imitation of this worthy *emigrant*, that our Italian gave the name of his little native *municipal jail* to an American town. I would advise him to suffer none but imported Savoyards (in French synonymous with *chimney-sweeps*) to settle in it; and, then, as the saying is, he will have a little hell of his own.

*Lord Grenville.* A proverb ill applied Sir ; for, I believe that your inside is as bad as your outside. I do not believe that that insurrection face of yours belies your heart.

*Mr. Gallatin.* Insurrection ! me Lort ! vy it is de very first article in de *rights of man*. I have made von insurrection in de mountains of Pennsylvane, dat is vy I am representative.

*Lord Grenville.* Upon my word it is a curious qualification. But, let me caution you, Sir, unless you have a mind to take a trip to Botany Bay, not to attempt to exercise this article of your declaration of rights in this country.—Your papers, Sir, if you please.

*Mr. Gallatin.* Dere de are, me Lort, in de veritable revolutionary style.

*Lord Grenville* (reading.)—" produced  
" great disputes and divisions—has been  
" declared invalid—will not grant the fums—  
" into effect—changed the constitution—  
" hopes that the magnanimity of his Majesty  
" ——wish to preserve peace and good under-  
" standing."

*Mr. Gallatin.* Yes, me Lort, vee vishes to lif in de peas and goot understanding.

*Lord Grenville.* And so, Sir, you have changed your constitution, and this is to render the treaty invalid on your part, but not on ours. What sort of work is this ?

*Mr. Gallatin.* Vee Citizens call dis "*political sin*," me Lort.



*Lord Grenville.* It is a sin, I believe, my friend, you will have to expiate yourselves. Our august Monarch will, undoubtedly, thank you for the high opinion you entertain of his magnanimity ; but, I am afraid you deceive yourselves, if you imagine he will live in peace and good understanding with you upon your terms. As to a new treaty, we can make none with you ; for, as a change in your constitution has rendered one invalid, another change may render another invalid ; and so, Sir, I heartily wish you a safe return over the Atlantic.

*Mr. Gallatin.* But, me Lort, hear me von oder vort.

*Lord Grenville.* Not one, upon my honour ; I have heard you too long already. Besides, we are busy here settling the affairs of your friends the French. After that's done you may hear from us.—Tom, conduct the citizen into the street.

*Lord Grenville (solus).* Can it be possible that the Americans are so poor in talents, so debased in principle, as to entrust their public affairs to an European adventurer, the leader of an insurrection ! Can these people be so degenerated. I blush to think them the offspring of Britons. Blessed for ever be the laws of Old England, that exclude all foreigners from public offices. These wretches are now tearing the government of America to pieces, as the subtle and intriguing *Necker* did that of France. They join themselves to the restless rabble of every country, flatter their passions and prejudices, make war upon the rich, divide the

spoil, and then retire to their own country to devour it.



I do not pretend to say, that the interview would be conducted exactly thus; but I am certain as to its result. I am certain that every offer to treat would be rejected with disdain. War, then, must be resorted to : not that war is the necessary consequence of the violation of a treaty ; but with the accumulated load of griefs and insults on both sides, and the irreconcilable hatred existing in this country against Great Britain, it is morally impossible to preserve peace.

The President and Senate are opposed to war; they know well its consequences to this country ; but, who can tell what the President of next year may be ? Can any man possibly hope, that General Washington will suffer himself to be degraded by remaining the pageant, the mere tool of a faithless and profligate faction. The reputation he has gained, it is not in the power of hell to wrest from him ; hitherto he has been suffered to keep in the path of honour ; but, one single step in the direction he is now required to tread, and his renown is blasted for ever. No ; if this treaty does not go into effect, it cannot be expected, it cannot be hoped, that he will again accept the post of President. Nor will any other man accept of it, who is attached to the present constitution. Some more pliant mortal must, then, be found ; some prostituted friend of France, ready to sacrifice the interests of this country to the wild and bloody principles of the Convention. With such a President, and with such a majority in

the House of Representatives, war with Britain would be inevitable.

War is at all times and to all countries dreadful in its effects, but to no country and at no time was it ever so dreadful as it would now be to America. This is not a warlike nation, nor has this nation a warlike government. In a war with any nation whatever, this country can gain nothing, and in a war with Great Britain it has every thing to lose.

When assertions like these are advanced, the advocates for war turn, with imaginary triumph, to the result of the last war. They tell us, that America was victorious, and that the country is now much more populous and rich than it was then.

In the first place, what did this country *gain* by the last war? If *independence* was a *gain* (for *at present* that is very problematical) it was the only gain. I shall not dwell on the *losses*; those who have had their houses burnt about their ears; those who have been pillaged, plundered, robbed of their property; those who are now starving with bundles of continental money under their roofs; those who have lost their children or their parents, do not need to be reminded of the losses of that war. If *independence* was the *only gain* of last war, what is to be the gain of another? The *warriors* do not pretend, that we could go and take Great Britain: they do not pretend that we could take Jamaica: they do not pretend even that we could take Bermuda. What then can we take? Why—*Canada*. This is the burthen of their song, or rather *war-hoop*. With this they di-



vert the rabble, and sharpen their fangs for war and conquest. If you ask them *how* they would do this, they tell you that *men* are not wanting; that *four hundred thousand* would turn out volunteer against Great Britain. I believe twice that number would turn out for a field-day, with sticks and staves, and return very peaceably home to supper; but would they do this two days running? If I am to judge from experience; from the infinite difficulty the government had to assemble so trifling a force as fifteen thousand men on a recent occasion, I should reduce this army of four hundred thousand men to three or four battalions. I shall be told, that the sentiments of the people concerning the *excise* were divided; and are they unanimous concerning the treaty? I will however suppose the people to have but one sentiment; I will suppose *one* hundred thousand men ready to submit themselves to all the rigour of military discipline, and all the hardships inseparable from actual service; I will suppose them all heroes, ready to "seek the bubble honour in the "cannon's mouth;" and I will suppose a Washington at their head. Yet, these heroes must eat, and must have some kind of covering too, and this will cost money. In short, I have made a little calculation of the expence of *fifty* thousand men, *ten* armed vessels, *ten* galleys, with all the necessary officers, horses, waggon, cannon, &c. &c. &c. and I find the amount to be above *twenty millions of dollars* annually, a sum three times as great as the *present* revenue of the United States. Can any sober man look at this, and imagine this country fit to engage in a war? There is not money in the treasury sufficient to carry on the war one month. As to loans, where are they to be ob-

tained? In France, or in Holland? The very mention of those countries, on such a subject, excites laughter. Domestic loans: who will lend a fixpence? Taxes? there will be nothing but houses and land to tax. Commerce will be no more. The enemy will let nothing out of our ports, or into them. In a word, it is absolutely impossible for this country to equip any thing like a creditable force, without having recourse to a *paper currency and requisitions*. I care not who differs from me in opinion, this opinion I give as my own, and, if war is declared, I shall see it verified.

As *doing injury to Great Britain* is the strongest stimulus to war in this country, I shall now take a view of the extent of that injury in the present instance. As to the taking of Canada, I do not believe it probable. There are men in that country as well as in this, and they are better men, too, if we believe those debased wretches, who tell us, that one Frenchman is worth three of their own ancestors. At any rate they are men, they are at home, they have eight or nine regular regiments, and a train of artillery, such as this country will not have in fifty years to come, Engineers and other experienced officers. When the *warriors* talk about taking Canada, they forget that there is anybody to defend it. To be sure the poor devils are *subjects*; but as they might get together twice the number of the *citizens* marched against them, there is a possibility, at least, that they might lay some few of the latter dead upon the field.

By sea, a war with this country would not add a dollar to the expences of Great Britain.

She is already armed, and can very well spare a stout squadron for this coast. How this squadron *might be employed* I shall not point out; suffice it to say, that, if doing *injury* should be the object of the British Court, more could be done to us in one week, than we could do to Great Britain in ten years.

But, we should starve their islands : no such thing. He who is master of the sea, may call himself the master of the land. Those who have produce to sell, will sell it, in spite of decrees and ordinances. The British would obtain all they wanted, just as they now do, with this advantage, that they would prevent their enemies from doing the same. The more I contemplate this subject, the more I am convinced, that a war with America would be favourable to the cause in which Great Britain is at present engaged.

Another reason for going to war, is; we should *injure* (always *injure*) the manufacturers in Great Britain; to which I beg may be added, we should leave ourselves naked. This latter may be a desirable object with the *sans-culottes*, though I should hardly imagine that Mr. *Swanwick* would much approve of it. People vainly suppose that the very existence of Great Britain depends on her commerce with this country : experience might have taught us the contrary : she can do without our trade for a dozen years at a time. Nor would such a contraction of her commerce at the present time, and *in the present case*, cause any discontent in that country. Our behaviour would unite the nation, and the Englishman that would not patiently bear a temporary inconvenience



or distress, that would not even spend his last shilling, to enable his king to revenge such an abominable trait of perfidy as the annulling of this treaty, ought to be stripped to his skin, nay of his skin into the bargain. The fact is, that, besides wanting the aid of France, this country would also want the aid of the English in this war: and this would be one of the great differences between this war and the last. Last war, addresses to the people of England did much: some of those who came to fight for the king, took very good care to fight against him; soldiers and sailors came to desert to their *brothers*, who were combatting in a cause, which was pretty generally looked upon as the cause of Britons. Things are now changed. *Doctor Franklin*, were he to rise from the dead, would not now be heard at the bar of the House of Lords. No English Lord, *after the fate of Lord Chatham's statue* at Charleston, will ever take upon him the cause of this country; unless indeed, it be the Earl of Stanhope, who *wishes to be hanged*.\* *Doctor Priestley* we have the happiness to have among us, and therefore he can do his country no more harm. No: if we are to have war, let us come forward boldly like republicans, and tell the British we abhor and detest them. No wheedling, no coaxing. Let those who have burnt that nation's flag, and called for all the thunder bolts in the stores of heaven to be hurled on them, expect from them, all the mischief they can possibly do.

I know, that such language as this is unusual

\* Such was really the fate of Lord Chatham's statue at Charleston, in the spring of 1794. Mr. *William Pitt's* Effigy was burnt in the same town, and on the same day.

in this country. It would be much more pleasing to dwell on the power of the United States and the decrepid state of Great Britain ; but I am no candidate for popular favour or applause. I delight in speaking hard truths ; and besides, this is not the time for jesting or flattery.

I have hitherto proceeded upon the supposition, that the people of this country would be all united in the cause of the war. But, how far would this be from the case ! Almost all the rich, almost all the people of property, would be opposed to it. There is another and still more dangerous kind of division, which would finally end in a dissolution of the Union : I mean the division of the North from the South. The enemies of peace, in the House of Representatives, are with two honourable exceptions, to be found almost solely in the southern States. Can it be imagined, that the honest and industrious people of the north will suffer themselves to be dragged down to perdition, merely to satisfy the unprincipled vengeance of a nest of fraudulent debtors ? Can it be imagined, that the New Englanders will tamely suffer the *lords* of Virginia to sport with their prosperity and happiness, as they do with their barrels of rice and tobacco at a cock-match ? Common sense forbids us to believe any such thing.

I have supposed also, that the government would retain its present form ; but, can this possibly be so ? No ; the moment a war should be declared, in consequence of the rejection of the treaty, the constitution would be thrown aside as useless lumber. A revolutionary state must succeed. Then our Brissots and our Robespierres would mount the throne : we have them ready at hand, and a war is all that i

wanting to bring them forth. We should have our *aristocrats*; indeed, they are already pointed out: the erection of a guillotine is all that remains for the *patriots* to do, preparatory to their execution. In short, do we envy the French their situation, or do we not? Do we wish to experience those sufferings, at the recital of which we now weep? Do we wish to witness all those cruelties, those frightful horrors, that freeze the blood and make us ashamed of our species? If we do, a war, at the present moment, will infallibly bring us the object of our wishes, and we shall do well to second the endeavours of the Livingstons, and Madisons, and the Gallatins.



I am persuaded, that the following letter, from my *Cousin Hedge-hog* at New-York, will not be unacceptable to my readers.

New-York, 21st April, 1796.

DEAR COUSIN,

I have long been a constant reader of your useful works, and, as belonging to a branch of your family, I have taken to myself some part of the honour which their boldness and evident object reflect on the author; but, as my branch is a younger, or subaltern one, and as I have not had the folly to adopt the levelling principles of the *fans-culottes* of the present day, I have not till now presumed to intrude on your time, nor should I have done it at all, had not the Democratic tricks in this city seemed to call aloud for publicity.



Without further apology, then, I take the liberty to inform you; that yesterday, an assembly was held in the Bridewel-Fields (they were, you see, on their own dunghill) to redamn the treaty, or, in other words to decide on a *petition* to *order* the House of Representatives not to pass the laws necessary for carrying it into effect. As all the merchants, and other inhabitants of credit and consequence, had before signed a petition to a contrary effect, you will easily suppose of whom this Bridewell meeting was composed. The hour was, 12 o'clock, when *labourers* of every description were at leisure to attend, P. R. Liv—ton and M. Liv—ton (*worthy* relations of our *nominal* representative) were the leading orators. After these came their coadjutor, Francis Van D—ke, a chocolate grinder, known only for his stupid head, his rancorous heart, his sour phiz and the ridiculous bustle he made about the *tricolor-ed flag*, that some wag had the liberticide impudence to tear down from the place where it was hoisted in our Coffee House. This man was *chairman* of the meeting. The next orator was Serj—t Cl—ke, so confessedly in the pay of France, that he once actually sued G—net for not paying his *secret services* according to stipulated agreement. This “pretended patriot,” previous to the meeting, advertized for the purpose of purchasing “several thousand of” hoop-poles, to be used as *junkets* (*alias* bludgeons) on the day of parade.”

The complexion of the meeting was such, that, it is said, even the Liv—tons *blushed* at it. This, however, nobody, that knows the thickness of their skin, will believe. A petition was drawn up; but, as the assistants could not be supposed capable of signing their names,

and, as in making their marks they must have rendered the paper as footy as their own paws, a committee was appointed to sign for them, though the paws of this committee are certainly not much *cleaner* than those of the assembly in general.

What effect such a petition as this may have I know not : the sapient heads of the Opposition seem to be turned ; but they may rest assured, that, if they have *sold* us to France, the bargain will not stand. They object to our treaty with Britain, because contracted without their consent, and we shall object to their treaty with France, because contracted without our consent. This is fighting them at their own weapons.

I must now call your attention to another event. On the 12th instant, one, *Kettlatas*, whose offence was that of *vilifying the assembly of the State*, was set at liberty, and drawn in triumph through the streets, seated in an old ragged Pheaton, by the Guards of the city ; I mean the Black-Guards. On this joyful occasion there was a sort of civic-festival. The French *hulks*, now lying in our harbour (where they have lain for nine months past, and where they will lie while there is an English armed ship at sea) decorated themselves, in all their fanculotte paraphernalia, usually exhibited at the triumph of savage anarchy over order and law.

Thus you see the close connection that every where exists between the French and the brutal enemies of our government. These are insults that no government ever before put up

with ; insults, I trust, we shall not long suffer with impunity.

I am, &c.

J. Hedgehog.

P. S. Unfortunately, your intelligence, in the last *Censor*, concerning our malicious Argus (as far as relates to his decease) was not well founded. A *French* surgeon sewed up his neck, and the wretch is now dropping about his *aqua fortis* with as much malice as ever. Would not your quills and his eyes meet very lovingly together? My prickles are not long enough.

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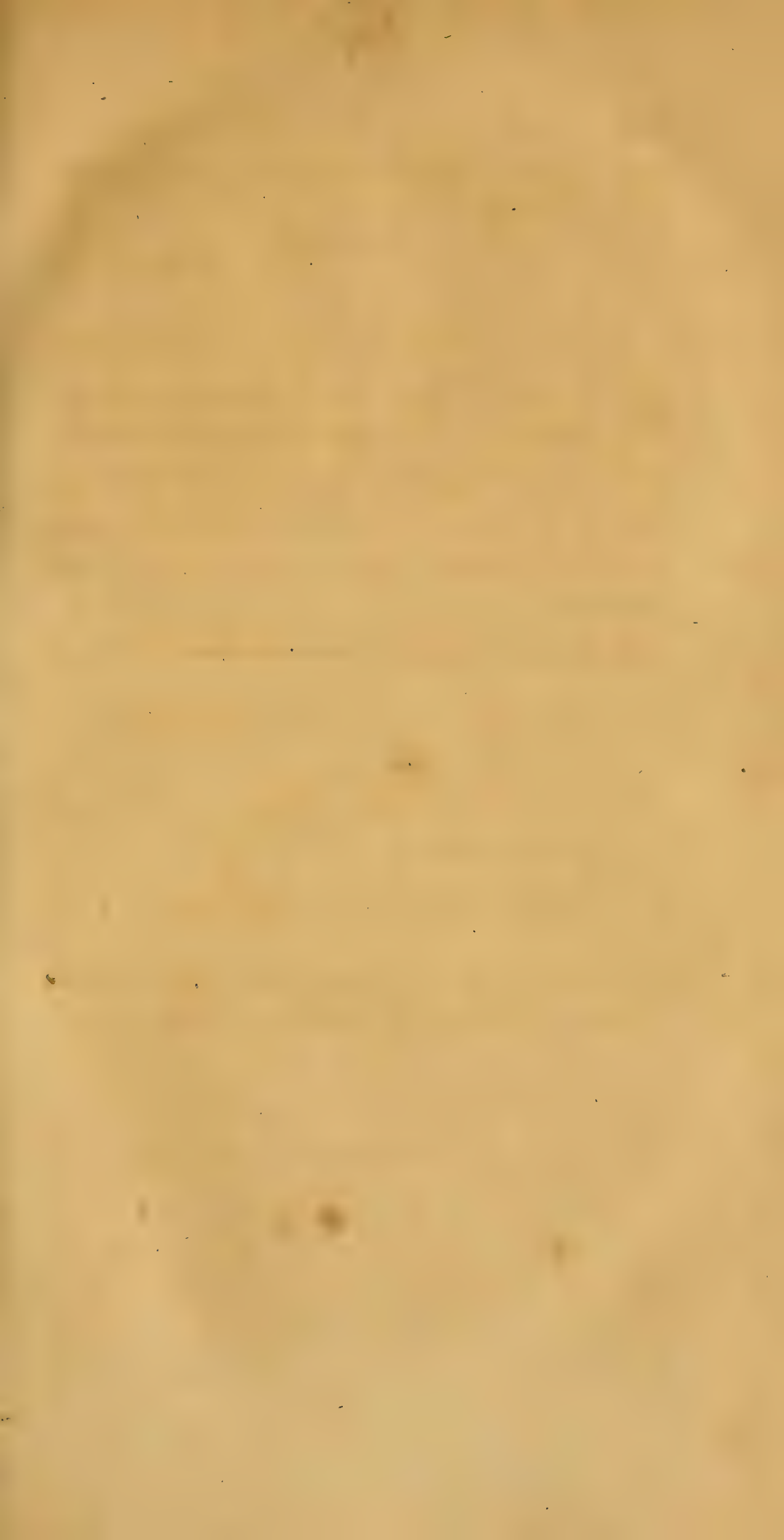
*The following articles are unavoidably postponed.*

Observation on the attempt to propagate infidelity in the officious distribution of *Paine's Age of Reason*..

An *Epitaph* on Tom Paine, dead or alive.

A Letter to the Theologi—Metaphysi—Philosophi—Politi—cal Unitarian Doctor.













THE  
POLITICAL  
CENSOR,  
OR  
MONTHLY REVIEW

OF THE  
*Most interesting Political Occurrences,*  
RELATIVE TO  
THE UNITED STATES  
OF  
AMERICA.

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BY PETER PORCUPINE.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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MONTHLY REVIEW

OF THE

PROGRESS

OF THE

ARTS

AND

LITERATURE



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T H E

P O L I T I C A L

C E N S O R,

*For M A Y, 1796.*

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

**W**HEN the last Cenfor went to the press, the long contested and important question on the treaty with Great Britain was still undecided. Go! said I, gentle Cenfor, and, in thy mild and conciliating accents, beseech the desperate demagogues to spare us a little longer.

A sort of cloud had interposed between the people and the sun of prosperity. Terror had seized on all those who had something to lose; they knew not whether it was prudent to buy or to sell, whether their ships were safest in the harbour or out at sea; the fans-culottes began to grind their teeth and whet their couteaux, while the heads of the aristocrats seemed to totter on their shoulders, and hang as it were by a bit of skin.

B

In this situation were we, when, on the 29th of April, the question was taken in a committee of the whole House. The *Ayes* were 49 and the *Noes* 49: the Chairman, Mr. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania, gave the casting vote in the affirmative.

Thus was the fate of a nation suspended upon the voice of one man, and thus have we once more narrowly escaped war and anarchy.

Some benignant fylph certainly whispered Mr. Muhlenberg in the ear; for, it is well known, that he had been a declared enemy to the treaty from the first moment of its appearance. He was one of the leaders at the town meeting held at Philadelphia on the 25th of July, 1795. At this meeting "the d—ned treaty was kicked to hell," and the assembly adjourned to go and break Mr. Bingham's windows. This meeting appointed a committee to draw up a memorial, praying the President not to ratify the treaty. The memorial, after reprobating every article of the treaty singly, concludes thus: "Your committee apprehend that great evils would result to these States from this treaty, if ratified, they therefore recommend that an address be prepared, and presented to the President of the United States, praying that he will not ratify the said treaty." Now, Mr. Muhlenberg was one of the very committee who drew up this memorial. Nor did his opposition cease here; for we find him voting for the papers, and for the protesting resolution of Mr. Blount. Had he not voted for this latter resolution, I could have admitted, that he gave his casting vote from a persuasion that the House had no right to set the treaty aside; but, in voting for the resolution of Mr. Blount, he insists on this right, and therefore the casting vote

remains to be accounted for. Idle stories go about : slander is ever on the wing : for my part, I am not one of those who will give credit to nothing that he cannot see through : but I leave a mystery as I find it. This miraculous conversion is certainly to be attributed to the interposition of some *invisible* power ; to that power let us return our thanks, and not to Mr. Muhlenberg.

But though the resolution for carrying the treaty into effect had passed in the committee, it had yet to get through the House, and much apprehension was entertained for its safety on the passage. The opposition was determined to dispute the ground to the last inch ; accordingly when the resolution was taken up in the House, on the 30th, *Mr. Dearborn* moved the following preamble to it : “ That  
 “ although in the opinion of this House the treaty is *highly objectionable* and *may prove injurious*  
 “ to the United States, yet, considering all the circumstances relating thereto, particularly that the  
 “ last 18 articles are to continue in force only during the present war, and two years thereafter,  
 “ and confiding also in the efficacy of measures  
 “ which may be taken for bringing about a discontinuance of the violations committed on our neutral rights, in regard to our vessels and seamen,  
 “ therefore ;” &c.

This was the last shift of a baffled faction. ‘ If you do carry the treaty,’ said they, ‘ your resolution shall contain the proofs of your own folly and inconsistency.’ The plan was well laid : it was expected that some of the members, who had voted for the resolution the day before, would also vote for the preamble ; nor was this improbable ; any inconsistency might be expected from some of them.



Mr. Muhlenberg, as if afraid of being outstripped by Mr. Christie and some others, hastened to give the preamble his entire approbation, and did at last actually vote for it. Thus, we see this gentleman, first opposing the treaty at a town meeting, and drawing up a memorial beseeching the President not to ratify it; then we find him voting for a resolution that declares the House to have a right to set the treaty aside; but, when called on for his casting voice, he seems to have forgotten all about the evil tendency of the treaty and the unmaking power of the House. Sleep, however, seems to have refreshed his memory, and we find him, next day, voting for a preamble, that declares this treaty "*highly objectionable, and that it may prove injurious to the United States;*" but, in less than ten minutes afterwards he falls back into his old state of torpidity, and really votes for this very "*highly objectionable and injurious treaty,*" without any modification or preamble at all. What an excellent political weather-cock! He tacks with ten times the celerity of the Indian on the top of his Sugar-house.

When the preamble was put, there appeared according to the counting, or rather miscounting, of the "*Calm Observer,*" *Ayes* 49 and *Noes* 49; consequently, the speaker, Mr. Dayton, was called on for the casting vote, and he gave it in the negative.

Thus, another casting vote preserved the honour of the House, as a former one had done that of the nation. But, it must be remarked here, that, when the names of the members came to be printed, it appeared 50 had voted in the negative; so that there was a majority against the inconsistent

preamble, even without the casting vote of the Speaker.

Mr. Jekyll, in his account of the *Habeas Corpus* Act (Woodfall's Reports for 1794, Vol. 4. p. 12.) says: " this act was first obtained by something like a miracle. In one stage, it was carried in the upper House by a sort of *pious fraud*: one of the tellers seeing a very *fat* Lord coming in, and knowing him to be a man of *weight*, counted him for *ten*." I should have thought that, for like reasons, Mr. Muhlenberg had been counted for *two*, had not the error been by subtraction in place of addition. Whether the *fraud* would have been quite so *pious* on this occasion, as in obtaining the Act of *Habeas Corpus*, is another thing: yes, Mr. Beckley, that's another thing.

How the Clerk of the House came to miscount, or how his miscounting came to pass unproved, when discovered, are questions well worth asking. Such mistakes are not common; nor is it likely that an extraordinary degree of inattentiveness would prevail at such an important moment. I do not pretend to dictate to members of Congress; but, were I one, I would exert my utmost to displace a Clerk who would dare to mistake a vote of the House, though that Clerk should be the very image of *Lord Chalkstone* himself.

Finally, the resolution of Mr. Hillhouse was put, in its original form: " Resolved, that the necessary laws be passed, for carrying into effect the treaty concluded between His Britannic Majesty and the United States."—The *Ayes* and *Noes* were as follows:

## A Y E S.

Mr. Ames  
*Baily*  
 Bourne  
 Bradbury  
 Buck  
*Christie*  
 Coit  
 Cooper  
 Crabb  
*Dent*  
 A. Foster  
 D. Foster  
 Gilbert  
 Gilman  
 Glenn  
 Goodhue  
 Goodrich  
*Gregg*  
 Grifwold  
 Grove  
*Hancock*  
 Harper  
 Hartley  
 Henderson  
 Hillhouse  
 Hindman  
*Kitchell*  
 Kittera  
 Leonard  
 S. Lyman  
 Malbone  
*Muhlenberg*  
 Murray  
 Reed  
*Richards*

## N O E S.

Mr. Baird  
 Baldwin  
 Benton  
 Blount  
 Brent  
 Bryan  
 Burgefs  
 Caleb  
 Claiborne  
 Clopton  
 Coles  
 Dearborn  
 Earle  
 Franklin  
 Gallatin  
 Gillespie  
 Giles  
 Greenup  
 Hampton  
 Harrifon  
 Hathorn  
 Havens  
 Heath  
 Heister  
 Holland  
 Jackson  
 Livingston  
 Locke  
 W. Lyman  
 Macklay  
 Macon  
 Maddifon  
 Milledge  
 Moore  
 New



## A Y E S.

Sedgewick  
 Sitgreaves  
 J. Smith  
 N. Smith  
 Isaac Smith  
*S. Smith*  
 W. Smith  
 Swift  
 Thatcher  
 Thomas  
 Thompson  
 Tracey  
 Van Allen  
*Van Courtlandt*  
 Wadsworth  
 Williams

51.

## N O E S.

Nicholas  
 Orr  
 Page  
 Parker  
 Preston  
 Rutherford  
 Israel Smith  
 Sprigg  
 Swanwick  
 Tatom  
 Varnum  
 Venable  
 Winn

48.

The resolution passed, of course, and a committee was appointed to bring in the bills.

The reader will recollect, that, to know the real inclinations of the members, he must observe who voted for the call for papers, and who did not. In the present list of *Ayes*, I have marked in *italicks* those members who voted in favour of Mr. Livingston's *paper motion*, that such as laboured through the heat of the day may be distinguished from such as did not drop in until the eleventh hour.

The Representatives who voted on this memorable question may be divided into three classes: 1. staunch friends of the Constitution and the treaty; 2. the converts; 3. the hardened political sinners.

As to the first of these classes I shall say nothing: the persons composing it are so much above all praise, that I could not hope to do them justice. They will find an ample reward in the success of their indefatigable efforts, and in the grateful acknowledgments of all their worthy constituents.

The second class, or the *converts*, merit but little thanks from any body. Their apologies for shifting sides were, as, indeed, apologies generally are, a most monstrous abuse of words. What, for instance, could be more ridiculous than for a man to get up and make a long harangue, in order to persuade *others* to vote against the treaty, and conclude with saying that *he* should vote for it?—And why?—Because he would not create a division between the different branches of the government! Surprising! He had voted for forcing the papers out of the President's hands, he had also voted for the resolution that was to remain as a protest against the President's refusing of these papers, and, at last, he votes for the treaty in order to cultivate harmony between the different branches of the government! The gentleman seems to have fallen out with the other branches, merely to have the pleasure of making it up again. This farce may, then, take the name of a comedy lately written by a Citizen of Philadelphia: “the triumphs of love;” “or happy reconciliation.”

The fact is, however, this conversion was not owing to a conciliating disposition in the converted. Had it not been for the manly, prudent and well-timed measures of the Merchants of Philadelphia,

this important treaty would have been set aside.\* However indifferent the converts might be to the suspension of insurance and the general shock given to business of every kind; however they might affect to laugh at the alarmists, they would have been afraid to return among their constituents,

\* The following memorial was presented to the House on the 17th of April.

“ To the Honourable the House of Representatives of the  
“ United States.

“ THE MEMORIAL OF THE SUBSCRIBERS,

“ Merchants and Traders of Philadelphia,

“ *Respectfully Represents,*

“ THAT they have waited, with anxious expectation, to  
“ see the necessary measures adopted by your honourable House  
“ for carrying into operation the Treaty concluded between the  
“ United States and Great Britain, and are now seriously  
“ alarmed lest those measures should be further delayed or  
“ entirely omitted.

“ Under that impression, they deem it incumbent on them to  
“ represent, That the property of the Merchants of the United  
“ States, amounting, upon a moderate computation, to more  
“ than five millions of dollars, has been taken from them by  
“ the subjects of Great Britain, the restitution of which, they  
“ verily believe, depends, in a great measure, upon the com-  
“ pletion of the Treaty on our part.

“ Independent of this immense sum, they have embarked the  
“ principal part of their remaining fortunes in vessels and ad-  
“ ventures, the safety of which will, as they apprehend, be  
“ materially affected by a refusal or neglect on the part of the  
“ United States to comply with stipulations so solemnly entered  
“ into. Besides their particular interests as Merchants and  
“ Traders, they feel an interest, in common with their fellow  
“ citizens of other descriptions, in the preservation of Peace,  
“ on which the prosperity of this country depends ;—and they



had they plunged the country into distress and confusion. Very probably their turn for roasting would have come: they might have seen their effigies dragged about in a dung-cart, with French gold in their hands. Happy might they have thought themselves, if a justly enraged people had confined their vengeance to the burning of images and pictures, when the originals were at hand. Their recantation was in short like that of a man who sees the stake and the faggots before him. I look upon their support of government, on the present occasion, as a sort of verbal conformity with a mental reservation. Few people are dupes enough to believe them sincere. The dose they have swallowed with so many wry faces, has only served to set their gall in motion: the executive branch of government may expect at their hands every check and impediment that disappointed malice can suggest.

But, little merit as I ascribe to the *converts*, and little hope as I have of their reformation, I must

“ should deem themselves wanting in that spirit and independence which ought ever to characterize freemen, if they forbear, on so interesting an occasion as the present, to express their wishes and expectations. They, therefore, with all due respect for the Representatives of the People of the United States, beg leave to recommend that no partial considerations of policy may influence their decision on this important question; but that the Faith, the Honour, and the Interest of the nation, may be preserved, by making the necessary provisions for carrying the Treaty into fair and honourable effect.”

Nor did the Merchants of the Capital stop here: they appointed a committee to correspond with other mercantile towns, and with the back counties of Pennsylvania. This measure brought such swarms of petitions from the people of property of every quarter of the Union, that the Opposition began to perceive how little their own strength was.

still prefer them to the hardened sinners; for though a sort of death-bed repentance, such, for instance, as that of the *casting voice*, can never be supposed to atone for a life of political sin, yet it is at any rate, less offensive to morality and decency, than to hear the sons of reprobation blaspheming to the last gasp, and expiring with curses on their lips.

All the 48 members, found in the opposition on the definitive question concerning the treaty, will unavoidably meet with the approbation of the French National Convention. They all certainly merit the fraternal hug; but there are some of them whom it would be unjust to mix promiscuously with the common herd: these ought to have a kiss on both cheeks, while the rest might be put off with a kiss on one; or, if French politeness will insist upon the *double baisers* to all, the five kings might salute the leaders, while the rest might be left to the skinny-lipped blood-suckers of the Council of Elders.

In order to regulate the ceremonial, I shall point out those whom I think entitled to the distinguished honour of being slobbered by the five sultans; observing, once for all, that I do not wish to depreciate the value of any man's labour, or interfere with any bargain that might be previously entered into between the parties. The labourer is worthy of his hire, whether he succeeds in his object or not.

To place the *Italian* at the head of these worthies is an act of justice, and an act of justice which I have the more pleasure in performing, as I have lately been accused (how falsely every body



knows) of attempting to sink that gentleman in the opinion of the public.

When the treaty-making power was to be attacked; or, in other words, when a breach was to be made in the Constitution, and such a breach as never could have been closed, the assailants seemed at a loss for a leader. Citizen M—son shrank from the task. The eyes of the phalanx at last turned towards the *Italian*. Murderers, when preparing for their horrid work, always choose from among their gang, some preciously ill-looking villain to give the first stab; that done, they fall on with less remorse, and dispatch the prostrate victim. I do not pretend to say, that the assailants of the Constitution acted upon the same maxims of physiognomy: no, God forbid I should say or insinuate any such thing: on the contrary, if person had any thing to do in the matter, I should rather suppose that the leader was chosen for his beauty.

Let, however, the motive to the choice be what it might, that it was a good one we all know. With what art did the *Genevese* approach! How did he twist and turn when he found an obstacle in his way! How did his eyes glisten, when ready to dart in upon his devoted prey! Those that followed him had little more to do than to mouth over what they had heard, as the yelping puppies of the pack give tongue, when they hear the cry of the leading old hound.

“ ————— The *stanch old hound*,  
 “ Guide of the pack, *although gaunt and ugly*,  
 “ Is yet of great account. He’ll oft untie  
 “ The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand,  
 “ Puzzling, is lost, and ev’ry art is vain.  
 “ As party chiefs in senates who preside



" With pleaded reason and with artful speech  
 " Conduct the staring multitude, *so he*  
 " *Directs the pack, who with joint cry approve,*  
 " And loudly boast discoveries not their own."

Had SOMERVILLE written his beautiful poem of *The Chace* but yesterday, with the late proceedings of the House of Representatives before his eyes, he could not have made a more apt allusion than is contained in the above quoted passage. The rest did, indeed, with joint cry approve, and loudly boast discoveries not their own; but the sagacious and indefatigable *Genevese* untied the Gordian knot; and, though his game at last escaped him, he is entitled to all the honours of the field. The grateful sportsman, to reward his faithful and laborious cur, claps him on the back and spits in his mouth. And so our *Italian* shall be distinguished from his colleagues, by some superior reward.

After the *Genevese*, I think we must give the precedence to the *Long-man* from New York and the *Short-man* from Philadelphia.

From the first of these, who labours under an extreme poverty of talents, much could not be expected. His head is generally thought to be as empty as his purse ever was; yet he certainly surpassed all his fellow labourers, except the cunning *Italian*. He set out with *blushing*, and I leave any one to guess at the efforts that must be made to get a blush through a skin like his. Besides, where will you find a young man of his pretensions, a kind of creole *Adonis*, as it were, who would risk his complexion for a single moment? Who would suffer his pure yellow, his fine golden hue, to be

mixed with red, and thus debased to a vile copper-colour? Who would, in short, suffer himself to be changed from a guinea to a half-penny? I do not know whether the gentleman has been *accustomed to such depreciations* or not; but if this be the first time, such a sacrifice is, in my humble opinion, worthy of a capital compensation.

I did not intend to trouble the reader with remarks on any particular passages of this gentleman's speeches: they are generally such strings of plagiarisms, that, to censure them, you must censure their authors, and this is sometimes disagreeable. One passage or two, however, call for observation; which I am the more ready to bestow on them, as they appear to be original.

The gentleman, in defence of his *paper motion*, told the House, that "it was impossible to determine that they would not *impeach*, until the papers were seen. Facts might then appear, which would render that an unavoidable measure which was not now contemplated. If, for instance, instead of a treaty with Great Britain, they were now discussing one formed with the Porte, where it is the custom for Ministers to give and to receive *presents*; and, on the production of the correspondence, it should appear that our Minister had received a *douceur* (bribe) on the signature of the treaty; would not the House think themselves obliged to impeach?"

This is a supposition, wound up with an interrogation. Now, let us see if we cannot suppose and put questions as well as this *Adonis*.—Suppose, then, that the electors of a certain district or city were



filly enough to choose, as their representative, a man at once proud and poor, haughty and mean, insolent and crawling; suppose that this man were an insolvent debtor, who had visited the inside of a jail, and who had bilked his creditors by paying them but *three skillings in the pound*. Now, should a man like this rise up in Congress, and, adopting the sentiments, the style, and even the gesticulations of the mob, basely insinuate, that a public minister, of unspotted fame, had received a bribe from a foreign prince; what, I ask, would such a man deserve?—To be cut out at full length, in a *Living Stone*, and stuck up at the corner of the *Fly-Market*, for the boys to throw rotten eggs at, till the statue became as yellow as the original.

The gentleman declared (and *very sincerely*, without doubt) that his supposition was by no means applicable to Mr. Jay; and I declare, with equal sincerity, that my supposition is by no means applicable to Mr. Livingston, for whose feelings, as the reader must have already perceived, I have a wonderful tenderness; a tenderness, indeed, that I would wish to equal that which he has shown for the feelings of the President and Mr. Jay.

The next passage that attracts my attention seems to be a sort of side wind eulogy on the five kings and their mild and humane government. “All Europe,” says our *Adonis*, “was once free; all Europe, with the exception of France and Switzerland, are now in chains.” Where then, will historical facts be found to justify the charge? “In the obsequious Parliament of Britain?” &c.—Poor *Adonis*, how little does he know about all Europe! And is it possible that any one, pretending



to be a reasonable creature, should yet talk to us about French liberty? A decree launched forth by their merciful lords, the other day, will give us a pretty correct idea of Frenchmen's freedom. This decree bears: "that the parents of Emigrants shall now give up to *the Nation* that portion of their property, which *would have fallen*, after their death, to their Emigrant children." Let any one judge from this, whether the poor devils are in *chains* or not. But, why do I cite particular instances of their slavery? What occasion have I here to attempt a contradiction of what every one, even the most ignorant of the people, knows to be false and ridiculous? "In Turkey, and in Morocco," says PLAYFAIR, "the people know under what despotism they groan; they know who their rulers are, and they know that whatever injustice they may be guilty of towards individuals, they must have some regard to the general interest, to the preservation of the whole. They have the satisfaction too of complaining to a friend in secret of their misfortunes; but *the miserable French slave*, who thinks himself a *free citizen*, does not know who his masters are. He dares not complain, because all around him consider that their miseries are the effects of freedom and philosophy, and like the philosopher Pangloss, though ruined and miserable, they have been taught to say, that all is as well as possible.—Wretched people! among whom every thing is at the disposition of a gang of intriguing despots, who, by means of a printing press and reams of assignats, pillage the nation, and excite to massacre and bloodshed!"—This is the only people in Europe who, our *Adonis* tells us, is not in chains! I can assure him, that such an assertion, at this day,

is barely honoured with a sneer. The people of America have at last opened their eyes. They have seen French liberty seated on her throne, the guillotine, surrounded with confiscations, guards, manacles and dungeons; they have seen French religion exhibited in blasphemies against the Almighty, and in the adoration of a common prostitute; they have seen French humanity in the form of a child torn from its mother's womb and writhing on the point of a bayonet. Yes, and they have seen the effects of French gold too, and I can tell you, Mr. Livingston, that they despise the corruptor as well as the corrupted. French friendship they know they do not want, and French enmity is become the object of their contempt.—To ply them then, Sir, with this old, ridiculous, thread-bare tale of French liberty, though it may procure you a *fue de joie* from the hulks at New York, is an insult to the understandings of your constituents, for which I much question if even your ignorance will be thought a sufficient apology.

But, it seems, there is one other nation, besides the French, who are *not in chains*; the Swiss.—It is something singular that our orator forgot the republics of *Batavia* and *Geneva*. They have both the happiness of having the same kind of free government as his dear France. Their legislative and executive branches, and all their offices of state, excepting the prime Minister, Citizen Guillotine, are the same. What, then, could render them unworthy of being called free nations! How comes Switzerland, the best part of which *groans* under an Aristocracy, to be preferred to these regenerated states, these apes of the French republic, these first



born of the great Baboon?—Our *Adonis's* head was absolutely turned with his paper-kite motion.

Never surely was poor youth so discomfited, scouted and routed as he has been during this session. After a month's hard labour, the President refuses him a peep at the papers; he seeks vengeance, meets a second rebuff, and is at last, reduced to the mortification of seeing the schemes of nine long months overturned in a single moment, in spite of the counter efforts of his *worthy* relations, at New-York, joined to those of Chocolate grinder and Serjeant Cl—ke. In this situation what is he to do!—Jog back quietly to daddy's, make the most of his personal charms, ogle the fair sex in place of grinning at General Washington, and content himself with reading billets doux instead of state papers. But, for mercy's sake, let him take care how he *blushes*: “the *bankrupt*,” says an author, “never yet found the fair one kind;” and what then could he expect for a yellow boy who should blush himself to Jersey copper?

Having thus dismissed the long raw-boned Knight of the *Woful countenance*, I must now beg the reader's respectful attention, while I bring on the scene probably for the last time the little duck-legged Squire.—There he is, like a ballad-singer in a fair! don't fright yourselves, Ladies; upon my soul he'll do you no violence. 'Tis as gentle a little creature as you ever set eyes on: you may even stroke him without apprehending the least mischief; do but listen to his speech, and he'll lick your hand like a spaniel.

This gentleman's efforts on the opposition may be considered as confined to the exaltation of the



*magnanimity of the king of Spain*, and that of *his own disinterestedness*. Indeed, both subjects were equally worthy of his small talk eloquence. The magnanimity of a man, who shakes hands, in an humble peace, with the murderers of the head of his family, is well matched with the disinterestedness of another, who aims at the destruction of his country, or at least, of all that is valuable in it, that he may raise himself on its ruins.

He told the House, that “ he had several vessels  
“ at sea, not insured; that he had landed property  
“ in great quantity,” and hence he took occasion to conclude, that he could not be suspected as wishing to involve the country in a war. This indeed, from a man of moderate views, from a man of moderate vanity even, ought to have some weight; but, from one like the person here spoken of, it ought to have none at all.

There are some men, who, as the poet says, “ never are at heart’s ease, while they see a greater  
“ than themselves.” Such is this gentleman. He must be every where, and every where at the head; and, as it commonly happens with those of his stamp, nature has absolutely disqualified him for the attainment by fair means. Still, however, he drives on towards his object, and in his progress employs all those little arts that worth and genius disdain. How has he laboured to establish for himself the character of a man of learning and taste! How often and how barefacedly has he condescended to become his own puff in the common papers! How many letters has he written to distant places to insure the insertion of articles in praise of himself! What incredible pains has he taken to procure the

appearance of a silly poem, signed with his name, in a periodical publication of a foreign country!

He told the House of Representatives of his ships and his lands; he might have told them of his *house* too, unless indeed, he looked upon that as unnecessary, from its being so perfectly known. This house, which resembles in furniture a Dutch virtuoso's baby hutch, is become a kind of rareeshow. The vain proprietor acts the part of a despicable showman. This house-that-Jack-built is his hobby horse, and when mounted on it, he is more an object of ridicule than the whore on the black ram, or poor Gulliver astride the nipple of the Brabdingnagian maid of honour.

Money however he has, and with this he finds his way into almost every meeting that bears the name of a *society*, a name, by-the-by, of which most men of sense begin to be heartily tired. Our Lilliputian, with his dollars, gets access where, without them, he would not be suffered to appear. But, of all his little baits for admiration and consequence, none is surely so perfectly ludicrous as his becoming the Mentor of the *little misses*. That a vain man should condescend to cajole the mob, to grease the hands of the leaders of a club or society, that he should crawl to news-printers, or even run dangling about after spectators to advance his tasty mansion, is not so very surprising; but that he should so far defy the power of ridicule as to profess himself the periodical declaimer at the breakings-up of a boarding school, and even show an uncommon anxiety to have his speeches on those occasions published, is what no mortal could ever have expected, no, not from John Swanwick.

What attention is due to a man like this, when he produces the coincidence of his own interest with that of his own country as a proof that his conduct is in conformity to both? Such a man feels interested in nothing that does not bring food to his vanity, and if a greater quantity of this is to be obtained by the loss of his property than by its prevention, he will never scruple to hazard it. Where then, is his disinterestedness, and his patriotism?

At first glance, one would imagine that a being like this was formed for the contempt, or, at least, for the diversion of mankind; and, under certain governments, he would, indeed, be harmless; but, in a state where all depends upon the popular voice, I do not know a more dangerous character. Of a proud man you have some hold; his pride will not let him stoop to such meanneſſes, by which alone he can come at the power that makes him formidable; while the vain one will stop at nothing. Knowing that the accomplishment of his hopes depends on the people, and that it is to numbers he must owe his success, he speculates in their errors and their prejudices, and turns them to his own advantage at the expense of the community. No rebuff, no ill treatment or discomfort discourages him: kick him out at your front door, and he will come in at the back: drive him from one office or one assembly, and he will get into another: some where he will be, where he can make himself talked of. He is ever the cringing slave of power: he adores it in whatever hands it may be found: as he wheedles a democratic populace, so would he the cruelest despot on earth: he has not a drop of independent blood in his heart, and he is the mortal enemy of all those who have.



That such a man as this should be the representative of a State of which I am an inhabitant, is, I must confess, a mortification; as to representing me, however, he never did, nor shall he ever do it: therefore, as a fraction of the sovereign people, I do hereby, once for all, enter my protest against every thing that he may do, or have a hand in. When he looks round, from his hobby-horse, on the multitude who have been weak enough to commit their interests to his sapient head and inflated heart, let him remember, that there is one who would not trust him with the stump of an old worn-out pen.

When I see people, who have chosen a representative like this, brought to the verge of ruin by him and his associates, I cannot say I pity them. Many of the Merchants and traders who were so alarmed the other day, on account of the opposition to the treaty, had used every effort in their power to insure this man's election. What must be their reflections, when they saw him, not only voting for the destruction of their property and themselves, but endeavouring to nullify their petition by another, signed by foreigners, blackguards and negroes? Surely this ought to be a lesson to those, who are to choose or reject him another time. But, indeed, men of property, men who ought to be of weight, are in this country, as in most others, indifferent and slothful as to their political rights. Whatever may be the cause of this, the consequences are well known, they are already felt, and will from day to day, and from year to year, be felt more severely.

Thus, I have endeavoured to justify the preference to be given to these three heroes of the *hard-*

*shed sinners.* Citizen Madison was formerly reckoned as a sort of chief; but he has so funk out of sight this campaign that we can look upon him, at least, as no more than an aid-de-camp. The firm and *indivisible* phalanx of Virginia were led on by a younger, more bold and more artful commander; had victory decided in their favour, the Citizen would have put in his claim to a share in the glory of the day; but the timely desertion of the *heavy horse* of Philadelphia, and the disgraceful defeat that succeeded, has left him without even the hope of repairing his reputation. As a politician he is no more; he is absolutely deceased, cold, stiff and buried in oblivion for ever and ever.

There are, then, but three of these gentlemen whom I look upon as entitled to the *collade frater-nelle* from the five kings; the others must put up with a smack from the *elders* or *youngers*.

There is one difficulty remaining, which it will not be very easy to get over; that is, the parties are at such a distance from each other, that to embrace in person would be impossible, unless one or the other would be content to make a voyage; a thing which we cannot expect, for, like the buzzard, neither like to lose sight of their prey. 'Tis true, that, in France, they do embrace by proxy, and probably, this may be now resorted to. We can very well spare a deputation, and if they should never return, few, I believe, would mourn their loss.

I now bid the opposers of the treaty farewell: they and I have been at war for rather better than a year: I have seen them completely beaten, and though I pretend to no other merit than the little

that is due to a diligent drummer or trumpeter. I must be permitted to rejoice as well as others. Rejoice I certainly do at their downfall, and notwithstanding I think it unmanly to set my foot upon the neck of a prostrate foe, no endeavours of mine shall be wanting to prevent them from rising again.



### PAINE'S AGE OF REASON.

The Christian Religion teaches men to forego their private interests for the sake of doing good, it is not therefore surprising, that deists and atheists should forego their private interests for the sake of doing mischief. Things opposite in their nature must be expected to be opposite in their effects.

The Editor of the *Aurora* of Philadelphia (Mr. Franklin Bache) has advertised for sale a second part of Paine's Age of Reason, at a *low price*. It is said, he has received *fifteen thousand* copies of this from Paris, and it is very certain that he sells them at a price which will hardly pay first cost and expenses. When I went to school, I remember we had for a copy; "*Zeal in a good cause deserves applause.*" If this old maxim be a true one, I would ask; what *zeal in a bad cause* deserves?

A person, to whom the parties were well known, has assured me, that poor Paine imbibed his first principles of deism of Doctor Franklin; if so, it is possible that the Editor of the *Aurora* may look upon the distribution of the Age of Reason as a means of propagating his Grand Father's principles, and so far *some persons* will defend it, as an



act of filial piety, or rather filial gratitude, for as to piety I think we may venture to leave it out of the question.

This grateful young man should, however, recollect, that a vender of poison will not be excused merely because the compound was kneaded up, or the receipt for it given by his ancestor. Deism cannot be well said to run in the blood, or I should really be afraid that the descendant of the illustrious old deist was contaminated. Charity bids me to hope the contrary, and to ascribe the excess of his zeal to the amiable motive above mentioned.

It is going too far, perhaps, to say, that any loss on these blasphemous pamphlets is to fall on Mr. Bache. The French republic has ever shown a sincere desire of regenerating us, and as she finds us obstinate in politics, she may be willing to try her hand in another way. The papers have told us lately, that Mad Tom takes up his lodgings at the house of the American Ambassador; if this second part of the Age of Reason should have come to us under his auspices, it is a fact of a curious nature indeed.

As to the work itself, it cannot be better described than by saying that it is as stupid and despicable as its author. The wretch has all his life been employed in leading fools astray from their duty, and, as nothing is more easy, he has often succeeded. His religion is exactly of a piece with his politics; one inculcates the right of revolting against government, and the other that of revolting against God. Having succeeded against the Lord's anointed (I mean his and our *ci-devant* friend, the most

Christian king) he turned his impious arms against the Lord himself. This process is perfectly natural, as has been exemplified in the conduct of others as well as that of Paine.

How Tom came to think of exercising his clumsy battered pen upon the Christian Religion is what has excited a good deal of curiosity, without ever being well accounted for in this country; notwithstanding, the circumstances under which a man writes ought to be attended to in forming a judgment of his opinions, particularly if those opinions are new and extraordinary. For this reason, I shall endeavour to trace this raggamuffin deist from America to his Paris dungeon, and to account for his having laid down the dagger of insurrection in order to take up the chalice of irreligion.

Thomas, after having retailed out a good deal of very *Common Sense*, commonly called *Nonsense*, found himself rather richer than when he began.\* This gave him a smack for revolutions; but finding himself sinking fast into his native mud, and pretty universally despised and neglected by the people of this country: finding, in short, that the Americans were returning to order, and feeling that his element was confusion, he crossed the Atlantic to bask in the rays of the French revolution,

\* In his second Part of the Rights of Man, he says he has a *place* in the State of Delaware. Whether this be a lie or not I cannot tell; but if it be true, it was certainly the product of the revolution; for every one knows he had nothing before. This was encouragement for him to try his talent in other countries. A confiscated castle in France, or some abbey where he might join sacrilege to robbery, was a sufficient temptation to lead him across the ocean.

The *Propagande* at Paris, that is, the society instituted for the propagation of the vile and detestable principles of the *Rights of Man*, as laid down in the famous French Constitution, fixed their Jacobinical eyes on Tom, as an excellent missionary for Great Britain and Ireland. Off goes Tom with his *Rights of Man*, which he had the abominable impudence to dedicate to *General Washington*.\* The English Jacobins stared at him at first: he went a step further than they had ever dreamed of: his doctrines, however, grew familiar to their ears: they took him under their wing, and he made sure of another revolution. This security was his misfortune, and had nearly cost him a voyage to the South Sea.

From the thief-catchers in England Tom fled, and took his seat among the thieves of Paris. After having distinguished himself in execrating the Constitution he had written in defence of, he, and two or three others, set to work and made a new one; quite brand new, without a single ounce of old stuff. This covered Tom with glory soon after, when it was unanimously accepted by the rich, free, generous and *humane* French nation.

This may be looked upon as the happiest part of Tom's life. He had enjoyed partial revolts before, had seen doors and windows broken in, and had probably partaken of the pillage of some aristocratic stores and dwelling houses; but, to live in a continual state of insurrection, "sacred, holy, organized insurrection;" to sit seven days in the week issuing decrees for plunder, proscription and

\* The *Second Part* was dedicated to *La Fayette*, to which nobody had any kind of objection.



maffacre, was a luxurious life indeed ! It was, however, a fhort life and a merry one : it lafted but five months. The tender-hearted, philanthropic murderer, Briffot, and his faction, fell from the pinnacle of their glory : poor Tom's wares got out of vogue and his carcafs got into a dungeon.

This was a dreadful reverse for old Common Sense. To be hurled, all in a moment, from the tip top of the *Mountain* of the *Grande Convention Nationale* down to the very bottom of a flinking dungeon, was enough to give a fhock to his poor unfteady brain. But this was not all ; he well knew that the national razor was at work, and had every reason to fuppose that his days were numbered. He laid extended on the dirt, like a fheep or a calf in a flaughter-house, expecting every moment that the Butcher would come for him.

How Thomas came to efcape is fomewhat that will probably remain a myftery. It was faid, that *Danton* (the new chief tyrant) fpared his life at the request of certain Americans ; but this is improbable, not that fome Americans might be found filly enough to petition for it, but becaufe, when his enlargement was afterwards demanded, upon the fcore of his being an American, the ruling tyrants answered, that he was a *facré Anglois*, a d—n'd Englifhman. The fact is, I believe, Danton and his party defpifed Tom too much to run any rifk of difobliging their friends in Great Britain and America, by taking away his worthlefs life. Be the motive what it might, he was kept in his cage, and there he wrote the firft part of his *Age of Reafon*.

Now to the motive that led him to the composition of this blasphemous work; which was no other than that of saving his ugly uncombed head from the guillotine.

The reader will recollect, that it was under the reign of *Danton* that the Christian religion was abolished by a decree. A few days before Tom's imprisonment the famous festival of Reason was held. A common strumpet was dressed up as the *Goddeſs Reason*,\* seated on a throne of turf, and, while incense was burnt before her altar at some little distance, the idolatrous populace, with the Convention at their head, prostrated themselves before her. Not many days before this, the *constitutional* Bishop of Paris,† with his vicars and three rectors, came to the Convention and abdicated their religion, declaring themselves to have been cheats, and that in future they would profess no other worship than that of *Reason*. In short, *Danton* and *Robespierre* (then second in command) were incessantly occupied in extirpating the small remains of Christianity from the minds of the poor brutified and enslaved French. It was a necessary preparation to the bloody work they intended they should execute.

Citizen Common Sense knew this, and therefore it was not wonderful that he should attempt to soften his lot, and prolong, perhaps, his miserable days, by something from his pen, calculated at once to flatter their vanity and further their execrable views. Thomas had long railed against the baseness of courtiers, but when the moment of tri-

\* She was guillotined soon after.

† The *constitutional* clergy means the *new clergy*, the clergy of the revolution, the apostates.



al came he was found as base as the basest. The high-minded republican Paine, who had set Lords and Kings at defiance, was glad to bend the knee before a vile low-bred French pettifogger. He descended to make use of the very phrases that the new tyrants had introduced. The Goddess was called *Reason*, the church which was profaned by her worship was called the *Temple of Reason*, and the inscription on the banners carried at the festival was "*The Age of Reason*" (*Le siecle de la Raison*) the very title of Tom's book. Base adulation! adulation not to be excused even by the situation in which he was. The old French clergy, with the dagger at their breasts, scorned to purchase life at such a price.

I would by no means be understood as believing that Paine's book was a desertion of his principles; for, as I before observed, he had been corrupted years before. It is the disgraceful motive for publishing his creed that I am exposing. That it was done to make his court to the tyrants of the day cannot be doubted; for, in all his former works, if he has occasion to speak of the Christian religion, he does it in decent if not respectful language. In his *Rights of Man*, for instance, he extols toleration, and observes, that *all religions are good*; but as soon as he got into his new-fashioned study, a dungeon, he discovered that *they were all bad*, or at least the Christian Religion, and it was of the divers denominations of that religion that he before *pretended* to speak. When he said that all religions were good, he was an abominable hypocrite, or he is one now, when he tells us that the Christian Religion is a very bad one. Either he disguised his sentiments to deceive the English, or he has since done so to deceive *Danton* and *Robe-*



*spierre.* Tom knows the value of a character for consistency too well to run the risk of losing it unless upon a pressing emergency: but, the guillotine was yet red with the blood of his comrades, and he well knew that there was but this one way of keeping his own corrupted streams within his veins.

It will be said, by Tom's deistical Friends, that the *Second Part* of the Age of Reason was written after his releasement, and at a time when he was in no danger. Very true; but the die was cast; the *First Part* was out, and there was no recalling it. He had openly attacked both heaven and earth; he could do no more. One essay at blasphemy was as good as a thousand for establishing his new pretensions to infamy; but Thomas had now something else to attend to besides his reputation; I mean his belly. The usual means of subsistence had failed: he was no longer a *great* Representative of a *great* and *free* people. The handful of assignats he received daily were gone to some more staunch patriot, and the old Rights of Man was left to dine where he could. As to political drugs, Thomas's were grown out of vogue in France as much as they now are in this country; his constitution was declared to be the most stupid performance that ever issued from a sick brain, and its author fell into discredit as rapidly as he had risen to fame.\* Among thousands of others, he experienced the sudden change in the opinions of the volatile Parisians: from being a sort of demi-god he was become the most degraded thing in nature, a

\* *Insurrection, revolution, constitution*, a knowledge in all these seems to be a necessary qualification in a professor of the *Rights of Man*. Tom Paine understood the first perfectly well, he had a smattering of the second, but as to the third he was, and, if alive is, totally ignorant.

poor half-starved despised pretender to renown. Besides the constitution that was now coming into play, with a council of youngers and a council of elders and five kings, elected by *people of some property*, or, at least, some *qualification*, was what Tom never could defend with his right of universal suffrage and continual insurrection, and, for once, he had the prudence to hold his tongue.

Tom's fate in France was nearly what it had been in America; when it was no longer necessary to employ him he sunk into neglect. Happy if he could have ceased eating when his insurrection talents became useless; but as he could not, he must continue to write, and as he was in a country where he was permitted to revile none but the Almighty, the Almighty he reviled. The present of poison he has sent to his "fellow citizens" of America, is not therefore, so much the work of choice as of necessity. The Second Part of the Age of Reason he wrote for a living, and the First Part he wrote for his life.

Those who prefer a few years of life to every thing else, may find an excuse for this degraded man: it is impossible for any of us to say how we should act at the foot of the guillotine. But, what shall be said to those, who, pressed by neither danger nor want, make uncommon exertions to spread his infamous performance among the ignorant part of their countrymen, and thereby sow in their minds the seeds of vice, inquietude and despair? Again; deists may find some apology for doing this; but who will dare to become the apologist of those booksellers, who, professors of the Christian faith, throw out this bait of blasphemy to catch unwary comers, and, smiling at their simplicity, pock-



et the dirty pence. Such men (and they are but too numerous) are like the Hollander on the coast of Japan, who, to outstrip others in trade with the natives, tramples on the cross of his Saviour.\*

I shall here take the liberty of adding an extract from an address, delivered by *Judge Rush* to the Grand Jury of the County of Berks, with which I shall dismiss this article.

“ *Christianity*, we are told by our law books, is *part* of the *law of the land*; and as such a Judge may at *any time*, without stepping aside from the path of duty, illustrate its precepts and enforce its evidences. It must therefore be particularly incumbent on him at *this time*, when deism is daily venting itself in ambiguous hints or sneers, or openly attacking religion with shallow argument.

“ To the native growth of infidelity among us, it is more than possible, argumentations may have been made, in consequence of our admiration of a certain great nation in Europe, more especially, as a member of the late convention in that country (generally supposed to have been actuated by an uncommon zeal for the “Rights of Man”) availing himself of his literary reputation, has by an attempt to overthrow all religion, indirectly endeavoured to justify their blasphemous measures to extirpate it. It is really astonishing, Gentlemen, that a man who calls himself a patriot, should strive to undermine religion, the *only foundation* of government and morality. The penetrating genius of Mon-

\* I know a printer and bookseller who has taken for his sign, the picture of the blasphemer Paine. This undoubtedly is to inform the *amateurs* of insurrection and infidelity that they may be supplied within. It is no more than fair to impute this intention to him who hangs out such a sign. When *Caterfello* placed the picture of the Devil over his door, it was to inform people that hell was to be seen in the house.



“ tesquieu, taught him to entertain sentiments very differ-  
 “ ent from those of the “ Age of Reason.” Having  
 “ compared the effects on society produced by different  
 “ religions, and examined them *merely* in a political light ;  
 “ what is the decision ? “ The principles of Christianity,”  
 “ says he, “ deeply engraved on the heart, would be in-  
 “ finitely more powerful than the false honour of monar-  
 “ chies, the humane virtues of Republics, or the servile  
 “ fear of despotic states.” The vast comprehensive mind  
 “ of the great Bacon, saw the subject in the same point  
 “ of view. “ There never was found,” says this pro-  
 “ found philosopher, “ in any age of the world, either  
 “ philosophy, or sect, or religion, or law, a discipline  
 “ which did so highly exalt the public good, as the *Chris-  
 “ tian faith.*”

“ I have already, Gentlemen, consumed more time than  
 “ I intended, and shall therefore instantly close with a  
 “ single observation.

“ If the great duties of truth and justice, and the  
 “ purest precepts of morality ; if the most exalted bene-  
 “ volence and unbounded humanity ; if sincerity, candor,  
 “ meekness, magnanimity, gentleness, and forgiveness of  
 “ injuries, have a native tendency to improve the heart,  
 “ and diffuse peace, order and happiness among mankind,  
 “ and are *strictly enjoined* by the Christian religion, as  
 “ *indispensable conditions* of obtaining the favour of the  
 “ Deity ; what must we think of the writer, who has  
 “ exerted his talents to *lessen* our motives, or *enfeeble* our  
 “ obligations to the practice of these beneficent and god-like  
 “ virtues ?

“ Save us, gracious Heaven, from *such patriots*, and  
 “ the *extension of their baneful principles among us !*”

I am sure the reader will join with me in admir-  
 ing this extract, and applauding the man by whom  
 it was delivered. How different his conduct from  
 that of those who are employed in vending the poi-  
 son of the Frenchified English desperado !



## EPI T A P H

O N

T O M P A I N E.

SOME time after this little tribute to the memory of the great Paine was sent me (which was about three months ago) it was reported that the person, whose deeds it is intended to commemorate, was still living. This unexpected circumstance made me keep it back, till I had consulted the obliging author, and I here subjoin his answer to my letter on the subject.

“ SIR,

“ With all due deference to your better judgment, I presume that the report concerning Paine can be no reason for delaying the publication of his Epitaph. He has long since given up the ghost as a politician; of this our present incertitude respecting his natural death, is a clear, and for him, humiliating proof: who would once have thought that the time would come when it would be unknown whether the great Rights of Man was in existence or not? Being then assured that he is politically dead, it is of little consequence whether his person has survived his fame, whether his carcass be under ground, or

“ whether it be reeling about among the cut-throat  
 “ philosophers of Paris.

“ If I am to understand your consulting me on  
 “ this occasion as a delicate manner of requesting  
 “ me to withdraw the piece, I beg leave to assure  
 “ you that the precaution was unnecessary. My  
 “ feelings as an author are not so extremely tender.  
 “ In short, Sir, I wish you to use your own discre-  
 “ tion, and am,

“ *Your, &c. &c.*

“ *Boston, 2d April 1796.*”

### *E P I T A P H.*

WHEN the wight, who here lies beneath the cold earth,  
 First quitted the land that had given him birth,  
 He commenc'd the apostle of bloodshed and strife,  
 And practis'd the trade to the end of his life.  
 Sedition and nonsense and lies to dispense,  
 He took up the the title of “ *Old Common Sense* ;”  
 Taught poor honest men how rich rogues to keep under,  
 Excited to pillage, and shar'd in the plunder ;  
 But when there no longer was plunder to share,  
 His “ common sense” led him to seek it elsewhere.  
 To his countrymen now he return'd back again,  
 The Wronger of Rights and the *Righter of Men* ;  
 He told them they still were a nation of slaves ;  
 That their king was a fool and his ministers knaves,  
 And the only sure way for the people to thrive  
 Was to leave neither one or the other alive.  
 But Thomas who never knew when he should stop,  
 Went a little too far, and was catch'd on the hop.



In short, it was determin'd that poor Tom should lose  
 His ears at a post, or his life in a noose.  
 "Old Common Sense" boggles, then skulks out of sight,  
 Then packs up his rags and decamps in the night.  
 His arrival at Paris occasions a fete,  
 And he finds, in the den of assassins, a feat.  
 Here he murders and thieves and makes laws for a season;  
 Is cram'd in a dungeon, and preaches up "*Reason*;"  
 Blasphemes the Almighty, lives in filth like a hog,  
 Is abandon'd in death, and interr'd like a dog.

Tom Paine for the Devil is surely a match;  
 In hanging Old England he cheated Jack-Catch,  
 In France (the first time such a thing had been seen)  
 He cheated the watchful and sharp Guillotine,  
 And at last, to the sorrow of all the beholders,  
 He march'd out of life with his head on his shoulders.



## FRENCH GENEROSITY.

On the 27th of April last, there appeared, in the Philadelphia Gazette, an order, said to be issued by the French Convention (I lump the five kings and council of old ones and council of young ones all together) to the commanders of their privateers, concerning the papers of Mr. *Spillard*, the famous traveller. The person who sends this article to Mr. *Brown*, requests him to publish it, as "it will be acceptable to every friend of the French nation, and of useful discoveries."

Before we say any thing about the order itself, we ought to observe, that it is published to give

pleasure to the friends of the French, by extolling French *generosity*. The friends of *useful discoveries* too are to be obliged, and the paragraphist seems to hint, that those who are friends of the latter must be of the former. I must allow that the French have made several *new* discoveries, as, for instance, forced-loans, assignats, the maximum, requisitions, revolutionary tribunals, festivals to Reason, drowning-boats, shooting *en masse*, and the renowned guillotine. While *Spillard* has been employed in exploring the back parts of America, the French have been employed in exploring both back and belly parts of the human body: they have been cutting off the breasts of women and secrets of men; they have been tearing out the heart from the breast and the embryo from the womb. These are certainly discoveries; but, I imagine, the “friends of France” alone will think them “*useful*” ones.

Now to the *generous* order. After having run on a long while, in the usual bombastical cant of the Convention (but with *less* vaunting than formerly) the order says:

“As a philosophical traveller, he knew the chances of war: he knew how *formidable the courage of the French* was. By venturing on sea to reach his country, he undoubtedly puts his confidence in the *generosity* of a *great republic*, founded upon the love of *virtue*, the *sciences* and *arts*.”

“No, *Spillard*’s hope shall not be in vain, and to have recapitulated here his interesting labours, is sufficient to be convinced of the readiness of his captors to assist the views of the government. That is a debt which they will acquit in the name of the republic, a *great lesson* which they



“ will give *to our enemies*, and a great claim to the  
 “ glory which they will acquire; for a *good action*  
 “ deserves as much as a great victory.”

The Convention could not, all at once, leave off their old style. We must yet be dunned with the *formidableness of French courage*; and poor *Spillard* must be called a *philosopher*, a name now synonymous with cut-throats. They must yet keep up their cant about a *great republic*, and their love of *virtue* and of the *arts and sciences*. We have, indeed, seen some few instances of the force of their genius, and of their application, in the *discoveries* above enumerated; but how long is it, I would be glad to know, since they have become the patrons and protectors of the *arts and sciences*?

I have a book lying before me from which I shall here borrow a fact or two. The library at Aney was crammed into hogsheds; at Narbonne the books were sent to the Arsenal; at Fontaine le Dijon the library of the *Fuillants* was thrown aside as waste paper. Many of the libraries of Monks contained editions printed in the first days of the art of printing; books, sold in France for a few crowns, were sold in London for 125 guineas. A clock *en malachite* was sold for a trifle, though the only one existing. They mutilated or destroyed all the famous statues, one in particular that cost 200,000 livres. At Pont Mousson, a large picture, which connoisseurs offered to cover with guineas as its price, was sold for less than two. At Nancy, in the space of a few hours, they broke and burned to the value of 100,000 crowns in books and pictures. At Lyons 800 antique medals of gold were thrown into the crucible. The antiquities of Arles were destroyed to come at salt-petre.



One member of this Vandal Convention proposed to destroy the portal of St. Denis; another wanted to kill all the rare animals in the museum of Natural History; a third said he did not like learned men, and that the term was synonymous with aristocrat; a fourth proposed, that soldiers might be promoted to generals, without being able to write; to conclude, one of these monsters said, that *all men of genius should be guillotined*.

These are lovers of the arts and sciences! These are the representatives of that *great* republic to whose *generous* forbearance *Spillard* is to owe the recovery of his papers. Amazing change! These people, who burnt *Horace* and *Virgil* because they had been encouraged by kings, and who destroyed the *royal* library, merely because it was royal, are now using their utmost endeavours to preserve the papers of *Spillard* for the use of a *king*, and, oh, ye gods! for a king of England too! A “despot” with whom they were “never to make peace, till “ he begged it on his knees, with a halter about “ his neck!”

Kind, forgiving, *generous* fellows! How are they reformed! They who, in the beginning of the war, seized on the property, even to the very clothes, of all the British subjects who happened to be in France, and threw their persons into loathsome prisons, where hundreds of them perished; they who, *in the days of their success*, issued a decree for murdering every Briton taken in the field of action; they, whose cannibal agents dug the half rotten body of the brave *General Dundas* from the grave and hung it on a gibbet. Yes, these very people are now uncommonly solicitous to save, for an Eng-

lish gentleman, the little memorandums he may have made in his travels!

How shall we possibly account for all this? Let us see if the closing sentence of the extract I have given from their order, will not throw some light on the matter. "This will," say they, "give a *great lesson to our enemies*; for a *good action* deserves as much as a *great victory*." So, so! daddy *Merlin* is coming round, is he? A great lesson of *generosity* is to be given to their enemies, and this good action is to yield them as much as a great victory? This is what you may call coaxing. No, no; none of your good actions; keep them for your friends, and your great victories for your enemies.

And do I live to see the *Grande Convention Francois* wheedling "the *nation of shopkeepers*?" The people of that devoted Carthage, which they promised us they would destroy? They may wheedle long enough: Billy Pitt has not forgotten that his head was to be brought before them, as a preliminary to any peace they might *grant* to the "shop-keeping nation:" he has not forgotten that they guillotined him in effigy along with his royal Master. Billy's turn is come: he may now say to them, in one of Shakespeare's characters: "And thus, my lads, the whirligig of time brings in his *revenges*."

When the reader compares their *patronage* of the arts and sciences, in their own country, and their *generosity* shown towards the English, in their prosperous days, with their *pretended* motives set forth in this generous order, I am persuaded he

will attribute their change of conduct to the proper cause.

Pray then, Mr. Brown, the gazette man, let us hear no more of your French generosity. For shame, Sir! how can you suffer your fine large gazette to talk about French virtue? Tell your correspondent, if he should pester you with such another paragraph, that the bore is discovered. Tell him that the "friends of France" are very much reduced in numbers, and are daily and hourly decreasing. Tell him, above all, that nothing can keep the fans-culotte cause alive but an immediate supply of the ready; that the "friends of France" are not to be satisfied with mere sounds of *generosity*; that fraternity and flattery go but little way at the shambles or the grog-shop, and that, in short, flour merchants or not flour merchants, they all prefer "solid pudding to empty praise."



## R E M A R K S

*On the poetical Works of John Swanwick of Philadelphia.*

*In* the last Cenfor I made my readers a sort of half promise to give them some account of the poetical works of Mr. Swanwick, and I am now preparing to fulfil it.

These works are, as yet, confined to a poem, which is to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1795, published by *Sylvanus Urban* of the city of London. The reader will be surprised that a poem, written in Philadelphia, should be export-



ed to England for publication: I was and am yet surprised at this; and still more, that *Citizen Swanwick* should send his works to the editor of a *Gentleman's Magazine*. He had heard, I presume, that this is the repository of most of the little fugitive pieces written by men of learning and genius, and so he condescended to enrich it with a piece of his own. This was certainly generous in him, if we recollect what a hatred he has for all that is *gentleman-like*.

The poem is entitled: "The Prospect of seeing "the Fine Arts flourish in America"—After having spoken of the epoch, when the artists of America shall stay at home "to finish the glories of the "risen day of Columbia," our author, by a happy transition, turns our eyes to what we already possess.

" But see what *flow'rets* we already claim,  
 " What lovely *harbingers* of future fame!  
 " Behold *philosophy's* bright temple rise,  
 " And fanes to learning every where surprise;  
 " What *schemes of charity* the soul excite  
 " To acts of bounty, and unmix'd delight;  
 " Some to the jail with *pitying steps* repair,  
 " To minister to woes that languish there:  
 " Others the bed of raging illness smooth,  
 " And the worst pangs of human sorrow sooth."

Thus, then, *Schemes of Charity, Visiting the Jail, and Ministering to the Sick* are, by Mr. Swanwick called "*flow'rets, the lovely harbingers of fame;*" and hence are to spring the *fine arts*. Never did I before hear that *poor-houses, jails and sick beds* were places for cultivating or encouraging the *fine arts*. Mr. Swanwick may there practise fine arts, per-

haps, such as are necessary to gain him votes at an election; these are very fine arts indeed.—But stop, there are more of these arts to come yet.

- “ Some to fair freedom *living altars* raise,
- “ And bid *the negro* celebrate her praise :
- “ Others the *farmer* with their cares embrace,
- “ And pay due homage to his useful race ;
- “ Some *manufacturers and their arts* protect,
- “ Others *humane* establishments erect.
- “ But cease the *Muse* ! ————— ”

Our poet alludes to the *negro society*, or abolition society, as it is called; and, I am ready to allow it a place among the harbingers of the fine arts. This society is, indeed, a nursery for some of the finest arts ever practised either in Europe or America. But, how comes our author to number *farming* and *manufacturing* among his fine arts? Ploughing and grubbing, and making anchors and cables, or grinding snuff or boiling up sugar; these do not seem to me to be *fine arts*. After these come “ *humane establishments* ;” and, though these had been before enumerated, Mr. Swanwick must thus sum them up together and express them over again, for fear we should imagine that he did not look on them as mere tricks of art. Mercy on us! Who ever heard before, that *humane establishments* were among the hot-beds of the fine arts!

So much for the vein of absurdity running through this metre: now to the Nonsense.

*Ministering to woes* may be a fine art, but, when we are told that these woes *languish*, what are we to think of the fine artist? To *languish* is to *pine away*, to *droop*, to *sink under affliction*. Now, can it be said that a woe *pines* and *droops*? Let us change



the principle words in this line for such are synonymous with them, but rather more familiar, and we shall be struck, nay, knocked down with the nonsense.

“ To succour pains that pine in the jail.”

I could say something about the *raging* illness of sorrow, and sorrow *stretched upon a bed* too, but I hasten on to the *living altars* of freedom. The poet tells us, that the Slave society raise living altars to freedom, and then bid *the negroes* celebrate her praise. Now, what are these *living altars*? Why, the persons freed, *the negroes themselves*; and so, these kind gentlemen bid *the altars praise the goddesses*!—They will stand in no need of priests at any rate.

With respect to the *farmer*, I will leave it to the experience and good sense of the reader to determine, whether it be either usual or fitting to *pay homage* to the race of him *whom we have taken under our care and patronage*.—Our poet often makes use of figures of rhetoric, but that of the *galimatias* is the only one he has perfectly at command. It requires neither learning nor taste to discover that he has a plentiful lack of both.

Butler, in remarking on the verses of the would-be poets of his time, says they made one line for *sense* and one for *rhyme*. It is certain that this is a most sure mark of sterility; but our little man goes a step further, or rather falls a step short, of this: he has one line for *rhyme* and the other for nonsense.

This piece of rhyming prose I do not scruple to pronounce the most miserable attempt at versifica-



tion, that ever appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine: nor can I persuade myself that the Editor would ever have admitted it without a *douceur*. It appeared, indeed, to have experienced some considerable delay; for it is dated in 1788. Certain I am that if old Sylvanus Urban had been acquainted with our little author's principles in politics, he never would have suffered his chiming to enter his repository.

Had this piece been scratched out in a hurry and sent away to the news-paper, one might have winked at its faults, one might have yawned over its insipidity and thrown it aside; but here is a studied trap for fame; this poor dull morsel had been copied over a hundred times, perhaps, before it was sent all the way to Old England. I think I see the little poet now, scratching his head and gnawing his pen, telling his fingers and searching his rhyme book. Alas! Mr. Swanwick, people do not make poetry this way. They may hammer out lines till they clink, but as to poetry, it never was hammered out of a dull brain.

What is most laughable, is, to hear the little man calling out upon the *Muse*.—"But *cease the Muse!*" As much as to say that the *Muse* had inspired the small-beer verses we have above extracted! It is with rapture I hear Milton invoke the heavenly Muse, or Shakespeare wishing for a Muse of fire; but when, at the end of fifty lines of vapid metre, I hear the little whiffling poetaster calling on his Muse to cease her course, a sneer contracts the muscles of my nose, in spite of all my complaisance and compassion.

If Mr. Swanwick reckons the noble art, taught by the famous *Martinus Scriblerius*, I mean the *art of sinking in poetry*; if he reckons this among the fine arts, I congratulate him on having brought it to perfection, for he has certainly rolled from the very bottommost step of the *Pathos*.

Thus it is to be a pretender to universal genius without having any genius at all. Instead of getting renown a man gets himself laughed at. It is a real misfortune: Mr. Swanwick might have been happy all his days as a *Tide Waiter*; but, from his dabbling in a variety of *arts* for which he is not calculated, he will most probably preserve through life that character so despicable among partizans; “a *Jack* of all trades and *Master* of “none.”



## FRENCH FRATERNITY.

Since the autumn of 1793, we have heard talk about little else than British depredations on the American commerce. Most of the news-papers have been crammed with philippics against the British government on this account; the nation have been called thieves and their king the great sea-robber. This was not very decent language, but even this was surpassed by certain members of Congress, who seemed to vie with each other in the use of that sort of rhetoric usually called *Billingsgate*. I have their speeches now before me, but the extracts I would wish to give from them are too lengthy, and I should be sorry to mutilate such elegant compositions.

I am the last on earth that would attempt to justify injustice, I cannot therefore be thought to approve of the depredations of the British: but, at the same time I know they have been a thousand times falsely accused, that every art has been made use of to exaggerate their violences, that the number of vessels taken by them has been counted fifty times over, and that language has been imputed to them which they never held.

Nor can the British be justified by saying that they have done no more than imitate the French; but, we must be permitted to wonder that the depredations of one nation should excite such a lively resentment as to push the country within a hair's breadth of a war, while equal depredations on the part of France should excite not the least discontent, except among the merchants immediately feeling the loss. At the very moment that the members of Congress were execrating the sea-robbers of Britain, and ordering General Confiscation and Admiral Embargo to take up arms against them; at this very moment the depredations of our dear, generous, *humane* and *pure fingered* allies had committed greater havock and acts of dishonesty than "the king of pirates" (to use a legislative expression) or his subjects, had ever done. I have in another work quoted the report delivered to the House of Representatives on this subject, stating "that the French had not only been guilty of *depredations equal to those of the British*, but that "they had, besides, violated the treaty between "the two countries, and had, moreover, cheated "the American merchants by discharging in depreciated assignats a contract which should have "been discharged in coin."



When this report came to be examined, every *uncorrupted* man was astonished to hear members fall upon the British, tooth and nail, while they were ready to give the *baises fraternel* to the robbing Carmagnoles. One said that, as to the depredations of France, “ *some allowance* must be made “ for a *great* nation combating in the *cause of li-* “ *berty*, and that *he made no doubt* that magnani- “ mous people would be ready to make every just “ compensation.” This was the reasoning of those times, and so an Envoy was sent to obtain redress from Britain, and which by the treaty is obtained ; but some allowance was made for the *great* nation who was fighting in the cause of liberty, and therefore all account against her died away.

The merchants, however, though generally partial enough towards the *grande republique*, still recollected the loss, which has been ever since increasing. These men are too well acquainted with book-keeping to be real good republicans *à la Française*. They were as ready as any body “ *to make some* “ *allowances*” for the excesses of the French, provided always that those allowances did not come out of their pockets. Their excesses in the low countries, their robbing of the merchants at Amsterdam set the bells to ringing at Philadelphia ; but when they came to lay their fraternal fingers on the Philadelphians themselves, oh ! then they were sad rogues, and so the merchants send a memorial to Congress.—Now we shall hear their own history of the affair.

“ *The Memorial, &c. Respectfully Sheweth,*

“ THAT the memorialists and divers others in the regular course of their trade in the years 1793, 1794

“ and 1795, invested large sums of money in provisions  
 “ and other merchandises suited to the West Indian mar-  
 “ ket and sent them thither, where many cargoes were  
 “ sold to the officers of Colonial Administration of the  
 “ Republic of France to be paid for in Cash or Colonial  
 “ produce, many others were taken by force by the said  
 “ officers, from the supercargoes and consignees at *prices*  
 “ *arbitrarily fixed by themselves* to be paid for in produce at  
 “ rates and terms of credit fixed at their pleasure, and  
 “ that *others have been arrested on the high seas*, carried into  
 “ their ports and taken for the use of the Republic with-  
 “ out any stipulated price or contract; that your memorial-  
 “ alists confidently believe that the amount of property,  
 “ belonging to the citizens of the United States, thus de-  
 “ livered to and taken by the administrative bodies of the  
 “ French Republic in the West Indies, *exceeds two millions*  
 “ *of dollars now in arrear*, for which your memorialists  
 “ and others concerned have no mode of obtaining pay-  
 “ ment, satisfaction or redress. That the usual course is  
 “ after taking the cargo by force and dures to detain the  
 “ vessels under pretence of paying in produce, until the  
 “ masters and crews are wearied with idleness, sickness,  
 “ delay, and insult, so as to be willing to return either  
 “ altogether without pay, or with such small portions  
 “ thereof, as scarcely to pay the freight and charges oc-  
 “ casioned by these long delays; whereby in most in-  
 “ stances the whole capital has been left behind, and in  
 “ those instances where a considerable part of the cargo  
 “ has been paid for in Colonial produce, the expenses  
 “ of demurrage have consumed almost the whole, as by  
 “ vouchers ready to be laid before the House or a com-  
 “ mittee thereof will abundantly appear.

“ Your memorialists further shew that some of the  
 “ earliest sufferers among them applied personally and by  
 “ memorials to *Citizens Genet, Fauchet, and Adet, the first*  
 “ *and succeeding ministers of the French Republic for redress*  
 “ *without obtaining it.* They also applied by memorial to  
 “ the President of the United States, who referred them  
 “ to the Secretary for the department of State, whose  
 “ advice they pursued in committing their claims to James  
 “ Monroe, Esq. minister plenipotentiary of the United

“ States to the Republic of France—at the time of his  
 “ embarkation. That although your memorialists are  
 “ perfectly satisfied that the Executive authority of the  
 “ Union hath done all within its power to procure re-  
 “ dreds to your memorialists, yet it has not had the desired  
 “ effect.

“ Your memorialists further represent that they had  
 “ hoped that some arrangement would have been assent-  
 “ ed to, whereby the debt due from the Republic of  
 “ France to the citizens of America might have been  
 “ discharged out of the debt due to her from the Unit-  
 “ ed States, and under this expectation they *exercised*  
 “ *patience*, but finding that money funded and *transferred*  
 “ *to an agent of the Republic*, all hope from that resource  
 “ is vanished.

“ Your memorialists feel the more concern that while  
 “ *provision has been made by the Executive of the Union*  
 “ *for obtaining from other nations a redress for spoiliations*  
 “ committed on their commerce, no measures adopted  
 “ have been successful for procuring similar satisfaction  
 “ from that nation which the merchants of this have  
 “ *shewn so decided an affection to*, by supplying their  
 “ islands with provisions and necessaries at a *greater risk*  
 “ *than attended any other branch of their trade*, supplies  
 “ that were absolutely necessary to their Colonies and  
 “ which they could from no other place nor in any other  
 “ manner be furnished with.

“ Your memorialists therefore pray that the legislature  
 “ will take their suffering case into consideration and afford  
 “ them such relief and protection as to their wisdom shall  
 “ seem consistent with right and justice.”

Some people will pity and others will laugh at these memorialists; the French republicans will be among the latter. Upon my word, it was very cruel of our dear allies, after having received such proofs of our “ *so decided affection*,” to cheat and insult us even more than the “ great sea-robber”



did ! After the patriotic and affectionate captains had run the gauntlet, as it were, to get in to the ports of their dear friends and allies to save them from starving, how silly they must look to have their cargoes seized, and be themselves thrown into a dungeon ! This was often the case. I have once before said, that the Carmagnoles called them, *les capitaines à coup de bâton*, or *caned captains* ; just as their Convention called the Prussians, *les soldats à coup de bâton*, or *caned soldiers*. Indeed, they did often kick and beat these captains, and, though the poet tells us that such kind of blows wound honour more than any other, yet we have never heard this called a national disgrace : on the contrary, the more these fellows were kicked, the louder did they cry *long live the Republic*, and the more lies did they bring us in her favour.

The hearts of the patriots at home partook of the insensibility of the backs and posteriors of the gallant mariners, and, had it not been for this after-clap memorial of the merchants, the whole would have sunk into oblivion.

Some persons of extraordinary patriotism went so far as to apologize for the conduct of the French ; as thus : “ The mother country engaged in combating despotism at home, and endeavouring to calm those troubles which exist in her bosom, cannot pay sufficient attention to the filling the offices in the island with honest and upright characters, otherwise they certainly would not suffer the conduct pursued. This is proved by the *honourable and very ample payment for damages and demurrage made to Americans detained in their ports*. They are therefore not implicated in the

“ charge of depredation.” (See the *Aurora* of 28th May 1795.)

Now, Great Britain was at war in Europe as well as France was, why then was not the same apology applicable to her? But, this apologist says, that *ample payment was made for damages, &c.* If this be true the memorialists are mistaken, for they say there are *two millions* of dollars yet unpaid in May 1796. I know very well that the French promised to pay amply: I recollect that, when Mr. Randolph's report (the substance of which I have above noticed) was published, it was accompanied with a note from his *intimate friend* Fauchet, declaring the readiness of the French Republic to make immediate compensation. This had the desired effect, for, though a single farthing will never be paid, the declaration was looked upon as an acknowledgement of the debt and as a security for the future; while the English minister, not daring to make a promise which he was not sure would be fulfilled, was obliged to remain silent, and his silence was considered as a proof that his court not only authorized, but was resolved to continue its depredations. But, how deceitful are appearances! He that promises every thing pays nothing, and he that promises nothing pays every thing.

Either the apologist tells us a falsehood or the merchants tell us one. I have no great inclination to interfere with the matter: I leave them to settle it between themselves; or if they should be obliged to call in an umpire, none is so proper as the dear nation for whom they both have “ shown so decided an affection.”

## NEW DISCOVERIES

IN

*The Regions of Corruption.*

In the introduction to this work, I promised the public “ to give an account of every democratic “ trick, whether of native growth or imported from “ abroad; to unravel all the windings of the pre- “ tended patriots, and more particularly those of “ the *flour-merchants*.” Under this engagement, I should think myself inexcusable, were I to remain silent at a time when, if new plots are not absolutely discovered, such are talked of in a manner calculated to excite general curiosity.

Satisfied in my own mind, as I have long been in the habit of declaring, that there is a numerous faction in this country acting under French influence, and even in French pay, I must naturally rejoice at the discovery of whatever promises to be more successful than any thing I have hitherto been able to say in convincing the people of the existence of this faction. Under this impression it is, that I publish the following article from the *Minerva* of New York, and that I add such observations as appear to me pertinent.

*Extract of a Letter from an American dated  
Paris, Feb. 14th, 1796.*

“ Could you imagine, my dear Sir, that any American “ citizens could be so abandoned as to invite France to



“ attempt, by coercion, to prevent the free exercise of the  
 “ judgment of our country concerning its own interests,  
 “ and to awe it into a surrender of its own opinion to  
 “ the mandate of a foreign country? Yet so the fact un-  
 “ doubtedly is. *Influential men on your side of the water,*  
 “ *have invited the French government to speak to ours a*  
 “ *decided language against the execution of the treaty with*  
 “ *Great Britain, and even to go so far, as to claim our*  
 “ *guarantee of the French West-Indies; placing before us*  
 “ *the alternative of war with France or Great Britain.*  
 “ The idea has been listened to by the government, and  
 “ it has been in contemplation to send a new Minister  
 “ with a fleet to carry the plan into effect: though I am in-  
 “ clined to hope that it has been recently laid aside. The  
 “ extreme embarrassments of the affairs of their country,  
 “ especially with regard to its finances, and more serious  
 “ reflections on the hazard of driving us into an election  
 “ to take side with Great Britain, as well from the ex-  
 “ posed state of our commerce, as from the resentment  
 “ which so dictatorial a conduct would naturally inspire,  
 “ have at last produced a halt, and, I trust, that the he-  
 “ sitation which has begun, will end in a resolution not  
 “ to risk so unjust and so mad a proceeding. Would  
 “ to Heaven that the war was at an end! For we shall not  
 “ be safe from the machinations of this wicked portion of  
 “ the globe till that event takes place—justice and morality  
 “ have fled from Europe—but alas! are they flying  
 “ from America also? *I dare not trust to this mode of con-*  
 “ *veyance the persons supposed to be the authors of this ne-*  
 “ *farious plot.* But a few months may enable me to make  
 “ the disclosure with more certainty: *where I can do it*  
 “ *with perfect safety.*”

This intelligence, if true, at once decides the  
 question of French influence and corruption; it is  
 therefore of the utmost importance to form a cor-  
 rect opinion concerning it. Let us first see what  
 claims the letter itself has to authenticity, and then,  
 whether the alarming information it contains be  
 corroborated by facts already known.

The gazette in which this extract first appeared is remarkable for its impartiality. The Editor is a man of much experience in his business, and enjoys a high reputation for candour and understanding. It is not probable that such a man should be deceived with respect to the authenticity of the letter, and it is still less probable, that he should be prevailed on to print it, not believing it authentic. The manner, too, in which he introduces it to the public, seems to me to be a strong proof of his persuasion, that it would be soon followed up with a more explicit account. Indeed, had he not believed that the whole affair must finally come to light, it is hardly credible that he would have hazarded a piece of intelligence reflecting such indelible dishonour on a portion of his countrymen, and not capable of answering any good purpose whatever.

The Editor has never shown himself the enemy of France. He has not, indeed, like hundreds of others, approved of the massacres in that country; but the instant those massacres ceased, he contributed his dole of praise to the triumphant *moderates*. He was among the first to oppose the principles of the present constitution in France to those of our Jacobins; and though he was mistaken here, though he was opposing mischief to mischief, the mistake proves, that the present French government had his approbation, and as it still continues the same it must still have that approbation. There is then, no reason to suppose that he would lend his hand to a fabrication tending to discredit the French government. In truth he is over cautious in speaking of it: if the intelligence be true, the hardest terms he has for conduct of such an infamous and treacherous nature are, “ *unkindness and imprudence.*” A man



who could so far get the better of the feelings he must entertain upon the sight of this intelligence, is rather to be suspected of a partiality for, than against the French government.

The Editor of the *Minerva* has, 'tis true, been a bold and able defender of the British treaty; he might therefore be supposed to be anxious for its success, as all men are zealous in a cause they have decidedly espoused; but, this cause stood no longer in need of support when the extract appeared, the treaty having passed the House of Representatives sixteen days before. Had this intelligence been a mere invention to stir the people up against the opposition, or rather against their destructive projects, it should have made its appearance at the time when petitions were handing about for and against the treaty. At that time such a battery might have been opened to good purpose; but, after the treaty was sanctioned, it would have been playing it off upon the defeated and the dead.

In short, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the Editor would have published the extract, believing it a fabrication; and as it is almost impossible he should be duped by any fabricator, we must believe it authentic, especially when we see the intelligence contained in it strongly corroborated by facts already most clearly and unequivocally ascertained.

It is certain that every American who loves his country, and who consequently feels a deep concern for its honour, must be fired with indignation upon hearing, that "certain influential men on this side of the water had invited the French govern-



“ ment to *force* the government of America to set  
 “ aside the treaty, and that the French rulers had  
 “ listened to the proposal;” but the Editor of the  
*Minerva* must excuse me, if I think it rather sur-  
 prising, that he should imagine either one or the  
 other “ impossible.” Says he, “ it seems impossi-  
 “ ble that any American citizens could be so lost  
 “ to all sense of virtue and duty, as to endeavour  
 “ to bring upon their country so great an evil, and  
 “ it seems less probable, that the government of  
 “ France should so far forget our rights as an in-  
 “ dependent nation, and be so unmindful of the  
 “ spirit and genius of freedom as to be disposed to  
 “ follow the pernicious advice.” Now, the truth  
 is, that what is here represented as next to impossi-  
 ble is no more than a continuation of what we  
 have been witnesses of during four successive years.

In order to form a correct opinion as to the pro-  
 bability of the truth of the intelligence from Paris,  
 we must go back to the epoch when the ruinous  
 and ruined French nation was first *called* a Repub-  
 lic,\* and trace down the chain of the machina-  
 tions of its tyrants to the moment, when the hostile  
 determination, the *ne plus ultra* of impudence and  
 of perfidy is said to have been formed.

When *Brissot* and his colleagues declared war  
 against Great Britain, Holland and Spain they formed  
 the plan of forcing this country to make a com-  
 mon cause with them. For this purpose Citizen  
*Genet* was sent out to replace Mr. Ternant, bring-  
 ing with him the necessary instructions, and the

\* I say *called*, because France is no more a Republic in re-  
 ality than Turkey or Morocco, or any other despotic state.

still more necessary *rouleaux of Louis d'ors*\* As it was foreseen that the Executive of the United States would resolutely oppose the overtures for war, Genet was to effect by force what could not be effected by persuasion. If the government of America was ready to aid the cause of France, it was to be respected, but if not it was to be destroyed by stirring up the people to opposition.

Instead, therefore, of coming directly to the seat of government, the Citizen landed at one of the ports the most distant from it, and in a part of the Union the most likely to be led astray by his seductive and seditious arts. On his arrival he found a proclamation of neutrality, strictly forbidding the people of these states to do any thing contrary to their duty as a nation at peace with all the world; but, in place of acknowledging this right of a neutral nation, what did he do? He issued letters of Marque and military Commissions: by sea he sent Americans to cruise on the British, and by land to invade the Spanish dominions. His journey through the Southern States was a kind of triumphal procession, and he at last made his public entry at Philadelphia more like a viceroy or a conqueror than a foreign minister.

His introductory letter to the Secretary of State was a clear declaration of his intentions. "When," says he, "the emissaries of our *common enemies* are "making *useless efforts* to neutralize the gratitude of "your fellow citizens," &c. This language was

\* Some time ago, I had a note sent me, giving an account of the deposit as well as the removal of certain *rouleaux*, accompanied with a poem, entitled, "The confessions of *Francois Louis d'or.*" The author has my thanks for both; but want of Room has delayed their publication for the present.

an unequivocal proof that he despised the President and his proclamation of neutrality, and that he depended on the people for support. Accordingly his endeavours were all directed towards this one object, exciting discontent and disobedience.

Those who had succeeded in destroying one government by the infernal agency of Jacobin clubs, knew their utility too well to neglect employing them against another. The Jacobins had hurled the king of France from his throne, and the Democrats might hurl General Washington from his chair. It is something truly singular, that a celebrated *astronomer* and a *secretary of state* should be the *president* and *secretary* of the mother-club in each country; it is, however, a fact: *Bailly* and *Dumouriez* once filled those honourable posts in France, as *David Rittenhouse* and *A. J. Dallas* did in the first club that was formed in America.

On the plan, and at the recommendation of the mother-club at Philadelphia, others were formed all over the Union. Their affiliations were as perfect in their nature as those of the Jacobins in France, or of the Reformers in England and Scotland, and the principles and object of all were the same. It would be tedious to enter into a detail of their *maïœuvres*, and disagreeable also, as it would not fail to bring to mind the conduct of many persons who now wish their folly to be forgotten.

When the Citizen saw that the clubs were become numerous, and thought that things were ripe, he made an open avowal of his intentions of "appealing from the President to the people." This precipitant avowal, dictated by French vanity, happily disconcerted all his plans. The hectoring mi-



nister was mistaken; he thought he had the poor doltish Parisians to deal with; but he was soon convinced of the contrary. The people of America, though their partiality for the French nation, and their still greater partiality for what they *then* imagined to be the cause of freedom, had led them into innumerable fooleries, and distinctions as unwise as unjust, showed, when it came to the trial, that they had too much love for their country, and for their friend and father to espouse the cause of a man who aimed at the destruction of both.\*

From the moment the insolent Brissotonian found himself baffled, his myrmidons began to cry havoc. They attacked the citizens of Charleston at the door of their play-house, cut the traces of their coach-horses, wounded several persons, and if I am not mistaken, killed one or two. The militia were called out, and the city was struck with terror. Not long after an American had his skull cleft on board of one of their vessels, for a pretended *insult to their tricoloured cockade*. Many persons of this city of Philadelphia had the mortification to see their peace officers hacked with swords in the middle of the street.† And yet we are now told that “it seems *impossible* that the government of France should attempt any thing against our neutrality.”

\* The French republicans assert, with their usual insolence, that the *people* of this country began to express their dislike to Genet only when they found he was recalled. This is false. The democratic societies, indeed, played him this trick; but the *people* expressed their detestation of his conduct, and that most unequivocally too, the instant he talked of his *appeal*.

† How all the offenders came to escape punishment is a question to be put to the governor of Pennsylvania and others, who ought to have seen the laws executed.

I know I shall be told here, to make a distinction between the rulers in France and their ministers in this country; and I would do this, if I saw the least reason for so doing; if I were not well convinced that the latter have in no case surpassed their instructions. The friends of the French government make this distinction, and tell us that Genet was *recalled* for his misconduct. The turbulent minister was, indeed, *displaced*; but the manner of doing this, fully proves, that it was a matter of expediency and not of choice. His masters, and the masters of unhappy France, could not reject the President's request, without disgusting the people of this country who must have looked on such a step as a decided mark of approbation of Genet's insolence; nor could they call home without punishing him. Therefore, at once to preserve the good will of the Americans and avoid the punishment of a man whose conduct they did in reality approve of, they dismissed him from his employment and left him quietly amongst us, where, besides, it was possible for him still to act, though unseen, as the show-man behind the canvass gives movement and volubility to his puppets.\*

Let it be recollected, too, that Genet was displaced by Robespierre and his crew, and I leave any one to determine whether the merciful Robespierre, the very prince of cut-throats, could disapprove of the plans of our Long Islander. The gentle Robespierre did, indeed, send us word that it pained his humane and generous soul, to think that the representative of a *great* and *brave* nation

\* If some good soul would but give us a peep into the dispatches that now and then go over to Long Island, we should, perhaps, see some more "precious confessions."



should so disobey its will; but we should have asked this bloody villain, what he would have said if Genet had succeeded in his "appeal from the President to the people." Genet was displaced because he had failed, and not because he had attempted our destruction. Robespierre has been aptly termed the *scape-goat* of the Convention, in France, and Genet may with equal aptness be termed their *scape-goat* in America.

The insurrection in the Western Counties of Pennsylvania was undoubtedly a great evil, but much good has been derived from it. This insurrection was imputed to the machinations of Great Britain, and as people's ears were all open to everything, however absurd, that was advanced against that nation, it is not wonderful that many very well meaning men marched against the insurgents with a full expectation of finding them under the command of the Governor of Upper-Canada. This was sinning against conviction certainly; but, what errors will not men plunge into, when blinded by prejudice and pricked on by revenge! Most people were heartily ashamed of having been the dupes of this trick, long before the appearance of Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter; but that truly inestimable essay on bribery and corruption has placed the whole matter in a fair light, and, as the saying is, "clapped the saddle on the right horse."

Every man who seeks for truth and not for falsehood will regret, with me, that we are not in possession of the famous No. 2 and No. 6, mentioned in Citizen Fauchet's letter, and of the other dispatches preceding that letter. Had we the perusal of these precious pieces, we might enter into some detail: not having them we must content ourselves with



proceeding like mathematicians, from the known to the unknown.

We know, that the same man, who was Secretary to the first Jacobin society in this country, and who afterwards denied his report concerning the “ appeal from the President to the people;” we know, that this man is named, in the intercepted letter, amongst the three or four who were balancing to decide on their party, when the overtures for money were made to the French Minister.

We know, that all the leaders in the insurrection, as well as their partizans here, were then and are now the decided supporters of France in opposition to Great Britain. If we look back to the meetings of the insurgent committees, we shall there find the names of two members of the present House of Representatives, and if we turn to the *yeas* and *nays* of that House, we shall find them both voting against the British treaty, and opposing every measure of the Federal government.\*

We know, that poor Citizen Fauchet expressed his severe regret at the failure of the insurrection; and surely we know, that when a man expresses his regret at the failure of an enterprize, it is certain he wished it to succeed. After having justified the cause of the insurgents, and whined out their discomfit, he says: “ Thus will the government acquire stability, *for one complete session at least!*” “ Who knows what will be the limits of *this tri-*

\* When I said, in the first part of the *Bone to Gnaw*, that the enemies of Great Britain were invariably the enemies of the Federal Government, the good democrats affected to laugh at me: let them deny this now, if they can. I defy even their impudence to deny the fact.

“ *umph!* Perhaps advantage will be taken of it to obtain some laws for *strengthening the government!*” — I was tempted to throw in an *alas*, or two, here; nothing else is wanting to render the passage truly pathetic; as thus: ‘ My dear Masters, in spite of my teeth this government will *last one session longer at least!* *Alas!* who knows what may be the limits of this triumph over our brothers! Perhaps the government may be strengthened, and then, Oh hell! we shall never be able to knock it down.’

Let the reader well remember, that these dreadful forebodings of Citizen Fauchet are to be found in a confidential dispatch, intended for the perusal of the Convention only. It is from documents like this, and not from public declarations, that we are to judge of the dispositions of a foreign government. Suppose, for instance, a letter from the British Minister had been intercepted, containing expressions of his regret at the success of the government in quelling the insurrection, and justifying the conduct of the insurgents. What would then have been seen? Need I ask this? Poor man! The Lord have mercy upon him, if he had remained here after the discovery. Our language is copious, and particularly in terms of execration; but I am mistaken if enough would have been found. Those who talk high-dutch would have had an advantage, as it is said, a man can curse harder in that language than in any other.

Fauchet was recalled, and, as no misconduct was imputed to him, he went home you see. But here is one circumstance that I must beg the good reader to attend to, and that is, that Citizen Joseph was

called away *after a defeat*, just as his renowned predecessor was. As soon as it was known in France, that Father Joseph's fatal dispatch had fallen into the hands of the English Ministry, it was perceived that the writer would become odious here; that he would always be suspected by the government, and that his friends would be afraid to trust their *precious confessions* to his ear. How kind was it, then, to recall him and send another, whom no mortal man could ever think of suspecting: no, certainly not; it would be hard, indeed, to suspect a third. The most unfortunate gamblers reckon with confidence upon a good throw out of three.\*

The third (and I hope the last) fair trial of the strength of French influence was, the attempt to set aside the British Treaty. Here it failed also; but we are not to conclude that, because it failed, it never was made. For my part, I am confident the trial was made, and have not the least doubt that it would have succeeded, had it not been for a *disappointment*.

It would be useless to repeat here what has been so often said respecting the conduct of poor Mr. Randolph, at the time of the ratification, or to go over all the manœuvres of the partizans of France, from the moment the treaty first arrived in the country till the meeting of Congress. Still less ne-

\* Having stumbled upon the word *Gamblers*, it puts me in mind of the *Faro Banks*, *Gaming-Tables* and *Gambling Lotteries*, in all about two hundred now in this city. These noble institutions we owe entirely to the French; and, when we add to these the paganish calendar and the Age of Reason, must we not blush to think that these generous enlighteners of the world are still obliged to cry out on our *ingratitude*! How much better are all those pretty things than the nasty broad-cloths and linens we get from those sad dogs the British!—And yet we make a treaty with them! O, fy!



cessary is it to enter into a detailed account of what has passed since that time, as it is fresh in every one's memory. One fact, however, I must relate here, as it is well worthy of attention.

In the *Censor* for April, page 145, it was remarked, that " the petition against the treaty, " said to be signed by fifteen hundred citizens of " Philadelphia, was carried round for signature by " a *Frenchman* ;" to this I have now to add, that, in the State of New Jersey, two *Frenchmen* went about soliciting signatures of another petition of the same import. The person, who was so obliging as to furnish this information, saw them at a public house pressing people to sign. He was himself prevailed on to do so; but, thinking, upon recollection, that he had done wrong, he returned to the house and scratched out his name. Would to God that numbers of his countrymen were as ready to correct their errors!

After having given this short sketch of the history of French influence down to the time when, as our Paris intelligence states, it was to break out into action, let us compare that intelligence with the situation of things on this side of the water. A few sentences will suffice.

The substance of the Paris intelligence is this: " that certain influential men in America had entered into a negotiation with the French government, " the result of which was; France was to oblige " the Executive of the United States to abandon " the treaty with Great Britain, by threatening it " with a war in case of refusal; but that this project, the writer believed to be laid aside *on the* " 14<sup>th</sup> of February." On the 24<sup>th</sup> of March, Mr.

Livingston's motion passed by a majority of *twenty-five*. This was only 38 days after France had given up the project. On the 28th of April, 35 days later, this *frightful majority* changed into a *minority*, and the treaty passed very quietly. This was 63 days after France had given up the project. So that, it is possible that this might be known when the latter vote was taken, and not when the former one was.

I by no means pretend to say, that any unfavourable news from France had an influence on these votes; on the contrary, I am, alas! (as Citizen Fauchet says) too well convinced of the purity of the Opposition, to suppose that they, or any of them, could be the "*influential men*," hinted at in the extract. No, no, God forbid I should think any such thing; mercy on us all! they, poor men, changed their votes because their constituents changed their notes. It is these constituents who are to blame then, and, of course, the "*influential men*" are to be found among them. Now, constituents are every body, and every body is nobody; and thus you see, reader, we all of us draw ourselves decently out of the scrape.

THE  
SCARE-CROW;

BEING

An Infamous Letter,

SENT TO MR. JOHN OLDDEN,

Threatening Destruction to his House, and Violence to  
the Person of his Tenant, William Cobbett.

WITH

REMARKS ON THE SAME

*BY PETER PORCUPINE.*



THE SECOND EDITION.



PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY, WILLIAM COBBETT,  
NORTH SECOND STREET, OPPOSITE CHRIST CHURCH.

M.DCC.XCVI.







T H E

## SCARE-CROW, &c.



ON the nineteenth instant, Mr. Elmslie, partner of Mr. John Oldden, called on me with the infamous letter, which, without further preface, I shall lay before the reader.

“ *To Mr. John Olden Merchant,*

“ *Chesnut Street.*

“ SIR,

“ A certain William Cobbett alias  
“ Peter Porcupine, I am informed is your te-  
“ nant. This daring *scoundrell*, not satisfied  
“ with having repeatedly traduced the people  
“ of this country, vilified the most eminent  
“ and patriotic characters among us and *grossly*  
“ abused our allies the French, in his detesta-  
“ ble productions, has now the astonishing ef-  
“ frontery to expose those very publications at

“ his window for sale, as well as certain prints  
 “ indicative of the prowess of our enemies the  
 “ British and the disgrace of the French. Cal-  
 “ culating largely upon the moderation or ra-  
 “ ther *pucellanimity* of our citizens, this puppy  
 “ supposes he may even *insults* us with impuni-  
 “ ty. But he will e’er long find himself dread-  
 “ fully mistaken. ’*Tho* his miserable publica-  
 “ tions have not been hitherto considered wor-  
 “ thy of notice, the late *manifestation* of his  
 “ impudence and enmity to this country will  
 “ not be passed over. With a view therefore  
 “ of preventing your feeling the blow designed  
 “ for him, I now address you. When the  
 “ time of retribution arrives, it may not be  
 “ convenient to discriminate between the inno-  
 “ cent and the guilty. Your property there-  
 “ fore may suffer. For depend upon it brick  
 “ walls will not skreen the rascal from punish-  
 “ ment when once the business is undertaken.  
 “ As a friend therefore I advise you to save  
 “ your property by either compelling Mr. Por-  
 “ cupine to leave your house or at all events  
 “ oblige him to cease exposing his abominable  
 “ productions or any of his courtley prints at  
 “ his window for sale. In this way only you  
 “ may avoid danger to your house and perhaps  
 “ save the rotten *carcase* of your tenant for the  
 “ present.”

“ A H I N T.”

July, 16th 1796.”



I have copied this loving epistle, word for word and letter for letter, preserving the false orthography, as the manner of spelling may probably lead some of my readers to a discovery of the writer.

When Mr. Veceffimus Knox (who is a sort of a Democrat) publishes his next edition of *Elegant Epistles*, he will do well to give this a place amongst them ; for, it is certainly a masterpiece in its way. It will be a good pattern for the use of future ruffians, who wish to awe a man into silence, when they are incapable of resisting him in print. But, the worst of it will be, the compiler will not have it in his power to say, that this was attended with success.

If I am right in my guess, the family of the author of this powder blunderbuss makes a considerable figure in the *Tyburn Chronicle*. His grand-father was hanged for house-breaking, and his *papa* came to the southern part of these States on his travels, by the direction of a righteous judge and twelve honest men.

So much for the author ; now to his scrawl.

The cut-throat acts in character. He proceeds exactly in the manner of the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris : that is, he arraigns, condemns and executes, all in the space of about five minutes. The first charge he brings against me is, that I have “ repeatedly traduced the “ people of this country.” I take notice of this, not because it is found in this base and

cowardly letter, but because it has long been the theme of all those who wish to decry my performances, and because I am willing to let slip no opportunity of declaring my respect for a public, from whom those performances have ever, from the publication of my first essay to the present moment, met with the most liberal encouragement.

Let any stupid member of the broken-up, back-door clubs point out, if he can, one single sentence in the writings of Peter Porcupine, where the people of the United States are traduced. 'Tis true, I have not fallen into the beaten track of confounding the good with the bad, of lumping the enemies and the friends of public happiness together, and fawning on them indiscriminately. I have not said that they are all virtuous and wise, and that virtue and wisdom is to be found amongst them alone. No; I am no spaniel, nor will I be one. I address myself to the good sense of my readers, and to that alone: if they want a buffoon or whining parasite, I am not their man.

But, I must do the people of this country the justice to say, that this is not their taste. They stand in no need of base flattery. Their love of truth has been fully exemplified in the rapid sale of my essays, while their contempt for the popular parasites has been unequivocally expressed in the fate of all the miserable attempts that have been made to oppose their progress. I have received letters of thanks and congratulation from every quarter of the

Union, even from Richmond in Virginia: and not from “ *British Agents*,” but from native Americans, real lovers of their country. I have received offers of service from persons of the first consequence in their divers towns and countries, persons whom I never saw or heard of previous to their communications. Let any fawning scribbler on liberty and equality produce such testimony of public approbation, if he can.

But, I have, it seems, “ vilified some of the “ most eminent and *patriotic* characters amongst “ us.” ’Tis pity, to be sure, that these *patriotic* characters should be vilified more than they have vilified themselves. What could I, or any body else, say to vilify a man, for instance, a man who had made overtures to sell his country for “ a few thousands of dollars;” or another, who had done all in his power “ to stop “ the wheels of government” by stirring men up to open rebellion against it? It is not I who have vilified the *eminent patriots*, it is Citizen Joseph Fauchet, the old Father Confessor on the banks of the Schuylkill, when he calls them, “ the pretended patriots of America,” and when he says, they “ have already their “ prices.” Surely I might take upon me to repeat the expressions of the Minister of France, of our good and faithful allies, without being chargeable with vilifying the *eminent patriots*. And, if I have laughed at little Mr. Swanwick, what have I done more than every man, every woman, and every child, in the United States, at least every one that ever saw his person,



listened to his harangues, or read his poetry? I wonder what I have done, that I must not laugh, that I must remain in a corner as demure as a cat, while every body else are bursting their sides.

In France, the only country in Europe (according to *Doctor Faundice's* account of it) which is *not* in chains. Under that free and happy sky, the mild and humane rulers often issue decrees forbidding people to weep or look sad, on pain of death, even at the moment they hear the last groans of their parents; but they have never yet carried their *douce humanité* so far as to forbid men to smile. They permit, nay encourage, both men and women to sing and laugh and cut capers, at the very foot of the guillotine, while the pavement is running with human blood; and yet my cruel and inflexible persecutors will not suffer me to laugh, when I hear them bawling at a civic festival, or see them boxing with an old image that they had formerly adored.

Again, the cut-throat says I have “*grossly*” abused our allies the French.” This is false. By the treaty made between this country and the king of France, the French nation is, in my opinion, no more the ally of the United States than the Chinese are. Louis the sixteenth was, indeed, the ally, “the *great* and “*good* ally” (to make use of the words of Congress) of this country; and I leave any one who has read my works, to determine whether I have ever abused him or not. The queen of

France, the calumniated Antoinette, was the first foreigner, except some generous Englishmen, that advanced a shilling in the American cause : have I ever abused her memory ? It was not I, though it was an Englishman, that cut off her head, and besprinkled her garments with blood, on a sign, hung over a public road. It was not I that guillotined her husband, in an automaton, every day, from nine in the morning to nine at night, for the diversion of the inhabitants of Philadelphia.\* I did not rejoice at

\* Advertisement, extracted from the Daily Advertiser of the 21st Nov. 1794.

## “ E X H I B I T I O N ,

“ *Of Figures in Composition at full Length,*

“ (Corner of Second and Callowhill Streets)

“ —At the Sign of the Black Bear—

“ L A T E King of France, together with his Queen, taking her last Farewel of him in the Temple, the day preceding his execution. The whole is a striking likeness, in full stature, and dressed as they were at the time.

“ The King is represented standing, his Queen on her knees by his right side, overwhelmed with sorrow and ready to faint, the King looking tenderly at her.

“ Second is the Scaffold on which he was executed, whereon the King stands in full view of the Guillotine ; before him is a Priest on his knees with a Crucifix in one hand, and a Prayer Book in the other ; on the side of the Guillotine stands the executioner prepared to do his duty.

the death of an innocent young prince, whose birth had been celebrated with uncommon pomp in this city, in the prosperous days of his father. I never reviled the gallant French officers and army who served in this country, and to whom America is really indebted; but, on the contrary, I have ever regretted their fate, and expressed my detestation of the bar-

“ When the first signal is given, the Priest rises on his feet, the King lays himself on the block, where he is secured; the executioner then turns, and prepares to do his duty; and when the second signal is given, the executioner drops the knife and severs the head from the body in one second; the head falls in a basket, and the lips which are first red, turn blue; the whole is performed to the life, by an invisible machine, without any perceivable assistance.

“ *Made by the first Italian Artist, of the name of*

“ *C O L U M B A.*

“ The workmanship has been admired by the most professed judges, wherever it has been seen.

“ \* \* \* The proprietors humbly hope for the encouragement of the public, as nothing shall be wanting on their part to render the exhibition *pleasing* and *satisfactory* to their patrons.

“ *Price 3s. Children half price.*

“ To be seen from 9 o'clock in the morning, until 9 at night.”

This exhibition actually continued for several months, and yet no one ever threatened to murder the proprietor.



barians who have dipped their hands in their blood.

The next charge is; I have “the *astounding effrontery* to expose for sale, certain “prints, indicative of the prowess of the British and the disgrace of the French.” Here the hang-in-chains writer alludes to a print, entitled, “Earl Howe’s Decisive Victory over “the French fleet, on the first of June, 1794.” This print has had a vast concourse of admirers. I had but two of them, one was sold instantly, and I have had more than five hundred applications for the other. What is very singular, is, that one third part of those who have wished to purchase this print were French Republicans. The print is not sold, nor shall it be. I will keep it in my window as long as any violence is talked of, and when that ceases, I will have it put in a gilt frame and hung up in a conspicuous part of my house.

This offensive print is no more than a true representation of the action of the famous *first of June*, and if it be “indicative of the disgrace of our allies,” it is no fault of mine. If defeat is disgrace, they were certainly most shockingly disgraced on that day. But, I thought it had been long ago agreed on, that, though the fleet got a drubbing, and a pretty decent one too, the victory was, *in fact*, on the side of the French. I am sure Barrere told the French people so, and I am sure most of our News-papers told the people of America the same story. How many believed them I

will not pretend to say; but if it was a victory, *in fact*, I am treating people with a representation of it, that's all, and am by no means exposing what is "indicative of British prowess."

When William Penn was tracing out his beloved city of Philadelphia, if any one had told him, that the time would come, when a man should be threatened with murder for offering to sale, in one of the streets, a print "indicative of British prowess," I much question if the good man, though a Quaker, would not have said that it was a d—ned lie. Poor old fellow! he little dreamed what was to happen at the close of the "enlightened eighteenth century."

I could turn back to American publications, in which the prowess of Britons is the pleasing theme; in which the French are called, what I never called them, "poor effeminate poltroons." I could bring my readers back to the time, when they set the savages on to scalp the people of these States, and when the people of these States solicited the King of Great Britain to march an army against them. Has the American Revolution entirely changed the dispositions, affections, and even nature of the two rival nations? Did Great Britain lose every spark of courage, generosity and virtue, when she lost America? That event certainly could not metamorphose the then inhabitants of the Island, nor could it have any great effect on their children, or at least I presume so. The people of the Unit-

ed States have solemnly declared, in their declaration of Independence, that the British nation are by nature *just* and *magnanimous*; and will they now swallow their words at the command of the hirelings of the devastators of France?

To return to the print "indicative of British prowess;" have I not as good a right to exhibit proof of this prowess at my window as the Democrats have to exhibit the proofs of theirs on the front of the church opposite it? The half-destroyed bust of George II. remains as a monument of their valour, and why should I not be permitted to expose a print to perpetuate the valour of Earl Howe and his gallant fleet? These two pieces are, besides, necessary to the explanation of each other; for when a stranger asks, why the bust of the old king was so unmercifully mangled, the person he addresses himself to, shows him the naval victory of Lord Howe. "There, Sir," says he, "is the fatal cause." If the impertinent querist goes on, and asks, how George the Second, who died upwards of thirty years ago (and whose bust remained untouched during the whole of the American war) could deserve this rough treatment on account of the drubbing given to the French fleet in 1794, we cut him short at once, by telling him, that he is a rank aristocrat, and totally unfit to live in a land of freedom.

Mr. Oldden is told, that there is but one way left of saving his house, and that is, by obliging me to cease exposing my "*courtly*



“ prints” at my window for sale. It would seem by this, that the cut-throats look upon me as Oldden’s vassal; I shall convince them that I am not. To oblige me to desist from any branch of my lawful occupation would prove the toughest job that ever my landlord undertook, should he be silly enough to attempt it. As to obliging me to quit his house, there are no hopes there neither; for I have a lease of it, and a lease that I will hold in spite of all the fans-culottes in America.

But, what does the cut-throat mean by “*courtly prints.*” I have Ankerstorm the regicide; that can be no courtly print at any rate. I have, indeed, the portraits of the late king and queen of France; but as they are dead, one would imagine that they could create no alarm. Poor Louis little thought when he sent hither those portraits of himself and his queen, which now hang up in the Congress-House, that the day would come, when a bookseller would be threatened with murder for exhibiting his likenesses, in the capital of the Union. Others have exhibited him at their windows, stretched on the scaffold; they had a right so to do; every man to his taste, and I to mine.—’Tis true, I have the portraits of Billy Pitt and Lord Grenville and several other noble personages; but then, I have Marat and Lepelletier, by way of rubbing off as I go. I have a right reverend Father in God in one corner of my window, and if I could procure that right irreverend Father in the Devil, Tom Paine, I would hoist him up in the other; for want of him I have Doctor

Priestley, who, upon a shift, is very capable of supplying his place.

I have some groups, too, executed by order of the French Convention, which, I humbly presume, will not be called "*courtly*." The taking of the Bastile decorates one pane of my window, as it did the Birmingham Club-Room; the French people on their marrow-bones acknowledging the existence of a God, by order of Robespierre, decorates another; and a third is ornamented with a representation of the glorious "victory" obtained over the Swiss guards, on the tenth of August, 1792. I am promised a print of Poor Richard, in the arms of a brace of Angels, who are carrying him off God knows whither.

I am sure, now, all these things are republican enough; and if my sovereign Lords will but please to take my whole collection into view, I cannot think that they will find me so criminal as I have been represented.

And then, there are my books and stationery, almost the whole of which is English. I have been looking round, and cannot for my life find any other American book than Adams's Defence of the American Constitutions, and Peter Porcupine's works. The latter of these my sovereigns have proscribed, and the former speaks about the *well-born*: so that, unless my gracious Lords will condescend to permit me to sell these offensive things, I must shut up shop. But, if I must, I hope all the

rest of the trade will be compelled to do the same. There is Mr. Campbell has published Hume's History of England, a book as full as it can hold of king's and queen's pictures, and *aristocracy* of all sorts and sizes, and contains, besides, a great number of instances of "British prowess," and of "the disgrace of our allies." Mr. Dobson too, and Mr. Carey, have published books on *Royal* paper, and Mr. Brown has dared to publish his gazette even on *Imperial*. These are crimes that I have never either committed or attempted. Is not this anti-republicanism to the last degree, and a downright insult on the citizens of the United States?—Again, there is Mr. Young, and several others that I could mention, who have the assurance to expose for sale, Walkden's *Royal British* Ink-Powder, stamped with the "tyrant George's" arms. Shall all this go unpunished, and shall poor I be eat alive merely for exposing a print or two? Forbid it justice! Democratic justice forbid it!

Nor, should a strict inquisition take place, will the great Mr. Franklin Bache himself come off blameless. He has informed the public, that he is in correspondence with *Peter Pindar*, and it is notorious that this Peter is not only an *aristocrat*, but a declared *royalist*. He has given Tom Paine the severest lashing he ever met with. And as to "traducing the people of this country," does not Peter traduce them, when, in speaking of the United States, he says:



“ Where sons of liberty their pæans sing,  
 “ And every scoundrel convict is a King.”

Is not this traducing the people? And yet Mr. Bache publicly boasts of his intimacy with this fellow, and takes infinite pains to propagate his works! “ Birds of a feather will flock together,” says the old proverb, and it is no more than reasonable to suppose, that Mr. Bache, whatever mask he may choose to wear, participates in the sentiments of his friend Pindar.

Nay, even Doctor Franklin was an aristocrat, and an abominable one too, as may be seen in the very last item of his last will and testament. “ I bequeath,” says he, “ to my worthy friend George Washington, my gold-headed cane, surmounted with a *Liberty-Cap*: if it were a *Sceptre* he is worthy of it!” Thus, you see, reader, after all the Doctor’s clamour against kings, he thought a *Sceptre* something better than a *Liberty-Cap*. That the Doctor was sincere here there is no doubt; men are generally so upon their death-beds, howsoever profound their hypocrisy may have been through life.—Poor Richard certainly deserves to be tumbled from his niche for this dying confession, and, I trust, “ when the day of retribution comes,” as my cut-throat terms it, he will not be forgotten. ’Tis ridiculous, to be sure, to lay violent hands on a statue, but as this kind of heroism has made a very considerable figure in this “ Age of Reason,” I do

not see why old Lightning-Rod should escape any more than another.

Doct<sup>r</sup> Priestly, in his first American publication, congratulates himself on being *now* got into a country, where he can publish his sentiments, be they what they may, without any fear of persecution from either *church* or *state*. But he had forgot that there was the Democratic gang, more intolerant than either. What will he say, when he sees the letter of my evesdropping cut-throat? Will he not begin to repent of having so bitterly complained of the want of liberty of the press in England? One of his excuses for quitting his country was, that he had threatening letters sent to him. Perhaps my cut-throat thinks that all Englishmen are like the Doct<sup>r</sup>; but he will find himself mistaken: all the stink pots of all the democrats in the Western Hemisphere shall never drive me from America, nor make me take coach in disguise, as the Birmingham philosopher did.

The Democratic Societies (for they were then in existence) might, perhaps, have informed Doct<sup>r</sup> Priestly, that he should be permitted to print whatever he pleased, and, if so, he might well venture to say that the press was free for him; but, unless he had received such previous intimation, his boast of enjoying the liberty of the press was made very much at hazard.

These people plead the liberty of the press, in the fullest extent of the word; they claim a right

to print and publish whatever they please; they tell you that free discussion must lead to the truth, and a thousand other arguments they have always ready at their fingers ends to oppose to every kind of restraint. They have calumniated the best of governments and the best of men; they revile all that is good and all that is sacred, and that too in language the most brutal and obscene; and, if they are accused of indecency, or called on for proofs of what they advance, they take shelter in their sanctuary, *the liberty of the press*. But, on the other hand, if any one has courage enough to oppose them, and is so happy as to do it with success; if the mildest of their expressions are retorted, they instantly threaten their opponents with violence and even murder. Their doctrine is, that the press is free for them, and them alone. This is democratic liberty of the press; just such as is enjoyed in that free and happy country whose revolutionary career the people of this country are called upon to imitate.

Much has been said and sung about the Sedition bills of Mr. Pitt, and the restraint on the liberty of the press in England; but, whatever that restraint may be, it is by law. The law says, that there are such and such restraints, and, therefore, he who trespasses deserves punishment. The laws of this country say, that the press is free, and we well know what invidious comparisons are continually made between this country and England, in that respect; but, if men are to be murdered, or have their houses burnt for exercising this much talked of liberty, it is time to cease giving it



a place among the advantages that the United States enjoy over the "mother country," as it is sometimes called in derision. When a foreigner arrives in Great Britain, he looks at the written law; there he sees how far he is permitted to carry the use of the press; and, so long as he keeps within the bounds prescribed, his person and property is safe. There is no subaltern power, whose consent he has to obtain, before he dares publish a book, or expose a print for sale. His house is not threatened with destruction, because his window exhibits what is indicative of the prowess of his nation, and of the disgrace of their enemies; at any rate, he is not threatened with murder, for having stepped forward in defence of the laws and the government of the country.

When I first took up the pen, I found a good deal of difficulty (as the public will see one of these days) to get access to the press at all; not because the manuscript I offered contained any thing libellous or immoral, but because it was not adapted to what was supposed to be the taste of the public. In fact, the press was at the time, generally speaking, as far as related to what is usually termed politics, in the hands of a daring and corrupt faction, who, by deceiving some, and intimidating others, had blocked up every avenue to true information. My publications were looked upon as so many acts of rebellion against this despotic combination, and, therefore, every possible trick was essayed to discredit them and their author; all these tricks have, however, proved vain.

My object, and my only object, in writing, was to contribute my mite towards the support of a government under which I enjoyed peace and plenty. This object I have pursued as steadily as my small share of leisure would allow me, and that I have not laboured in vain, the present conduct of the democratic faction most amply proves. The cut-throat's letter which I now lay before the public, shows to what a state of desperation they are driven. They at first made some pitiful attempts to answer me: those sunk out of sight and were forgotten for ever. They then vomited forth calumnies against the author, calumnies so totally void of all truth and even probability, that even their own herd did not believe a word they contained.\* Next they published a blasphemous book under my assumed name: this failed also, and the city of New York has witnessed their shameful defeat as well as Philadelphia. At last, smarting all over with the lashes I had given them, and fearing a continuation, they have had recourse to

\* Among other abominable falsehoods, contained in the *Aurora* concerning me, are, my having got my living by *thieving* in London, and my having refused to pay my taxes in this country.—With respect to the first I will only observe, that when I came hither, I brought a letter of recommendation from the American Ambassador at the Hague to Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State; and, as to the latter, the small portion of taxes that I have had to pay, has been paid without hesitation. No man, either in a private or public capacity, ever called on me twice for payment of the same sum. The taxes for the property I now rent I have paid up to January next. I owe nobody, neither the State nor the people of the State, a farthing: let the members of the *ci-devant* democratic society say as much if they can.

the poor sneaking trick of a threatening letter. A trick of robbers, who have not courage enough to venture their necks. I have often been congratulated on my triumph over this once towering, but fallen and despicable faction, and I now possess undeniable proof that the triumph is complete.

It is in vain that the cut-throat would persuade us, that the democrats do not think my "miserable productions worthy of notice;" the very scrawl of this their stupid secretary proves that they have dreaded them, and that they yet dread them. If they despised my "miserable productions," why not laugh at them, as I do at theirs? Why not suffer them to rot on the shelf, like the Political Progress of Britain, or be kicked about the street, like the Aurora? Threatening Mr. Oldden with the destruction of his house, unless he could prevail on me to cease publishing, is curious enough in itself; but it is much more curious, when accompanied with the observation, that my publications are *miserable* and *unworthy of notice*.

Of all the stupid inventions that ever entered the brains of this bungling clan, the cut-throat letter to Mr. Oldden is the most ridiculous. Had they studied for years, they could not have found out any thing that would have pleased me so well. It will for ever silence their clamours about the liberty of the press; it will prove to the people, most fully, the truth of what I have always told them; that is, that these "pretended patriots," these advo-



cates for liberty and equality, would, if they had become masters, have been a divan of cruel and savage-tyrants. That they know nothing of liberty but the name, and that they make use of that name merely to have the power of abolishing the thing. It will prove to all the world, that they have long dreaded me, that they still dread me, and that I despise them.

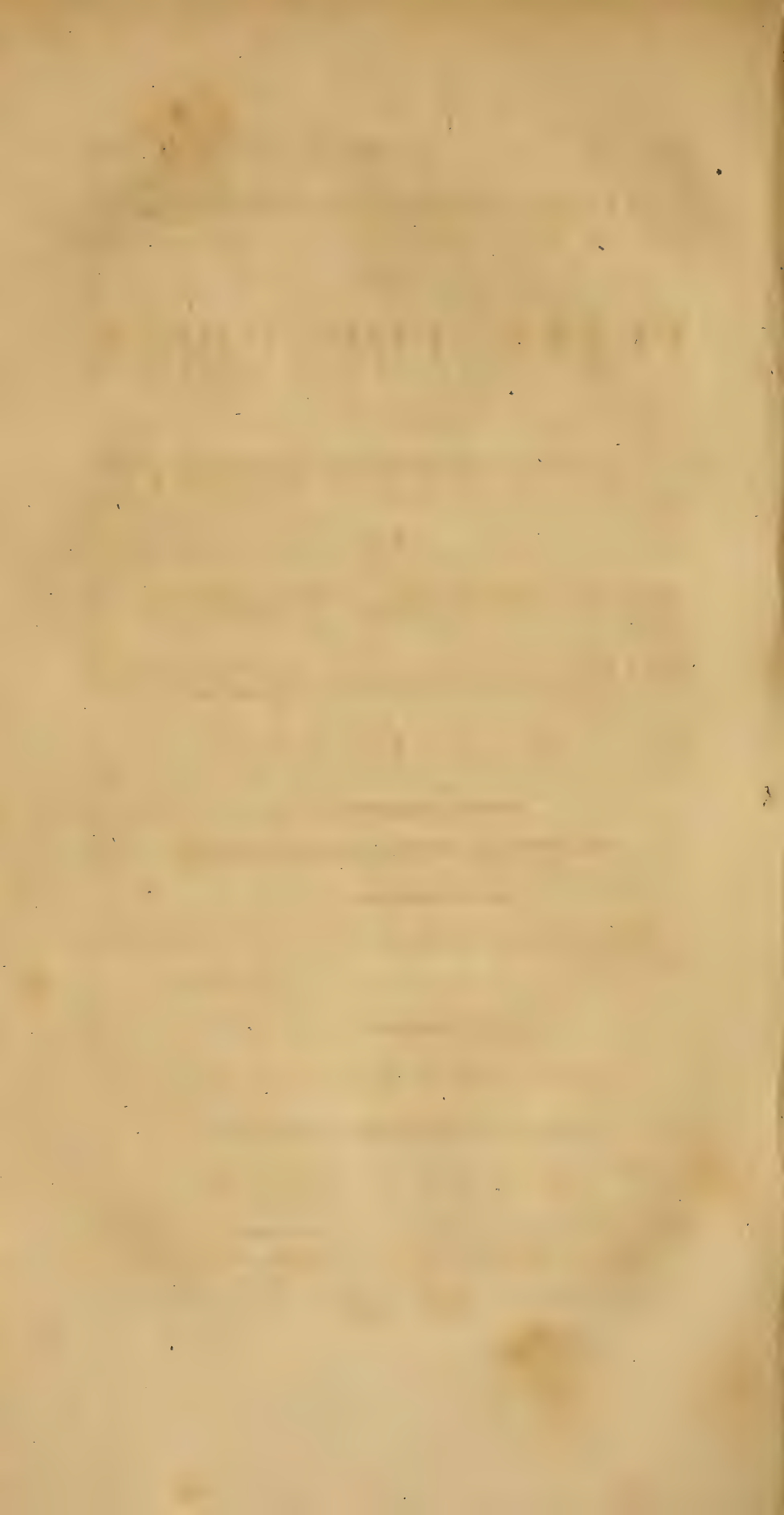
I shall conclude with this unequivocal declaration; that, as to the past, I would not retract a sentence, nor a single expression of what I have written, if the most bloody of the most bloody democrats had his foot upon my breast and his long knife at my throat; and that, for the future, I will continue to publish and expose for sale whatever I please, and that I will never cease to oppose, in some way or other, the enemies of the country in which I live, so long as one of them shall have the impudence to show his head. Hitherto I have given acids only, I will now drench them with vinegar mixed with gall.

*From the free Press of*

WILLIAM COBBETT,

*July 22d 1796.*

E N D.



THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
PETER PORCUPINE,  
WITH  
A FULL AND FAIR ACCOUNT  
OF

All his Authoring Transactions;

BEING A SURE AND INFALLIBLE GUIDE FOR ALL ENTERPRISING YOUNG  
MEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A FORTUNE BY WRITING

P A M P H L E T S.

---

BY PETER PORCUPINE Himself.

---

“Now, you lying Varlets, you shall see how a plain tale will  
put you down.”

SHAKESPEARE.

..........

SECOND EDITION.

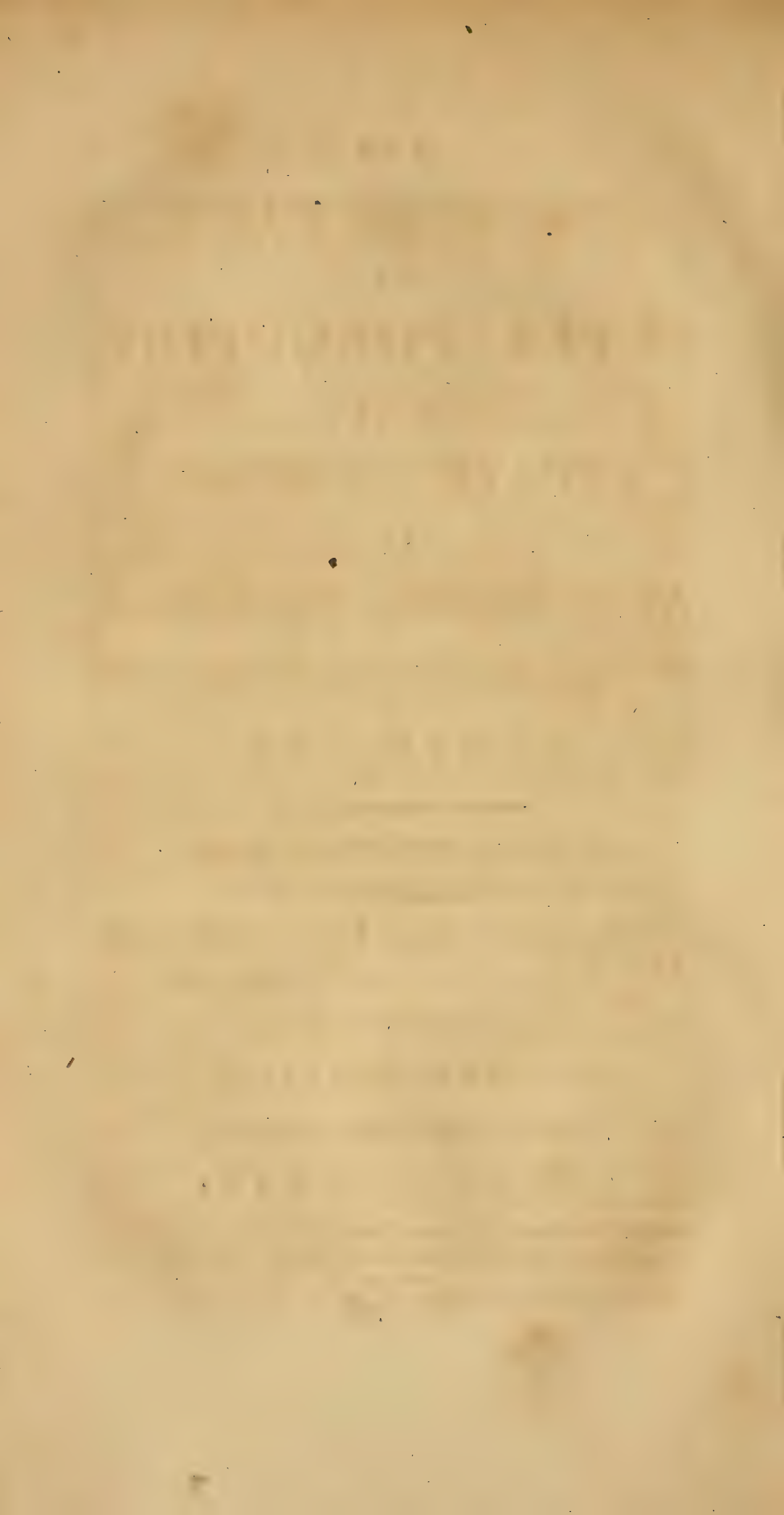
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P H I L A D E L P H I A :

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY, WILLIAM COBBETT, NORTH  
SECOND STREET, OPPOSITE CHRIST CHURCH.

Oct. 1796.





# P R E F A C E.

THE Celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's somewhere observes, that a man of talents no sooner emerges from obscurity than all the block-heads are instantly up in arms against him. Fully persuaded of the truth of this observation, I should have been prepared for hostility, had I imagined myself a man of talents; but, knowing the contrary too well, I little expected that the harmless essays from my pen would have conjured up against me this numerous and stupid host. It is their misfortune, never to form a right conception of any person or thing, and therefore their abuse is not always a certain proof of merit in the object on which it is bestowed: their ignorance lessens the honour conferred by their envy, hatred and malice.

I have long been the butt of the silly aspersions of this grovelling tribe; but their spite never discovered itself in its deepest colours, till they saw me, as they imagined, "issue from poverty to the appearance of better condition." Then it was that their gall ran over, and jaundiced their whole countenances; then it was that the stupidest of all stupid gazettes, that lewd and common strumpet, the *Aurora*, became pregnant with the following *bastard*, as abundant in falsehood as any one that ever sprang from the loins of *Poor Richard*.

“ F O R T H E A U R O R A .



# HISTORY OF PETER PORCUPINE.



“ M R . B A C H E ,

“ As the people of America may not be  
 “ informed who PETER PORCUPINE is, the  
 “ celebrated manufacturer of *lies*; and retailer  
 “ of *filth*, I will give you some little account of  
 “ this pestiferous animal. This wretch was  
 “ obliged to *abscond* from his darling *Old Eng-*  
 “ *land* to avoid being turned off into the other  
 “ world before, what he supposed, his time.  
 “ It may be well imagined, that in a land of  
 “ liberty and flowing with milk and honey, his  
 “ *precipitate retreat* could not have been owing  
 “ to any offence committed against the govern-  
 “ ment very honourable to himself. Gnawed  
 “ by the worm that never dies, his own wretch-  
 “ edness would ever prevent him from making  
 “ any attempt in favour of human happiness.  
 “ His usual occupation at home was that of a  
 “ *garret-scribbler*, excepting a little *night-busi-*  
 “ *ness* occasionally, to supply unavoidable ex-  
 “ igencies; Grubb-street did not answer his  
 “ purposes, and being scented by certain tip-  
 “ staffs for something more than scribbling, he  
 “ took a *French leave* for France. His evil  
 “ genius pursued him here, and as *his fingers*  
 “ *were as long as ever*, he was obliged as sud-  
 “ denly to leave the Republic, which has now



“ drawn forth all his venom for her attempt to  
“ do him *justice*. On his arrival in this coun-  
“ try, he figured some time as a *pedagogue* ;  
“ but as this employment scarcely furnished  
“ him salt to his porridge, he having been li-  
“ terally without hardly bread to eat, and not  
“ a second shirt to his back,” he resumed his old  
“ occupation of scribbling, having little chance  
“ of success in the other employments which  
“ drove him to this country. His talent at *lies*  
“ and *Bilingsgate rhetoric*, introduced him to  
“ the notice of a certain foreign agent, who  
“ was known during the Revolution by the  
“ name of *traitor*. This said agent has been  
“ seen to pay frequent visits to PETER. To  
“ atone for his transgressions in the mother  
“ country, as well as to get a little more bread  
“ to eat than he had been accustomed to, he  
“ enlisted in the cause of his gracious majesty.  
“ From the extreme of poverty and filth, he  
“ has suddenly sprouted into at least the ap-  
“ pearance of better condition ; for he has tak-  
“ en a house for the sale of his large poison, at  
“ the enormous rent of *twelve hundred dollars*  
“ *a year*, and has *paid a year’s rent in advance!!*  
“ The public will now be enabled to account  
“ for the overflowings of his gall against the  
“ Republic of France, and the Republicans  
“ of this country, as well as his devotion to  
“ the cause of tyranny and of Kings. From  
“ the frequency of visits paid him by the agent  
“ already mentioned, and his sudden change  
“ of condition, *secret service-money* must have  
“ been liberally employed ; for his zeal to  
“ make atonement to his mother country seems

“ proportioned to the magnitude of his of-  
 “ fence, and the *guineas* advanced. As this  
 “ *fugitive felon* has crept from his hole, his  
 “ *quills* will now become harmless; for hither-  
 “ to they have only excited apprehension be-  
 “ cause the beast who shot them was conceal-  
 “ ed. I have a number of anecdotes respect-  
 “ ing him, that I will soon trouble you with,  
 “ for the amusement of the public. This state-  
 “ ment will convince PETER, that I know  
 “ him well, and that I have only disclosed a  
 “ part of the truth.

“ PAUL HEDGEHOG.”



This *Paul Hedgehog* I know nothing of. I  
 can hardly suppose that he is one of my cou-  
 sins at New-York: if he be, for the honour  
 of our family, I hope that he is a bastard.  
 But, let Paul be what he will, he is not the  
 only one who has attempted to sink me in the  
 opinion of a public that has ever honoured my  
 essays with distinguished marks of approba-  
 tion. I have been well informed, that it is  
 currently reported, that Mr. Thomas Bradford,  
 the Book-seller, “ put a coat upon my back,”  
 and that, when I was first favoured with his  
 patronage, I had not a “ second shirt to my  
 “ back.”

Were I to calculate upon the usual operations of truth and gratitude, I should look upon it as impossible that insinuations of this kind had ever been thrown out by Mr. Bradford, or any of his family; but, now-a-days, in this happy age of reason and liberty, we see such extraordinary things happen in the world, that to doubt, at least, does not argue an excess of credulity or incredulity.

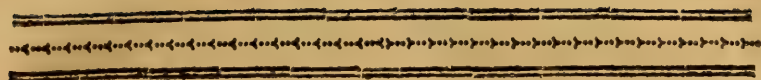
Let the propagators of all these falsehoods be who they may, I am much obliged to them for giving me this opportunity of publishing the History of my Life and Adventures, a thing that I was determined to do, whenever a fair occasion offered, and which never could have been so well timed as at the moment when I am stepping into a situation, where I may probably continue for the rest of my life.

I here remember well what I said in my *Observations on the Emigration of Doctor Priestley*.  
“ No man has a right to pry into his neighbour’s private concerns; and the opinions of  
“ every man are his private concerns, while  
“ he keeps them so; that is to say, while they  
“ are confined to himself, his family and particular friends; but, when he makes those opinions public; when he once attempts to  
“ make converts, whether it be in religion,  
“ politics, or any thing else; when he once  
“ comes forward as a candidate for public admiration, esteem or compassion, his opinions,  
“ his principles, his motives, every action of



“ his life, public or private, become the fair  
“ subject of public discussion.”

This is a principle I laid down in the first original page I ever wrote for the press. On this principle it is, that I think myself justified in the present publication, and that I am ready to approve of others for publishing whatever they may know concerning me. Let them write on, till their old pens are worn to the stump: let the devils sweat; let them fire their balls at my reputation, till the very press cries out murder. If ever they hear me whine or complain, I will give them leave to fritter my carcass and trail my guts along the street, as the French fans-culottes did those of Thomas Mauduit.



THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
PETER PORCUPINE.



**T**O be descended from an illustrious family certainly reflects honour on any man, in spite of the sans-culotte principles of the present day. This is, however, an honour that I have no pretension to. All that I can boast of in my birth, is, that I was born in Old England; the country from whence came the men who explored and settled North America; the country of Penn, and of the father and mother of General Washington.

With respect to my ancestors, I shall go no further back than my grandfather, and for this plain reason, that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-labourer, and I have heard my father say, that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death, upwards of forty years. He died before I was born, but I have often slept

beneath the same roof that had sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damson tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide, to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighbouring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease.

How much better is it, thus to tell the naked truth, than to descend to such miserable shifts as Doctor Franklin has had recourse to, in order to persuade people that his fore-fathers were men of wealth and consideration. Not being able to refer his reader to the herald's office for proofs of the same and antiquity of his family, he appeals to the etymology of his name, and points out a passage in an obsolete book, whence he has the conscience to insist on our concluding, that, in the Old English language, a *Franklin* meant a man of *good reputation and of consequence*. According to Doctor Johnson, a Franklin was what we now call a gentleman's steward or land-bailiff, a personage one degree above a bumbailiff, and that's all.

Every one will, I hope, have the goodness to believe, that my grandfather was no philosopher. Indeed he was not. He never made



a lightning-rod nor bottled up a single quart of sun-shine in the whole course of his life. He was no almanac-maker, nor quack, nor chimney-doctor, nor soap-boiler, nor ambassador, nor printer's devil: neither was he a deist, and all his children were born in wedlock. The legacies he left, were, his scythe, his reaphook, and his flail; he bequeathed no old and irrecoverable debts to an hospital: he never *cheated the poor during his life*, nor *mocked them in his death*. He has, it is true, been suffered to sleep quietly beneath the green sord; but, if his descendants cannot point to his statue over the door of a library, they have not the mortification to hear him daily accused of having been a whoremaster, a hypocrite and an infidel.

My father, when I was born, was a farmer. The reader will easily believe, from the poverty of his parents, that he had received no very brilliant education: he was, however, learned, for a man in his rank of life. When a little boy, he drove plough for two-pence a day, and these his earnings were appropriated to the expenses of an evening school. What a village school-master could be expected to teach, he had learnt, and had besides considerably improved himself in several branches of the mathematics. He understood land surveying well, and was often chosen to draw the plans of disputed territory: in short, he had the reputation of possessing experience and understanding, which never fails, in England, to give a man in a country place, some little weight with his neighbours. He was honest, industrious, and frugal; it was not, therefore, wonderful, that he should

be situated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him, beloved and respected.

So much for my ancestors, from whom, if I derive no honour, I derive no shame.

I had (and I hope I yet have) three brothers: the eldest is a shop-keeper, the second a farmer, and the youngest, if alive, is in the service of the Honourable East India company, a private soldier, perhaps, as I have been in the service of the king. I was born on the ninth of March 1766: the exact age of my brothers I have forgotten, but I remember having heard my mother say, that there was but three years and three quarters difference between the age of the oldest and that of the youngest.

A father like ours, it will be readily supposed, did not suffer us to eat the bread of idleness. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My first occupation was, driving the small birds from the turnip seed, and the rooks from the peas. When I first trudged a field, with my wooden bottle and my fatchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles, and, at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing peas followed, and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team and holding plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast, that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who

did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride, and happy days!

I have some faint recollection of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in learning me my letters. In the winter evenings my father learnt us all to read and write, and gave us a pretty tolerable knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not perfectly understand himself, and therefore his endeavours to learn us that, necessarily failed; for, though he thought he understood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learnt nothing at all of the principles.

Our religion was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more so, perhaps, as it bears the name of my country. As my ancestors were never persecuted for their religious opinions, they never had an opportunity of giving such a singular proof of their faith as Doctor Franklin's grandfather did, when he kept his Bible under the lid of a close-stool. (What a book-case!) If I had been in the place of Doctor Franklin, I never would have related this ridiculous circumstance, especially as it must be construed into a boast of his grandfather's having an extraordinary degree of veneration for a book, which, it is well known, he himself *durst* not believe in.

As to politics, we were like the rest of the country people in England; that is to say, we neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter. The shouts of victory, or the mur-



murs at a defeat, would now-and-then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment; but I do not remember ever having seen a news-paper in the house, and most certainly that privation did not render us less industrious, happy or free.

After, however, the American war had continued for some time, and the cause and nature of it began to be understood, or rather misunderstood, by the lower classes of the people in England, we became a little better acquainted with subjects of this kind. It is well known, that the people were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided in their opinions concerning that war, and their wishes respecting the result of it. My father was a partizan of the Americans: he used frequently to dispute on the subject with the gardener of a nobleman who lived near us. This was generally done with good humour, over a pot of our best ale; yet the disputants sometimes grew warm, and gave way to language that could not fail to attract our attention. My father was worsted without doubt, as he had for antagonist, a shrewd and sensible old Scotchman, far his superior in political knowledge; but he pleaded before a partial audience: we thought there was but one wise man in the world, and that that one was our father. He who pleaded the cause of the Americans had an advantage, too, with young minds: he had only to represent the king's troops as sent to cut the throats of a people, our friends and relations, merely because they would not submit to oppression, and his cause was gained. Speaking to the passions is ever sure to succeed on the uninformed.

Men of integrity are generally pretty obstinate in adhering to an opinion once adopted. Whether it was owing to this, or to the weakness of Mr. Martin's arguments, I will not pretend to say, but he never could make a convert of my father: he continued an American, and so staunch a one, that he would not have suffered his best friend to drink success to the king's arms at his table. I cannot give the reader a better idea of his obstinacy in this respect, and of the length to which this difference in sentiment was carried in England, than by relating the following instance.

My father used to take one of us with him every year to the great hop-fair at Wey-Hill. The fair was held at Old Michaelmas-tide, and the journey was, to us, a sort of reward for the labours of the summer. It happened to be my turn to go thither the very year that Long-Island was taken by the British. A great company of hop-merchants and farmers were just sitting down to supper as the post arrived, bringing in the extraordinary Gazette which announced the victory. A hop-factor from London took the paper, placed his chair upon the table, and began to read with an audible voice. He was opposed, a dispute ensued, and my father retired, taking me by the hand, to another apartment, where we supped with about a dozen others of the same sentiments. Here Washington's health, and success to the Americans, were repeatedly toasted, and this was the first time, as far as I can recollect, that I ever heard the General's name mentioned. Little did I then dream, that I should ever see the man,

and still less that I should hear some of his own countrymen reviling and execrating him.

Let not the reader imagine, that I wish to assume any merit from this, perhaps mistaken, prejudice of an honoured and beloved parent. Whether he was right or wrong is not now worth talking about: that I had no opinion of my own is certain; for, had my father been on the other side, I should have been on the other side too, and should have looked upon the company I then made a part of as malcontents and rebels. I mention these circumstances merely to show that I was not “nursed in the lap of aristocracy,” and that I did not imbibe my principles, or prejudices, from those who were the advocates of blind submission. If my father had any fault, it was not being submissive enough, and I am much afraid my acquaintance have but too often discovered the same fault in his son.

It would be as useless as unentertaining to dwell on the occupations and sports of a country boy; to lead the reader to fairs, cricket-matches and hare-hunts. I shall therefore come at once to the epoch, when an accident happened that gave that turn to my future life, which at last brought me to the United States.

Towards the autumn of 1782 I went to visit a relation who lived in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. From the top of Portsdown, I, for the first time, beheld the sea, and no sooner did I behold it than I wished to be a sailor. I could never account for this sudden impulse,



nor can I now. Almost all English boys feel the same inclination: it would seem that, like young ducks, instinct leads them to rush on the bosom of the water.

But it was not the sea alone that I saw: the grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. I had heard of the wooden walls of Old England: I had formed my ideas of a ship and of a fleet; but, what I now beheld so far surpassed what I had ever been able to form a conception of, that I stood lost between astonishment and admiration. I had heard talk of the glorious deeds of our admirals and sailors, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and of all those memorable combats that good and true Englishmen never fail to relate to their children about a hundred times a year. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, had long been the theme of our praise, and the burden of our songs. The sight of the fleet brought all these into my mind; in confused order, it is true, but with irresistible force. My heart was inflated with national pride. The sailors were my countrymen, the fleet belonged to my country, and surely I had my part in it, and in all its honours: yet, these honours I had not earned; I took to myself a sort of reproach for possessing what I had no right to, and resolved to have a just claim by sharing in the hardships and dangers.

I arrived at my uncle's late in the evening, with my mind full of my sea-faring project. Though I had walked thirty miles during the day, and consequently was well wearied, I slept

not a moment. It was no sooner day-light than I arose and walked down towards the old castle on the beach of Spithead. For a sixpence given to an invalid I got permission to go up on the battlements: here I had a closer view of the fleet, and at every look my impatience to be on board increased. In short, I went from the castle to Portsmouth, got into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board the *Pegasus* man of war, commanded by the Right Honourable George Berkley, brother to the Earl of Berkley.

The Captain had more compassion than is generally met with in men of his profession: he represented to me the toils I must undergo, and the punishment that the least disobedience or neglect would subject me to. He persuaded me to return home, and I remember he concluded his advice with telling me, that it was better to be led to church in a halter, to be tied to a girl that I did not like, than to be tied to the gang-way, or, as the sailors call it, married to *miss roper*. From the conclusion of this wholesome counsel, I perceived that the captain thought I had eloped on account of a bastard. I blushed, and that confirmed him in his opinion; but I declare to the reader, that I was no more guilty of such an offence than Mr. Swanwick, or any other gentleman who is constitutionally virtuous. No; thank heaven, I have none of the Franklintonian crimes to accuse myself of; my children do not hang their hats up in other men's houses; I am neither patriot nor philosopher.

I in vain attempted to convince Captain Berkley, that choice alone had led me to the sea; he sent me on shore, and I at last quitted Portsmouth; but not before I had applied to the Port-Admiral, Evans, to get my name enrolled among those who were destined for the service. I was, in some sort, obliged to acquaint the Admiral with what had passed on board the *Pegasus*, in consequence of which my request was refused, and I happily escaped, sorely against my will, from the most toilsome and perilous profession in the world.

I returned once more to the plough, but I was spoiled for a farmer. I had, before my Portsmouth adventure, never known any other ambition than that of surpassing my brothers in the different labours of the field; but it was quite otherwise now; I sighed for a sight of the world; the little island of Britain seemed too small a compass for me. The things in which I had taken the most delight were neglected; the singing of the birds grew insipid, and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which I formerly used to fly from my work, bound o'er the fields, and dash through the brakes and coppices, was heard with the most torpid indifference. Still, however, I remained at home till the following spring, when I quitted it, perhaps, for ever.

It was on the sixth of May 1783, that I, like Don Quixotte, sallied forth to seek adventures. I was dressed in my holiday clothes, in order to accompany two or three lasses to Guildford fair. They were to assemble at a house about three miles from my home, where



I was to attend them; but, unfortunately for me, I had to cross the London turnpike road. The stage-coach had just turned the summit of a hill and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my mind till this very moment, yet the step was completely determined on, before the coach came to the spot where I stood. Up I got, and was in London about nine o'clock in the evening.

It was by mere accident that I had money enough to defray the expenses of this day. Being rigged out for the fair, I had three or four crown and half-crown pieces (which most certainly I did not intend to spend) besides a few shillings and half-pence. This my little all, which I had been years in amassing, melted away, like snow before the sun, when touched by the fingers of the inn-keepers and their waiters. In short, when I arrived at Ludgate-Hill, and had paid my fare, I had but about half a crown in my pocket.

By a commencement of that good luck, which has hitherto attended me through all the situations in which fortune has placed me, I was preserved from ruin. A gentleman, who was one of the passengers in the stage, fell into conversation with me at dinner, and he soon learnt that I was going I knew not whither nor for what. This gentleman was a hop-merchant in the borough of Southwark, and, upon closer inquiry, it appeared that he had often dealt with my father at Wey-Hill. He knew the danger I was in; he was himself a father, and

he felt for my parents. His house became my home, he wrote to my father, and endeavoured to prevail on me to obey his orders, which were to return immediately home. I am ashamed to say that I was disobedient. It was the first time I had ever been so, and I have repented of it from that moment to this. Willingly would I have returned, but pride would not suffer me to do it. I feared the scoffs of my acquaintances more than the real evils that threatened me.

My generous preserver, finding my obstinacy not to be overcome, began to look out for an employment for me. He was preparing an advertisement for the news-paper, when an acquaintance of his, an attorney, called in to see him. He related my adventure to this gentleman, whose name was Holland, and who, happening to want an understrapping quill-driver, did me the honour to take me into his service, and the next day saw me perched upon a great high stool, in an obscure chamber in Gray's Inn, endeavouring to decypher the crabbed draughts of my employer.

I could write a good plain hand, but I could not read the pot-hooks and hangers of Mr. Holland. He was a month in learning me to copy without almost continual assistance, and even then I was of but little use to him; for, besides that I wrote a snail's pace, my want of knowledge in orthography, gave him infinite trouble: so that, for the first two months I was a dead weight upon his hands. Time, however, rendered me useful, and Mr. Holland

was pleased to tell me that he was very well satisfied with me, just at the very moment when I began to grow extremely dissatisfied with him.

No part of my life has been totally unattended with pleasure, except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office (for so the dungeon where I wrote was called) was so dark, that, on cloudy days, we were obliged to burn candle. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment and perpetuate between those poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times (God forgive me!) have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves and pitch-forks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before Our Sovereign Lord the King seated in His Court of Westminster! When I think of the *sajds* and *sosforths* and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over; when I think of those sheets of seventy-two words, and those lines two inches a part, my brain turns. Gracious heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line and deny me thy propitious dew; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club room; but save me from the desk of an attorney!

Mr. Holland was but little in the chambers himself. He always went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the *Laundress*,



as he called her. Those gentlemen of the law, who have resided in the Inns of court in London, know very well what a *Laundress* means. Ours was, I believe, the oldest and ugliest of the officious sisterhood. She had age and experience enough to be Lady Abbess of all the nuns in all the convents of Irish-Town. It would be wronging the witch of Endor to compare her to this hag, who was the only creature that deigned to enter into conversation with me. All except the name, I was in prison, and this Weird Sister was my keeper. Our chambers were, to me, what the subterraneous cavern was to Gil Blas: his description of the Dame Leonarda exactly suited my *Laundress*; nor were the professions, or rather the practice, of our masters altogether dissimilar.

I never quitted this gloomy recess except on Sundays, when I usually took a walk to St. James's Park, to feast my eyes with the sight of the trees, the grass, and the water. In one of these walks I happened to cast my eye on an advertisement, inviting all loyal young men, who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into His Majesty's marine service, and have the peculiar happiness and honour of being enrolled in the Chatham Division. I was not ignorant enough to be the dupe of this morsel of military bombast; but a change was what I wanted: besides, I knew that marines went to sea, and my desire to be on that element had rather increased than diminished by my being penned up in London. In short,

I resolved to join this glorious corps; and, to avoid all possibility of being discovered by my friends, I went down to Chatham and enlisted, into the marines as I thought, but the next morning I found myself before a Captain of a marching regiment. There was no retreating: I had taken a shilling to drink his Majesty's health, and his further bounty was ready for my reception.

When I told the Captain (who was an Irishman, and who has since been an excellent friend to me), that I thought myself engaged in the marines: "By Jases, my lad," said he, "and you have had a narrow escape." He told me, that the regiment into which I had been so happy as to enlist, was one of the oldest and boldest in the whole army, and that it was at that moment serving in that fine, flourishing and plentiful country, Nova Scotia. He dwelt long on the beauties and riches of this terrestrial Paradise, and dismissed me, perfectly enchanted with the prospect of a voyage thither.

I enlisted early in 1784, and, as peace had then taken place, no great haste was made to send recruits off to their regiments. I remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time I was employed in learning my exercise, and taking my tour in the duty of the garrison. My leisure time, which was a very considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, was spent, not in the dissipations common to such a way of life, but in reading and study. In the course of this year I learnt more

than I had ever done before. I subscribed to a circulating library at Brompton, the greatest part of the books in which I read more than once over. The library was not very considerable, it is true, nor in my reading was I directed by any degree of taste or choice. Novels, plays, history, poetry, all were read, and nearly with equal avidity.

Such a course of reading could be attended with but little profit: it was skimming over the surface of every thing. One branch of learning, however, I went to the bottom with, and that the most essential branch too, the grammar of my mother tongue. I had experienced the want of a knowledge of grammar during my stay with Mr. Holland; but it is very probable that I never should have thought of encountering the study of it, had not accident placed me under a man whose friendship extended beyond his interest. Writing a fair hand procured me the honour of being copyist to Colonel Debieg, the commandant of the garrison. I transcribed the famous correspondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old Colonel being stripped of the reward, bestowed on him for his long and meritorious servitude.

Being totally ignorant of the rules of grammar, I necessarily made many mistakes in copying, because no one can copy letter by letter, nor even word by word. The Colonel saw my deficiency, and strongly recommended study. He enforced his advice with a sort of



injunction, and with a promise of reward in case of success.

I procured me a Lowth's grammar, and applied myself to the study of it with unceasing assiduity, and not without some profit; for, though it was a considerable time before I fully comprehended all that I read, still I read and studied with such unremitted attention, that, at last, I could write without falling into any very gross errors. The pains I took cannot be described: I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart; I repeated it every morning and every evening, and, when on guard, I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time I was posted sentinel. To this exercise of my memory I ascribe the retentiveness of which I have since found it capable, and to the success with which it was attended, I ascribe the perseverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am master.

This study was, too, attended with another advantage: it kept me out of mischief. I was always sober, and regular in my attendance; and, not being a clumsy fellow, I met with none of those reproofs, which disgust so many young men with the service.

There is no situation where merit is so sure to meet with reward as in a well disciplined army. Those who command are obliged to reward it for their own ease and credit. I was soon raised to the rank of corporal, a rank, which, however contemptible it may appear in

some people's eyes, brought me in a clear two-pence *per diem*, and put a very clever worsted knot upon my shoulder too. Don't you laugh now, Mr. Swanwick; a worsted knot is a much more honourable mark of distinction than a *Custom-House badge*; though, I confess, the king must have such people as Tide-waiters as well as corporals.

As promotion began to dawn, I grew impatient to get to my regiment, where I expected soon to bask under the rays of Royal favour. The happy day of departure at last came: we set sail from Gravesend, and, after a short and pleasant passage, arrived at Halifax in Nova Scotia. When I first beheld the barren, not to say hideous, rocks at the entrance of the harbour, I began to fear that the master of the vessel had mistaken his way; for I could perceive nothing of that fertility that my good recruiting Captain had dwelt on with so much delight.

Nova Scotia had no other charm for me than that of novelty. Every thing I saw was new: bogs, rocks and stumps, musquitoes and bull-frogs. Thousands of Captains and Colonels without soldiers, and of 'Squires without stockings or shoes. In England, I had never thought of approaching a 'Squire without a most respectful bow; but, in this new world, though I was but a Corporal, I often ordered a 'Squire to bring me a glass of grog, and even to take care of my knapsack.

We staid but a few weeks in Nova Scotia, being ordered to St. John's, in the province of New Brunswick. Here, and at other places

in the same province, we remained till the month of September, 1791, when the regiment was relieved and sent home.

We landed at Portsmouth on the 3d of November, and on the 19th of the next month I obtained my discharge, after having served not quite eight years, and after having, in that short space, passed through every rank, from that of a private sentinel to that of Sergeant Major, without ever being once disgraced, confined, or even reprimanded.—But let my superiors speak for me, they will tell my friends and all my readers what I was during my servitude.

*“ By the Right Honourable Major Lord Edward  
 “ Fitzgerald, commanding his Majesty’s 54th  
 “ Regiment of Foot, whereof Lieutenant Ge-  
 “ neral Frederick is Colonel,”*

“ THESE are to certify, that the Bear-  
 “ er hereof, WILLIAM COBBETT, Sergeant  
 “ Major in the aforesaid regiment, has served  
 “ honestly and faithfully for the space of eight  
 “ years, nearly seven of which he has been  
 “ a non-commissioned officer, and of that time  
 “ he has been five years Sergeant Major to the  
 “ regiment; but having very earnestly applied  
 “ for his discharge, he, in consideration of his  
 “ good behaviour and the services he has ren-  
 “ dered the regiment, is hereby discharged.

“ Given under my hand and the seal  
 “ of the regiment, at Portsmouth, this  
 “ 19th day of December, 1791.

“ EDWARD FITZGERALD.”



I shall here add the orders, issued in the garrison of Portsmouth on the day of my discharge.

“ Portsmouth, 19th Dec. 1791. ”

“ Sergeant Major Cobbett having most preff-  
“ ingly applied for his discharge, at Major  
“ Lord Edward Fitzgerald’s request, General  
“ Frederick has granted it. General Frede-  
“ rick has ordered Major Lord Edward Fitz-  
“ gerald to return the Sergeant Major thanks  
“ for his behaviour and conduct during the  
“ time of his being in the regiment, and Ma-  
“ jor Lord Edward adds his most hearty thanks  
“ to those of the General.”

After having laid these pieces before my reader, I beg him to recollect what the *Argus* of New York and the *Aurora* of Philadelphia have asserted concerning Peter Porcupine’s being flogged in his regiment for thieving, and afterwards deserting. The monstrous, disorganizing, democratic gang were not aware that I was in possession of such uncontrovertible proofs as these.

I hope, I may presume that my character will be looked upon as good, down to the date of my discharge; and, if so, it only remains for me to give an account of myself from that time to this.

The democrats have asserted, as may be seen in the preface, that I got my living in London by “ garret-scribbling,” and that I was obliged

to take a *French Leave* for France, for some "night work."—Now, the fact is, I went to France in March, 1792, and I landed at New York in the month of October following; so that, I had but three months to follow "garret-scribbling" in London. How these three months were employed it is not necessary to say here, but that I had not much leisure for "garret-scribbling" the ladies will be well convinced, when I tell them that I got a wife in the time. As to the charge concerning "night work," I am afraid I must plead guilty, but not with my "fingers," as these malicious fellows would insinuate. No, no, I am no relation to Citizen *Plato*: the French ladies do not call me, the *Garçon Fendu*.

Before I go any further, it seems necessary to say a word or two about "French Leave." Did this expression escape the Democrats in an unwary moment? Why "French Leave?" Do they wish to insinuate, that nobody but *Frenchmen* are obliged to fly from the hands of thief-catchers? The Germans, and after them the English, have applied this degrading expression to the French nation; but, is it not inconsistent, and even ungrateful, for those who are in the interest, and perhaps, in the pay, of that magnanimous republic, to talk about "French Leave?" It is something curious that this expression should find a place in a paragraph wherein I am accused of abusing the French. The fact is, the friendship professed by these people, towards the French nation, is all grimace, all hypocrisy: the moment they are off their guard, they let us see that it is the abomi-

nable system of French tyranny that they are attached to, and not to the people of that country.—“ French Leave!” The leave of a *run-away*, a *thief*, a *Tom Paine*! What could the most prejudiced, the bitterest Englishman have said more galling and severe against the whole French nation? They cry out against me for “*abusing*” the cut-throats of Nantz and other places, and for accusing the demagogue-tyrants of robbery; while they themselves treat the whole nation as thieves. This is the democratic way of washing out stains; just as the sweet and cleanly Sheelah washes her gentle Dermot’s face with a dishclout.

Leaving the ingenious citizens to extricate themselves from this hobble, or fall under the displeasure of their masters, I shall return to my adventures.—I arrived in France in March, 1792, and continued there till the beginning of September following, the six happiest months of my life. I should be the most ungrateful monster that ever existed, were I to speak ill of the French people in general. I went to that country full of all those prejudices, that Englishmen suck in with their mother’s milk, against the French and against their religion: a few weeks convinced me that I had been deceived with respect to both. I met every where with civility, and even hospitality, in a degree that I never had been accustomed to. I found the people, among whom I lived, excepting those who were already blasted with the principles of the accursed revolution, honest, pious, and kind to excess.



People may say what they please about the misery of the French peasantry, under the old government; I have conversed with thousands of them, not ten among whom did not regret the change. I have not room here to go into an inquiry into the causes that have led these people to become the passive instruments, the slaves, of a set of tyrants such as the world never saw before, but I venture to predict, that, sooner or later, they will return to that form of government under which they were happy, and under which alone they can ever be so again.

My determination to settle in the United States was formed before I went to France, and even before I quitted the army. A desire of seeing a country, so long the theatre of a war of which I had heard and read so much; the flattering picture given of it by Raynal; and, above all, an inclination for seeing the world, led me to this determination. It would look a little like coaxing for me to say, that I had imbibed principles of republicanism, and that I was ambitious to become a citizen of a free state, but this was really the case. I thought that men enjoyed here a greater degree of liberty than in England; and this, if not the principal reason, was at least one, for my coming to this country.

I did intend to stay in France till the spring of 1793, as well to perfect myself in the language, as to pass the winter at Paris; but I perceived the storm gathering; I saw that a war with England was inevitable, and it was not difficult to foresee what would be the fate of

Englishmen, in that country, where the rulers had laid aside even the appearance of justice and mercy. I wished, however, to see Paris, and had actually hired a coach to go thither. I was even on the way, when I heard, at Abbeville, that the king was dethroned and his guards murdered. This intelligence made me turn off towards Havre de Grace, whence I embarked for America.

I beg leave here to remind the reader, that one of the lying paragraphs, lately published in the lying *Aurora*, states, that I was whipped at Paris, and that hence I bear a grudge against the French Republic. Now, I never was at Paris, as I can prove by the receipts for my board and lodging, from the day I entered France to that of my leaving it; and, as to the Republic, as it is called, I could have no grudge against it; for the tyrants had not given it that name, when I was so happy as to bid it an eternal adieu. Had I remained a few months longer, I make no doubt that I should have had reason to execrate it as every other man, woman, and child has, who has had the misfortune to groan under its iron anarchy.

Some little time after my arrival in this country, I sent Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, a letter of recommendation, which I had brought from the American Ambassador at the Hague. The following is a copy of the letter Mr. Jefferson wrote me on that occasion.

“ Philadelphia, Nov. 5th, 1792.

“ Sir,

“ In acknowledging the receipt of your favour of the 2d instant, I wish it were in my power to announce to you any way in which I could be useful to you. Mr. Short’s assurances of your merit would be a sufficient inducement to me. Public Offices in our government are so few, and of so little value, as to offer no resource to talents. When you shall have been here some small time, you will be able to judge in what way you can set out with the best prospect of success, and if I can serve you in it, I shall be very ready to do it.

“ I am,

“ Sir,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ TH. JEFFERSON.”

I will just observe on this letter, that it was thankfully received, and that, had I stood in need of Mr. Jefferson’s services, I should have applied to him; but as that did not appear likely to be the case, I wrote him a letter some few months afterwards, requesting him to assist a poor man, the bearer of it, and telling him that I should look upon the assistance as given



to myself. I dare say he complied with my request, for the person recommended was in deep distress, and a *Frenchman*.

With respect to the authenticity of this letter there can be no doubt. I have shown the original, as well as those of the other documents here transcribed, to more than fifty gentlemen of the city of Philadelphia, and they may, at any time, be seen by any person of credit, who wishes a sight of them. Nor have I confined the perusal of them to those who have the misfortune to be deemed aristocrats. Among persons of distant places, I have shown them to Mr. *Ketlatas* of New York, who, I must do him the justice to say, had the candour to express a becoming detestation of the base cut-throat author of the threatening letter sent to Mr. Oldden.

I have now brought myself to the United States, and have enabled the reader to judge of me so far. It remains for me to negative two assertions which apply to my authoring transactions; the one is, that "Mr. Bradford *put a coat upon my back*;" and the other, that I am, or have been, "in the pay of a British Agent."

In the month of July, 1794, the famous Unitarian Doctor, fellow of the *Royal Society*, London, *citizen* of France, and delegate to the *Grande Convention Nationale* of notorious memory, landed at New-York. His landing was nothing to me, nor to any body else; but the fulsome and consequential addresses, sent

him by the pretended patriots, and his canting replies, at once calculated to flatter the people here, and to degrade his country and mine, was something to me. It was my business, and the business of every man who thinks that truth ought to be opposed to malice and hypocrisy.

When the *Observations* on the Emigration of this "martyr to the cause of liberty" were ready for the press, I did not, at first, offer them to Mr. Bradford. I knew him to retain a rooted hatred against Great Britain, and concluded, that his principles would prevent him from being instrumental in the publication of any thing that tended to unveil one of its most bitter enemies. I therefore addressed myself to Mr. Carey. This was, to make use of a culinary figure, jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Mr. Carey received me as book-sellers generally receive authors (I mean authors whom they hope to get but little by): he looked at the title from top to bottom, and then at me from head to foot.—"No, *my lad*," says he, "I don't think it will suit."—*My lad!*—God in heaven forgive me! I believe that, at that moment, I wished for another yellow fever to strike the city; not to destroy the inhabitants, but to furnish me too with *the subject of a pamphlet*, that might make me rich.—Mr. Carey has sold hundreds of the *Observations* since that time, and therefore, I dare say he highly approved of them, when he came to a perusal. At any rate, I must not forget to say, that he behaved honourably in the business; for, he promised not to make known the au-

thor, and he certainly kept his word, or the discovery would not have been reserved for the month of June, 1796. This circumstance, considering Mr. Carey's politics, is greatly to his honour, and has almost wiped from my memory that contumelious "*my lad*."

From Mr. Carey I went to Mr. Bradford, and left the pamphlet for his perusal. The next day I went to him to know his determination. He hesitated, wanted to know if I could not make it a little *more popular*, adding that, unless I could, he feared that the publishing of it would endanger *his windows*. *More popular* I could not make it. I never was of an accommodating disposition in my life. The only alteration I would consent to was in the title. I had given the pamphlet the double title of "*The Tartuffe Detected; or, Observations, &c.*" The former was suppressed, though, had I not been pretty certain that every press in the city was as little free as that to which I was sending it, the *Tartuffe Detected* should have remained; for the person on whom it was bestowed merited it much better than the character so named by Molière.

These difficulties, and these fears of the bookseller, at once opened my eyes with respect to the boasted liberty of the press. Because the laws of this country proclaim to the world, that every man may write and publish freely, and because I saw the newspapers filled with vaunts on the subject, I was fool enough to imagine that the press was really free for every one. I had not the least idea, that a man's



windows were in danger of being broken, if he published any thing that was *not popular*. I did, indeed, see the words *liberty* and *equality*, the *rights of man*, the *crimes of kings*, and such like, in most of the bookseller's windows; but I did not know that they were put there to save the glass, as a free republican Frenchman puts a cockade tricolor in his hat to save his head. I was ignorant of all these *arcana* of the liberty of the press.

If it had so happened that one of the Whiskey-Boys had went over to England, and had received addresses from any part of the people there, congratulating him on his escape from a nation of ruffians, and beseeching the Lord that those ruffians might "tread back the paths of *infamy* and *ruin*;" and if this emigrating "*Martyr*" in the cause of Whiskey had echoed back the hypocritical cant, and if he and all his palavering addressers had been detected and exposed by some good American, in London, would not such an American have received the applause of all men of virtue and sense? And what would, or rather what would not, have been said here against the prostituted press of Great Britain, had an English bookseller testified his fears to publish the truth, lest his windows should be dashed in?

The work that it was feared would draw down punishment on the publisher, did not contain one untruth, one anarchical, indecent, immoral, or irreligious expression; and yet the bookseller feared for his windows! For what? Because it was not *popular enough*. A booksel-

ler in a *despotic* state fears to publish a work that is *too popular* and one in a *free* state fears to publish a work that is not *popular enough*. I leave it to the learned philosophers of the "Age of Reason" to determine in which of these states there is the most liberty of the press; for, I must acknowledge, the point is too nice for me: fear is fear, whether inspired by a Sovereign Lord the King, or by a Sovereign People.

I shall be told, that Mr. Bradford's fears were groundless. It may be so; but he ought to be a competent judge of the matter; he must know the extent of the liberty of the press better than I could. He might be mistaken, but that he was sincere appeared clearly from his not putting his name at the bottom of the title page. Even the *Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*, which did not appear till about six months afterwards, was "Published for the Purchasers." It was not till long after the public had fixed the seal of approbation on these pamphlets, that they were honoured with the bookseller's name. It was something curious that the second and third and fourth editions should be entitled to a mark of respect that the first was not worthy of. Poor little innocents! They were thrown on the parish like foundlings; no soul would own them, till it was found that they possessed the gift of bringing in the pence. Another singularity is, they got into better paper as they advanced. So the prudent matron changes the little dirty ragged wench into a fine mademoiselle, as soon as she perceives that the beaux begin to cast their eyes on her.

But, it is time to return, and give the reader an account of my gains. The pecuniary concerns of an author are always the most interesting.

The terms on which Mr. Bradford took the *Observations*, were what booksellers call *publishing it together*. I beg the reader, if he foresees the possibility of his becoming author, to recollect this phrase well. *Publishing it together* is thus managed: the bookseller takes the work, prints it, and defrays all expenses of paper, binding, &c. and the profits, if any, are divided between him and the author. — Long after the *Observations* were sold off, Mr. Bradford rendered me an account (undoubtedly a very just one) of the sales. According to this account, my share of the profits (my share only) amounted to the sum of *one shilling and seven-pence half-penny*, currency of the state of Pennsylvania (or, about eleven-pence three farthings sterling), quite entirely clear of all deductions whatsoever!

Now, bulky as this sum appears in words at length, I presume, that when  $1/7\frac{1}{2}$  is reduced to figures, no one will suppose it sufficient to put a coat upon my back. If my poor back were not too broad to be clothed with such a sum as this, God knows how I should bear all that has been, and is, and is to be, laid on it by the unmerciful democrats. Why!  $1/7\frac{1}{2}$  would not cover the back of a Lilliputian! no, not even in rags, as they sell here.



Besides, this clothing story will at once fall to the ground, when I assure the reader (and Mr. Carey will bear witness to the truth of what I say), that, when I offered this work for publication, I had as good a coat upon my back, as ever Mr. Bradford or any of his brother booksellers put on in their lives; and, what is more, this coat was my own. No tailor nor shoemaker ever had my name in his books.

After the *Observations*, Mr. Bradford and I *published it together* no longer. When a pamphlet was ready for the press, we made a bargain for it, and I took his note of hand, payable in one, two, or three months. That the public may know exactly what gains I have derived from the publications that issued from Mr. Bradford's, I here subjoin a list of them, and the sums received in payment.

	Dols.	Cents.
Observations . . . . .	0	21
Bone to Gnaw, 1st part . . . . .	125	0
Kick for a Bite . . . . .	20	0
Bone to Gnaw, 2d part . . . . .	40	0
Plain English . . . . .	100	0
New Year's Gift . . . . .	100	0
Prospect . . . . .	18	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	403	21
	<hr/>	<hr/>

The best way of giving the reader an idea of the generosity of my bookseller, is, to tell him, that upon my going into business for myself, I offered to purchase the copy-rights of these

pamphlets at the same price that I had sold them at. Mr. Bradford's refusing to sell, is a clear proof that they were worth more than he gave me, even after they had passed through several editions. Let it not be said, then, that he put a coat upon my back.

My concerns with Mr. Bradford closed with *The Prospect from the Congress-Gallery*, and, as our separation has given rise to conjectures and reports, I shall trouble the reader with an explanation of the matter.

I proposed making a mere collection of the debates, with here and there a note by way of remarks. It was not my intention to publish it in Numbers, but at the end of the session, in one volume; but Mr. Bradford, fearing a want of success in this form, determined on publishing in Numbers. This was without my approbation, as was also a subscription that was opened for the support of the work. When about half a Number was finished, I was informed that many gentlemen had expressed their desire, that the work might contain a good deal of original matter, and few debates. In consequence of this, I was requested to alter my plan; I said I would, but that I would by no means undertake to continue the work.

The first Number, as it was called (but not by me), was published, and its success led Mr. Bradford to press for a continuation. His son offered me, I believe, a hundred dollars a Number, in place of eighteen; and, I should have accepted his offer, had it not been for a

word that escaped him during the conversation. He observed, that their customers would be much disappointed, for that, his *father had promised* a continuation, and *that it should be made very interesting*. This flip of the tongue, opened my eyes at once. What! a bookseller undertake to promise that I should write, and that I should write to please his customers too! No; if all his *customers*, if all the Congress, with the President at their head, had come and solicited me; nay, had my life depended on a compliance, I would not have written another line.

I was fully employed at this time, having a translation on my hands for Mr. Moreau de St. Mery as well as another work which took up a great deal of my time; so that, I believe, I should not have published the *Censor*, had it not been to convince the *customers* of Mr. Bradford, that I was not in his pay; that I was not the puppet and he the show-man. That, whatever merits or demerits my writings might have, no part of them fell to his share.

When Mr. Bradford found I was preparing to publish a continuation of the remarks on the debates, he sent me the following note:

“ Sir,

“ Send me your account and a receipt for  
“ the last publication, and your money shall be  
“ sent you by

“ Yours, &c.

“ THO. BRADFORD.”

“ Phila. April 22, 1796.



To this I returned, for answer.

“ Philadelphia, 22d March, 1796.

“ Sir,

“ I have the honour to possess your laconic  
“ note ; but, upon my word, I do not under-  
“ stand it. The requesting of a receipt from a  
“ person, before any tender of money is made,  
“ and the note being dated in April in place of  
“ March ; these things throw such an obscurity  
“ over the whole, that I defer complying with  
“ its contents, till I have the pleasure of seeing  
“ yourself.

“ I am

“ Your most obedient

“ Humble servant,

“ WM. COBBETT.”

This brought me a second note, in these words :

“ Sir,

“ Finding you mean to pursue the *Prospect*,  
“ which you sold to me, I now make a demand of  
“ the *fulfillment* of your contract and if honour  
“ does not prompt you to *fulfill* your engage-  
“ ments, you may rely on an *application* to the

“ laws of my country and make no doubt I  
“ shall there meet you on such grounds as will  
“ convince you I am not to be trifled with.

“ I am

“ Yours, &c.

“ THO. BRADFORD.”

“ March 22, 1796.

Here ended the correspondence, except that it might be said to be continued for about five minutes longer by the hearty laugh, that I bestowed on this *correct* and polite billet.

It is something truly singular, that Mr. Bradford should threaten me with a prosecution for not writing, just at the moment that others threatened me with a prosecution for writing. It seemed a little difficult to set both at open defiance, yet this was done, by continuing to write, and by employing another bookseller.

Indeed these booksellers in general are a cruel race. They imagine that the soul and body of every author that falls into their hands, is their exclusive property. They have adopted the bird-catcher's maxim: “ a bird that can sing, and wont sing, ought to be made sing.” Whenever their devils are out of employment, the drudging goblin of an author must sharpen up his pen, and never think of repose till he is relieved by the arrival of a more profitable job. Then the wretch may remain as undisturbed as

a sleep-mouse in winter, while the stupid dolt whom he has clad and fattened, receives the applause.

I now come to the assertion, that I am, or have been, in the pay of the British government.

In the first place the democrats swear that I have been "frequently visited by a certain Agent," meaning I suppose Mr. Bond: to this I answer, that it is an abominable lie. I never saw Mr. Bond but three times in my life, and then I had business with him as the interpreter of Frenchmen, who wanted certificates from him, in order to secure their property in the conquered colonies. I never in my life spoke to, corresponded with, or even saw, to my knowledge, either of the British Ministers, or any one of their retinue. Mr. Bradford once told me, that Mr. Allen, the father-in-law of Mr. Hammond, said he was acquainted with me. If this gentleman did really say so, he joked, or he told a lie; for he never saw me in his life, that I know of.

A little while after the New Year's Gift was published, an attack was made in the *Argus* of New York, on the supposed author of it; in consequence of which, this supposed author, or some one in his behalf, took occasion to observe in Mr. Claypoole's paper, that it was uncandid to attribute to a gentleman of irreproachable character, what was well known to be the work of a democrat. I had a great mind to say at that time, what I shall now say;



and that is, that let this gentleman be who he will, I think myself as good as he, and of as good a character too; and that, as to the dishonour attached to the publication, I am willing to take it all to myself.

It is hard to prove a negative; it is what no man is expected to do; yet, I think I can prove, that the accusation of my being in British pay is not supported by one single fact, or the least shadow of probability.

When a foreign government hires a writer, it takes care that his labours shall be distributed, whether the readers are all willing to pay for them or not. This we daily see verified in the distribution of certain blasphemous gazettes, which, though kicked from the door with disdain, flies in at the window. Now, has this ever been the case with the works of Peter Porcupine? Were they ever thrust upon people in spite of their remonstrances? Can Mr. Bradford say that thousands of these pamphlets have ever been paid for by any agent of Great Britain? Can he say that I have ever distributed any of them? No; he can say no such thing. They had, at first, to encounter every difficulty, and they have made their way supported by public approbation, and by that alone. Mr. Bradford, if he is candid enough to repeat what he told me, will say, that the British Consul, when he purchased half a dozen of them, insisted upon having them *at the wholesale price!* Did this look like a desire to encourage them? Besides, those who know any thing of Mr. Bradford, will never believe, that he would have lent his

aid to a British Agent's publications; for, of all the Americans I have yet conversed with, he seems to entertain the greatest degree of rancour against that nation.

I have every reason to believe, that the British Consul was far from approving of some, at least, of my publications. I happened to be in a bookseller's shop, unseen by him, when he had the goodness to say, that I was a "*wild fellow*." On which I shall only observe, that when the King bestows on me about five hundred pounds sterling a year, perhaps, I may become a *tame fellow*, and hear my master, my countrymen, my friends and my parents, belied and execrated, without saying one single word in their defence.

Had the Minister of Great Britain employed me to write, can it be supposed that he would not furnish me with the means of living well, without becoming the retailer of my own works? Can it be supposed that he would have suffered me ever to appear on the scene? It must be a very poor king that he serves, if he could not afford me more than I can get by keeping a book-shop. An Ambassador from a king of the Gypsies could not have acted a meaner part. What! where was all the "gold of Pitt?" That gold which tempted, according to the democrats, an American Envoy to sell his country, and two-thirds of the Senate to ratify the bargain: that gold which, according to the Convention of France, has made one half of that nation cut the throats of the other half; that potent gold could not keep Peter

Porcupine from standing behind a counter to sell a pen-knife, or a quire of paper!

Must it not be evident, too, that the keeping of a shop would take up a great part of my time? Time that was hardly worth a paying for at all, if it was not of higher value than the profits on a few pamphlets. Every one knows that the Cenfor has been delayed on account of my entering on business; would the Minister of Great Britain have suffered this, had I been in his pay? No; I repeat, that it is downright stupidity to suppose, that he would ever have suffered me to appear at all, had he even felt in the least interested in the fate of my works, or the effect they might produce. He must be sensible, that, seeing the unconquerable prejudices existing in this country, my being known to be an Englishman would operate weightily against whatever I might advance. I saw this very plainly myself; but, as I had a living to get, and as I had determined on this line of business, such a consideration was not to awe me into idleness, or make me forego any other advantages that I had reason to hope I should enjoy.

The notion of my being in British pay arose from my having now-and-then taken upon me to attempt a defence of the character of that nation, and of the intentions of its government towards the United States. But, have I ever teased my readers with this, except when the subject necessarily demanded it? And if I have given way to my indignation when a hypocritical political divine attempted to degrade



my country, or when its vile calumniators called it " an infular Baftile," what have I done more than every good man in my place would have done? What have I done more than my duty; than obeyed the feelings of my heart? When a man hears his country reviled, does it require that he should be paid for speaking in its defence?

Befides, had my works been intended to introduce British influence, they would have assumed a more conciliating tone. The author would have flattered the people of this country, even in their exceffes; he would have endeavoured to gain over the enemies of Britain by smooth and soothing language; he would have " stooped to conquer;" he would not, as I have done, rendered them hatred for hatred, and fcorn for fcorn.

My writings, the first pamphlet excepted, have had no other object than that of keeping alive an attachment to the Conftitution of the United States and the ineflimable man who is at the head of the government, and to paint in their true colours thofe who are the enemies of both; to warn the people, of all ranks and descriptions, of the danger of admitting among them, the anarchical and blafphemous principles of the French revolutionifts, principles as oppofite to thofe of liberty as hell is to heaven. If, therefore, I have written at the inftance of a British agent, that agent muft moft certainly deserve the thanks of all the real friends of America. But, fay fome of the half democrats, what right have you to meddle

with the defence of our government at all?—The same right that you have to exact my obedience to it, and my contribution towards its support. Several Englishmen, not so long in the country as I had been, served in the militia against the western rebels, and, had I been called on, I must have served too. Surely a man has a right to defend with his pen, that which he may be compelled to defend with a musquet.

As to the real, bloody, cut-throats, they carry their notion of excluding me from the use of the press still further. “While” (says one of them) “While I am a friend to the “*unlimited* freedom of the press, when exercised by *an American*, I am an implacable foe to its prostitution to a *foreigner*, and would at any time assist in hunting out of society, any meddling foreigner who should dare to interfere in our politics. I hope the apathy of our *brethren* of Philadelphia will no longer be indulged, and that an exemplary *vengeance* will soon burst upon the head of such a presumptuous fellow.—*Justice*, *honour*, national *gratitude*, all call for it.—May it no longer be delayed.

“*An American.*”

Are not you, Mr. Swanwick, the President of the Emigration Society? Well, then, Sir, as your institution is said to be for the information of persons emigrating from foreign countries, be so good as to insert the little extract, above quoted, in your next dispatches for a cargo of emigrants. Above all, Sir, be sure

to tell those who are disposed to emigrate from England, those martyrs in the cause of liberty; be sure to tell them that this is the land of *equal* liberty; that here, and here alone, they will find the true unlimited freedom of the press, but that, if they dare to make use of it, "*justice, honour, national gratitude*, will call for "*exemplary vengeance* on their heads."

I should not have noticed this distinction between *foreigners* and *Americans*, had I not perceived, that several persons, who are, generally speaking, friends to their country, seem to think that it was impertinent in me to meddle with the politics here, because I was an Englishman. I would have these good people to recollect, that the laws of this country hold out, to foreigners, an offer of all that liberty of the press which Americans enjoy, and that, if this liberty be abridged, by whatever means it may be done, the laws and the constitution and all together is a mere cheat; a snare to catch the credulous and enthusiastic of every other nation; a downright imposition on the world. If people who emigrate hither have not a right to make use of the liberty of the press, while the natives have, it is very ill done to call this a country of *equal* liberty. *Equal*, above all epithets, is the most improper that can be applied to it; for, if none but Americans have access to the press, they are the masters and foreigners are their subjects, nay their slaves. An honourable and comfortable situation upon my word! The emigrants from some countries may be content with it, perhaps: I would not say, that the "Martyrs in the cause



“ of liberty” from England, would not quietly bend beneath the yoke, as, indeed, they are in duty bound to do; but, for my part, who have not the ambition to aspire to the crown of martyrdom, I must and I will be excused. Either the laws shall be altered, or I will continue to avail myself of the liberty that they held out to me, and that partly tempted me to the country. When an act is passed for excluding Englishmen from exercising their talents, and from promulgating what they write, then will I desist; but, I hope, when that time arrives, no act will be passed to prevent people from emigrating back again.

Before I conclude, it seems necessary to say a word or two about the miserable shift, which the democrats have had recourse to, respecting the infamous letter of *Citizen Hint*. They now pretend, that I fabricated it myself, though I have publicly declared, that it was delivered into my hands by a gentleman of reputation, whose name I have mentioned. Can any one be stupid enough to imagine, that I would, particularly at this time, have run the risk of being detected in such a shameful business? And, how could it have been undertaken without running that risk? Had I written it myself, there would have been my hand-writing against me, and had I employed another, that other might have betrayed me; he might have ruined me in the opinion of all those, whom it is my interest as well as my pride to be esteemed by; or, at best, I should have been at his mercy for ever afterwards.

Besides the great risk of detection, let any one point out, if he can, what end I could propose to myself by such a device. As to making my shop and myself known, I presume I did not stand in need of a scare-crow, to effect that, when the kind democrats themselves had published to the whole Union, that I had taken the house in which I live, for the purpose of retailing my "poison," as they called it, and had even had the candour to tell the world, that I had paid my rent in advance.\* They affect to believe, sometimes, that the letter was a mere trick to bring in the pence, and, in one of their latest paragraphs, they call me a

\* It was to Mr. Franklin Bache's creditable and incorruptible Gazette, that I was indebted for this volunteer advertisement. This was generous in a declared foe; but those will not be astonished at the editor's candour and *tolerating principles*, who are acquainted with the following anecdote.

*From the European Magazine, for Sept. 1795.  
page 156.*

"When Voltaire arrived at Paris, an interview took place between him and Franklin. After the first compliments, which by the way were more adulative than comported with the character of an American, and above all of a stern Republican, the Doctor presented his grandson to Voltaire, in soliciting for him his  *blessing*. The philosopher of impiety relished the pleasantry; and to render the farce complete, he rose from his chair, and with a patriarchal air, laid his hands on the head of *the child*, and solemnly pronounced, in a loud voice, these three words: *God, Liberty, and Toleration*. All the pious were shocked at the American, who, they said, burlesqued Religion in asking the  *blessing* of Voltaire."

“ catch-penny author.” But, let them recollect, that I am now a bookseller, whose trade it is to get money; and if I am driven to such shifts as the Scare-Crow, to get a living, let them reconcile this circumstance with their assertions concerning my being liberally paid by Great Britain. A man in British pay, rolling in “ the Gold of Pitt,” could certainly never be so reduced as to venture every thing for the sake of collecting a few eleven-penny bits. It is the misfortune of the democrats ever to furnish arguments against themselves.

Those who reason upon the improbability of the democrat’s sending the threatening letter, do not recollect the extract I have above quoted from the *Aurora*, in which the People of Philadelphia are called upon to murder me, and are told, that “ *justice, honour, and national gratitude demand it.*” Is it very improbable that men, capable of writing paragraphs like this, should, upon finding the people deaf to their *honourable* insinuations, attempt to intimidate my landlord by a cut-throat letter?

Their great object is to silence me, to this all their endeavours point: lies, threats, spies and informers, every engine of Jacobinical invention is played off. I am sorry to tell them, that it is all in vain, for I am one of those whose obstinacy increases with opposition.

I have now to apologize to my indulgent reader, for having taken up so much of his



time with subjects relating chiefly to myself. The task, has, to me, been a very disagreeable one; but it was become necessary, as well for the vindication of my own character as for the satisfaction of my friends; yes, in spite of envy, malice and falsehood, I say, my numerous and respectable friends, who, I trust, will be well pleased to find, that there is nothing in the history of Peter Porcupine to raise a blush for the commendations they have bestowed on his works, or to render them unworthy of their future support.

E N D.

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P O R C U P I N E's

# POLITICAL CENSOR,

For Sept. 1796.

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P H I L A D E L P H I A :

Published by William Cobbett, opposite Christ Church ;  
Where all letters to the Publisher are desired to be  
addressed, Post-paid.





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PORCUPINE'S  
POLITICAL CENSOR,

For SEPTEMBER, 1796.

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L I F E  
O F  
THOMAS PAINE,

Interpersed with Remarks and Reflections.

---

*" A Life that's one continu'd scene  
" Of all that's infamous and mean."*

---

CHURCHILL.

**B**IOGRAPHICAL memoirs of persons, famous for the great good or the great mischief they have done, are so sure to meet with a favourable reception in print, that it has long been subject of astonishment, that none of the disciples of Paine should ever have thought of obliging the world with an account of his life. His being of mean birth could form no reasonable objection: when the life of his hero is spotless, the biographer feels a pride as well as a pleasure in tracing him from the penurious shed to the pinnacle of renown. Besides,

those from whom we might have expected the history of Old Common Sense, are professed admirers of all that is of low and even base extraction. They are continually boasting of the superior virtues of their "democratic floor," as they call it; it, therefore, seems wonderful, that they should have neglected giving an instance of this superiority in the life of their *virtuous* leader.

This unaccountable negligence of Paine's friends has, in some measure, been compensated by the diligence of the friends of order and religion. His life was published in London, in 1793; but, like most other works calculated to stem the torrent of popular prejudice, it has never found admittance into the American press. I am afraid it will be a lasting reproach on those, into whose hands this press has fallen, that while thousands upon thousands of that blasphemous work, "the Age of Reason," were struck off, the instant it arrived in the country, not a single copy of the life and crimes of the blasphemer, so fit to counteract his diabolical efforts, was printed in the whole Union.

This little pamphlet has, at last, fallen into my hands, and were I to delay communicating it to the public, I should be unworthy of that liberty of the press, which, in spite of lying pamphlets and threatening letters, I am determined to enjoy, while I have types and paper at my command.

The reader must observe that this account of Paine's Life, is an abstract of his life, a larger work written by *Francis Oldys*, A. M. of the University

of Pennsylvania, and published by Mr. Stockdale of London. The following extract is taken from the London Review of the work——“ A more cogent reason cannot be given for this publication, than that which is assigned by the writer of Mr. Paine’s Life, in the following short exordium.—  
*It has been established by the reiterated suffrage of mankind, that the lives of those persons, who have either performed useful actions, or neglected essential duties, ought to be recounted, as much for an example to the present age as for the instruction of future times.*——THOMAS PAIN\* (proceed the Reviewers) is placed precisely in this predicament. His actions have stamped him a public character, and from his public conduct, much useful information and instruction may be derived. In his transactions as a private individual, we find the records of villainy in various shapes, not imposing upon mankind under any impenetrable mask, or close-wrought veil, but, almost from the beginning, openly and avowedly practised in the broad face of day. The facts on which he stands convicted by his Biographer are not lightly stated, but are supported by authentic documents and substantiated by evidence.”

I shall detain the reader here but a moment, to observe, that these Reviewers were, and are, the

\* “ In a note, we are informed by Mr. Oldys, that this is the real name; and that his fictitious name is *Paine* with a final *e*; for that his father’s name was *Pain*; his own name was *Pain* when he married, when he corresponded with the excise, and when he first appeared in America. But finding some inconvenience in his real name, or seeing some advantage in a fictitious one, he thus changed the name of his family; and he thus exercised a freedom which the great enjoy for honourable ends.”



partizans of Paine, rather than otherwise; and that, in many parts of their review, they have attempted to palliate his crimes.

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‘ The following abstract of the Life of *Paine*, by Mr. *Oldys* of *Philadelphia*, will perhaps be acceptable to the world; as every fact in it, is, by the confession of Paine himself, of his friends, and of his enemies, undeniably authentic.’\*

‘ THOMAS PAINE was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk (in England), on the 29th of January, 1736-7. His father was Joseph Pain, a staymaker by trade, and of the sect of the Quakers. His mother, Frances Cocke, daughter of an attorney at Thetford, and of the established Church.

‘ By some accident, probably arising from the disagreement of his parents in their religious sentiments, the son was never baptized. He was, however, confirmed at the usual age, by the Bishop of Norwich, through the care of his aunt, Mistress Cocke.’

‘ At the free-school of Thetford, under Mr. Knowles, young Paine was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The expense of his edu-

\* That part of this essay which the reader finds thus marked with inverted commas, is taken from the printed copy. The rest, whether good or bad, whether republican or anti-republican, I am ready to take upon myself.

‘ cation was defrayed by his father, with some assistance from his mother’s relations.—At the age of thirteen, he became his father’s apprentice, in the trade of a staymaker. At this employment he continued for five years; although he, himself, forgetful or regardless of the truth, has, in the second part of the Rights of Man, related, that he entered, at the age of sixteen, on board the *Terrible* privateer, Captain Death; which was not fitted out till some years afterwards.’

‘ He went, at the age of nineteen, to try his fortune in London; where he worked for some time with Mr. *Morris*, an eminent staymaker in Hanover-street, Long-acre.—After a very short stay in this situation, he repaired to Dover; and there obtained employment with Mr. *Grace*, a respectable staymaker. While Paine remained here, an attachment began between him and Miss Grace, his master’s daughter: in consequence of which, Mr. Grace was induced to lend our adventurer ten pounds, to enable him to settle as a master-staymaker at Sandwich.’

‘ He settled at Sandwich in April, 1759; but forgot to repay the ten pounds, or to fulfil the marriage, in expectation of which the money had been advanced to him.—Here, it seems, he took up his lodging in the market-place; and formed a little congregation, to whom he preached, in his lodging, as *an independent minister*.’

‘ In the mean time, he fell in love with a pretty, modest, young woman, *Mary Lambert*, daughter of James Lambert; who with his wife Mary, had come to *Sittingbourne* as an exciseman, before

‘ the year 1736 ; but, having been dismissed for  
 ‘ misconduct, had opened a shop, and acted, be-  
 ‘ sides, as bum-bailiff of Sittingbourne. Both father  
 ‘ and mother were by this time dead, in indigent  
 ‘ circumstances; and the daughter was now wait-  
 ‘ ing-woman to Mrs. Solly, wife of Richard Solly,  
 ‘ an eminent woollen-draper at Sandwich.—Mary  
 ‘ Lambert and Thomas Paine were married on the  
 ‘ 27th of September, 1759. Although he was only  
 ‘ twenty-two, and she twenty-one years of age, yet  
 ‘ by the scars of disease, or by the native harsh-  
 ‘ ness of his features, he appeared at the time of  
 ‘ the marriage so much older than she, that the  
 ‘ good women of Sandwich expressed their asto-  
 ‘ nishment, that *so fine a girl should marry so old*  
 ‘ *a fellow.*’

‘ Thomas, soon after the marriage, finding him-  
 ‘ self somehow disappointed, began to maltreat his  
 ‘ wife. Little more than two months had passed,  
 ‘ when this became visible to the whole town. By  
 ‘ Mrs. Solly’s aid, their poverty was occasionally  
 ‘ relieved. From the furnished lodging in which  
 ‘ Paine had hitherto lived, the young couple soon  
 ‘ removed to a house, for which they, with some  
 ‘ difficulty, obtained furniture upon credit. But  
 ‘ he having contracted debts which he was un-  
 ‘ able to discharge, our adventurer, with his wife,  
 ‘ found themselves obliged to take what is called  
 ‘ in Scotland, a *moonlight flitting* ; and, on the night  
 ‘ between the seventh and eighth of April, 1760,  
 ‘ they set out from Sandwich to Margate ; Thomas  
 ‘ carrying with him the furniture which he had  
 ‘ purchased on credit, a stove belonging to his  
 ‘ house, and the stays of a customer. The stays



‘ were recovered from him by a timely claim. He  
 ‘ sold the furniture by auction at Margate.—The  
 ‘ sale of goods obtained upon credit on a false pre-  
 ‘ text, is a crime that was formerly punished by  
 ‘ exposure on the pillory, which has since been  
 ‘ changed for transportation.’

At this place, the reader will undoubtedly call to mind Paine’s vehement sallies against the English penal code. All the *patriots* look upon law-givers, judges, juries, and the whole suite of justice, as their mortal enemies. “Inhuman wretches,” says Tom, “that are leagued together to rob Man of his “ Rights, and with them of his existence.” This is like the thief, who, when about to receive sentence of death, protested he would swear the peace against the judge, for that he verily believed he had a design upon his life.—Reader, while you live, suspect those tender-hearted fellows who shudder at the name of the gallows. When you hear a man loud against the severity of the laws, set him down for a rogue.

‘ From Margate, Paine returned to London.  
 ‘ His wife set out with him : but her subsequent  
 ‘ fate is not well known. Some say that she perished  
 ‘ ed on the road, by ill usage and a premature  
 ‘ birth : others, in consequence of diligent in-  
 ‘ quiry, believe her to be still alive ; although the  
 ‘ obscurity of her retreat prevents ready discovery.’

Now, who that reads this, does not feel a desire to kick the scoundrel of a stay-maker, for exclaiming against aristocracy, because, as he pretends, its laws and customs are cruel and unnatural ?—

“ With what kind of parental reflections,” says the hypocrite in his Rights of Man, “ can the father and mother contemplate their tender offspring ?—To restore parents to their children and children to their parents, relations to each other, and man to society, the French Constitution has destroyed the law of primogenitureship.” —Is not this fine cant to entrap the unsuspecting vulgar ? Who would not imagine that the soul which pours itself forth in joy for the restoration of all these dear relatives to each other, was made up of constancy and tenderness ? Who would suspect the man whose benevolence is thus extended to foreigners, whom he never saw, of being a brutal and savage husband and an unnatural father ?—Do you ask, “ with what kind of parental reflections the father and mother can contemplate their tender offspring ?”—Hypocritical monster ! with what kind of reflections did you contemplate the last agonies of a poor, weak, credulous woman, who had braved the scoffs of the world, who had abandoned every thing for your sake, had put her all in your possession, and who looked up to you, and you alone, for support ?

Paine’s humanity, like that of all the reforming philosophers of the present enlightened day, is of the speculative kind. It never breaks out into action. Hear these people, and you would think them overflowing with the milk of human kindness. They stretch their benevolence to the extremities of the globe : it embraces every living creature—except those who have the misfortune to come in contact with them. They are all citizens of the world : country and friends and re-

lations are unworthy the attention of men who are occupied in rendering all mankind happy and free.

I ever suspect the sincerity of a man whose discourse abounds in expressions of universal philanthropy. Nothing is easier than for a person of some imagination to raise himself to a swell of sentiment, without the aid of one single feeling of the heart. Rousseau, for instance, is everlastingly babbling about his *genre humain* (human race) and his “*coeur aimant et tendre*” (tender and loving heart). He writes for the human race, his heart bleeds for the distresses of the human race, and, in the midst of all this, he sends his unfortunate bastards to the poor-house, the receptacle of misery ! Virtuous and tender-hearted and sympathetic Rousseau ! Certainly nothing is so disgusting as this, except it be to see the humane and sentimental Sterne wiping away a tear at the sight of a dead jack-ass, while his injured wife and child were pining away their days in a nunnery, and while he was debauching the wife of his friend.\*

‘ In July, 1761, Thomas returned, without her  
‘ to his father’s house——Having been unsuccessful  
‘ ful in the business of a stay-maker, he was now

\* Sterne’s writings are most admirably calculated to destroy the morals of the youth of both sexes ; but it was reserved for some of the printers in the United States to give those writings the finishing touch. What the lewd author was ashamed to do, they have done for him. They have explained his *double entendres* and *filthy inuendos* by a set of the most bawdy cuts that ever disgraced the pencil.—I was shown a copy of the *Sentimental Journey* in this style at the shop of Citizen Thomas Bradford of Philadelphia, the only place in the city, I believe, where it is to be had.



‘ willing to leave it for the excise. In the excise, after fourteen months of study and trials, he was established on the 1st of December, 1762, at the age of twenty-five. The kindness of Mr. Cockledge, recorder of Thetford, procured for him this appointment. He was sent, as a supernumerary, first to Grantham; and on the 8th of August, 1764, to Alford.—Being detected in some misconduct, he was, on the 27th of August 1765, dismissed from his office.’

‘ In this state of wretchedness and disgrace, he repaired to London a third time. Here charity supplied him with clothes, money, and lodging; till he was, on the 11th of July, 1766, restored to the excise, although not to immediate employment.—For support, in the mean time, he engaged himself for a salary of five and twenty pounds a year, in the service of Mr. Noble; who keeping an academy in Lemon-street, Goodman’s Fields, wanted an usher to teach English, and walk out with the children. He won nobody’s favour in this family: and, at Christmas, left the service of Mr. Noble for that of Mr. Gardner, who then taught a reputable school at Kenfington. With Mr. Gardner he continued only three months.—He would now willingly have taken orders; but, being only an English scholar, could not obtain the certificate of his qualifications previously necessary. Being violently moved, however, with the spirit of preaching, he wandered about for a while as an itinerant Methodist; and, as urged by his necessities, or directed by his spirit, preached in

‘ Moorfields, and in various populous places in  
 ‘ England.’

‘ At length, in March, 1768, he again obtained  
 ‘ employment in his calling of an excise-officer ;  
 ‘ and was sent in this capacity, to Lewes in Suf-  
 ‘ sex.—He was now, at the age of thirty-one,  
 ‘ ambitious of shining as a *jolly fellow* among his  
 ‘ companions ; yet, without restraining his fullen,  
 ‘ overbearing temper ; although to the neglect of  
 ‘ his duty as an excise-man. By his intrepidity  
 ‘ in water and on ice, he gained the appellation  
 ‘ of *Commodore*. He had gone to live with Mr.  
 ‘ Samuel Ollive, a tobacconist ; and in his house,  
 ‘ he continued till that worthy man’s death. Mr.  
 ‘ Ollive died in bad circumstances ; leaving a wi-  
 ‘ dow, one daughter, and several sons. For some  
 ‘ dishonest intermeddling with the effects of his  
 ‘ deceased landlord, Paine was turned out of the  
 ‘ house by Mr. Atterfol, the executor. But, being  
 ‘ more favourably regarded by the widow and  
 ‘ daughter, he was received again by them in 1770.  
 ‘ He soon after commenced grocer ; opening  
 ‘ Ollive’s shop in his own name. He, at the same  
 ‘ time, worked the tobacco mill on his own behalf ;  
 ‘ and, regardless of the regulations of the excise,  
 ‘ and of his duty as an excise-officer, for several  
 ‘ years continued this trade, engaging, without  
 ‘ scruple, in smuggling practices, in order to ren-  
 ‘ der it lucrative.

‘ In 1771, at the age of thirty-four, he again  
 ‘ ventured on matrimony. Elizabeth Ollive, the  
 ‘ daughter of his late landlord, whom he now mar-  
 ‘ ried, was a handsome and worthy woman, eleven

' years younger than himself; and, had it not been  
 ' for her unfortunate attachment to him, might  
 ' have married to much greater advantage.—Upon  
 ' the occasion of this second marriage, Thomas  
 ' Paine thought proper to represent himself as a  
 ' bachelor, although he must have known that he  
 ' was either a widower,—or, indeed, if his former  
 ' wife was then alive, a married man;—and al-  
 ' though the marriage act has declared it to be  
 ' felony, without benefit of clergy, for a person  
 ' thus wilful, to make a false entry on the register.  
 ' ———In the same year, Paine first commenced au-  
 ' thor.—*Rumbold*, candidate for New Shoreham,  
 ' required a song to celebrate the patriotism and  
 ' the conviviality of the occasion. Paine produced  
 ' one, which was accepted, and rewarded with  
 ' three guineas.—His poetical honours he seems  
 ' to have afterwards forgotten; for, in 1779, he  
 ' asserted in the news-papers, that, till the appear-  
 ' ance of his *Common Sense*, he had never published  
 ' a syllable.'

' By a certain boldness and bustle of character,  
 ' although without the recommendation of honest-  
 ' ty, he had become a sort of chief among the ex-  
 ' cise-men. They began about this time to be dis-  
 ' satisfied, that their salaries were not augmented  
 ' with the increase of the national wealth, of the  
 ' public revenue, and of the price of the necessaries  
 ' of life. Citizen Paine undertook to write their  
 ' *Case*; and, in 1772, produced an octavo pam-  
 ' phlet of one and twenty pages, containing an *In-*  
 ' *troduction*; *The State of the Salary of the Officers*  
 ' *of Excise*; and *Thoughts on the Corruption arising*  
 ' *from the Poverty of Excise-Officers*. Of this pam-



‘ phlet four thousand copies were printed. A contribution was made by the excise-men, to supply the expenses attending the solicitation of their cases. Paine bustled about, as their agent, in London, in the winter of 1773. But nothing was done; and although liberally paid by his employers, he forgot to pay his printer.’

‘ In his attention to the common cause of the excisemen, he had neglected his own private affairs. His credit failed. He sunk into difficulties and distress; and, in this situation, made a bill of sale of his whole effects to Mr. Whitfield, a considerable grocer at Lewes, and his principal creditor. Mr. Whitfield, seeing no prospect of payment, took possession of the premises, and, in April, 1774, disposed of them as his own. The other creditors, thinking themselves outwitted by Whitfield, and cheated by Paine, had recourse to the rigours of law. Paine sought concealment for a time in the cock-loft of the White-horse-inn.’

‘ About the same time, he was again dismissed from the excise. His carelessness of the duties of his office—dealing as a grocer in exciseable articles—buying smuggled tobacco, as a grinder of snuff—and conniving at others for the concealment of it himself—could no longer be overlooked or excused. His dismissal took place on the 8th of April, 1774. He petitioned to be restored, but without success.’

Reader, how often have I observed, that disappointment, and refusal of favours asked from government, are the great sources of what is now-a-

days called patriotifm ? Here we are arrived at the caufe of Tom Paine's mortal enmity to the Britifh government. Had his humble petition been granted ; had he been reftored to his office, he might, and undoubtedly would, have ftigmatized the Americans as rebels and traitors. He would have probably been among the fuppleft tools of Lord North, inftead of being the champion of American Independence.

Who, after reading this, will believe that he was actuated by laudable motives, when he wrote againft taxation ; when he called the excife a hell-born monfter ? He long was, you fee, an advocate for this hell-born monfter, and even one of its choice minifters, and fuch would he have been to this day, had not his *petition* been rejected. What, Thomas ! Petition to be one of the under-devils of a hell-born monfter !

Whatever may be the fervices which his vindictive pen rendered to the caufe of the United States, the people of this country owe him no tribute of gratitude, any more than they do to the pretended friendship of the French court, or nation. Both had the fame objects in view : the furthering of their interefts and glutting of their revenge. They looked upon the revolted colonifts as their tools, and if America profited by their interference, it was owing to the wifdom of her councils, and not to their good-will.

When patriot Tom began his career in America, it was affuredly very neceffary for him to affert, that, till the appearance of his *Common*

*Sense*, he had never published a single syllable; for, it would have looked a little awkward to see that work coming from the pen of a discarded excise officer, who had petitioned for a reinstatement in his oppressive office. Not a whit less awkward does it now appear, to hear clamours against the expenses of the British government coming from the very man who would willingly have added to those expenses by an augmentation of his own salary. He tells the poor people of Great Britain, that their "hard-earned pence are wrung" "from them by the king and his ministers;" yet, we see, that he wished a little more to be wrung from them, when he expected a share.—Disinterested and compassionate soul!

The English Clergy, too, and the tithes they receive, have been considerable objects of Thomas's out-cry. Those battering-rams, called the Rights of Man, have been directed against these with their full force. But what would the hypocrite have said, had he been able to slip within the walls of the church? Like Dr. Priestley, Tom looks upon tithes as oppressive, merely because he is not a rector.

How little his attempt to obtain Holy Orders (sacrilegious monster!) and his Methodist preaching agree with the opinions expressed in his "Age of Reason," I shall notice, when I come to that epoch in his life, when he found it convenient to throw aside the mask, and become an open blasphemer; but I cannot quit him in this place, without observing on the remarkable similarity in the career of Tom and that of *Old John Swan-*



wick. Both had paid off their debts in England with a sponge, both had been field preachers, and both had been excise officers, when the American war broke out : at this moment they separated. After having gone side by side during their whole lives, they steered a course directly opposite to each other. Paine became a flaming patriot, while Swanwick remained a royalist.—How came this ? Why, Swanwick was still in office, whereas, poor Tom was dismissed. Had Swanwick been dismissed and Paine in office, Tom would have followed the British waggons to New-York, and Swanwick would, probably, have written *Common Sense*.

With the reader's permission, I will just step aside from my subject, to ask, how it happened, that Citizen John Swanwick, now one of the august representatives of the city of which I have the honour to be an inhabitant, came to be a staunch whig, while his respectable sire was as zealous a waggon-master as any in the Royal army ? Mr. Swanwick was, I presume, too young, at that time, to perceive the amazing advantage that a citizen enjoys over a subject ; and, as he professes a great deal of filial piety, one may reasonably suppose, that he would have followed the fortunes of his father, had not his remaining behind been in consequence of a concerted plan. This is a stroke of domestic policy, which has been often practised in ticklish times, but never with more complete success than in the present instance. The father was a *faithful subject* and the son a *firm patriot* ; the father sang *God save the king*, and the son *Yankey-doodle* ; the father got a pen-

*son and the son a seat in Congress.*—I could continue a little further here, but it is time to return to our old broken exciseman.

‘ Amid this knavery and mismanagement, Paine  
 ‘ had not distinguished himself by conjugal tenderness to his second wife. He had now lived with  
 ‘ her three years and a half, and, besides cruelly  
 ‘ beating, had otherwise treated her wilfully and  
 ‘ shamefully, in a manner which would excite the  
 ‘ indignation and resentment of every virtuous  
 ‘ married woman ; and which must ensure to him  
 ‘ the detestation of every honourable man. From  
 ‘ an attention to the known delicacy and modesty  
 ‘ of our fair country-women, we forbear, in this  
 ‘ abstract, to state the particulars, though they are  
 ‘ published at length in Mr. Oldys’s pamphlet.—  
 ‘ The consequence of all this was a separation between him and his wife, upon the conditions of  
 ‘ her paying her husband thirty-five pounds sterling, and his agreeing to claim no part of whatever property she might thereafter acquire.

‘ Paine now retired to London ; but would not  
 ‘ leave his wife in peace till they had mutually entered into new articles of separation ; in which  
 ‘ it was declared on his part, that *he no longer found*  
 ‘ *a wife a convenience*, and on hers, that *she had*  
 ‘ *too long suffered the miseries of such a husband.*’

This is the kind and philanthropic Tom Paine, who sets up such a piteous howl about the cruelty and tyranny of kings !—“ I have known many of  
 ‘ those bold champions for liberty, in my time,”

says the good old Vicar of Wakefield, "yet do I  
 "not remember one who was not in his heart and  
 "in his family a tyrant." What Dr. Johnson observes of Milton, may with justice be applied to every individual of the king-killing crew: "he  
 "looked upon woman as made only for obedience and man only for rebellion." I would request the reader to look round among his acquaintance, and see if this observation does not everywhere hold good; see if there be one among the yelping kennel of modern patriots, who is not a bad husband, father, brother, or son. The same pride and turbulence of spirit that lead them to withhold every mark of respect and obedience from their superiors, lead them also to tyrannize over those who are so unfortunate as to be subjected to their will. The laws of nature will seldom, if ever, be respected by the man who has set those of his country and of decorum at defiance; and from this degree of perversity there is but one step to the defiance of heaven itself. The good citizen or subject, the good husband, parent and child, and the good Christian, exist together or they exist not at all.

From the circumstances attending Tom's separation from this last wife, we may make a pretty correct calculation of his value as a husband. The poor woman was obliged to pay him thirty-five pounds sterling to get ride of him; so that, a *democratic spouse*, even supposing him to come up to his great leader in worth, is (in Federal currency) just one hundred and fifty-six dollars, sixty-six cents and two thirds of a cent, *worse than nothing*. Oh,



base democracy! Why, it is absolutely worse than street-sweepings, or the filth of common-sewers.

The mob of kings that the poor French have got, have lately set Thomas to writing down the credit of English bank-notes, a task that the dregs of his old brain were quite unequal to. Instead of useless labours of this kind, instead of attempting to write down the Bible and bank-notes, I would recommend to him to oblige the people of his "beloved America," as he calls it, with a statement of the sums necessary to pay off all the democratic husbands in this continent, at the price his own wife fixed on himself; adding to the gross amount as much as would defray the expenses of their transportation to the proper climate, France. Their wives, I dare say, would have no objection to imitate Mrs. Paine, as far as their last farthing would go, and if all wisdom is not banished from within the walls of the Congress, they would never refuse to make up the deficiency.

We have seen enough of Tom as a husband; now let us see what it is to be cursed with such a son.

' Citizen Paine now finding that his notoriously  
' bad character rendered it advisable for him to  
' leave a country where he was known; he had  
' the address to procure a recommendation to the  
' late Dr. Franklin, in America, as a person who  
' might, at such a crisis, be useful there. He ac-  
' cordingly sailed for America in September 1774.'

' The following letter from his mother to his  
' wife, written about this time, proves that she had  
' the distress of knowing his crimes and misfor-

‘tunes, and of feeling for them as a parent naturally feels for a child, wicked or unhappy.’

“DEAR DAUGHTER,

*Thetford, Norfolk, 27th July, 1774.*

“I must beg leave to trouble you with my inquiries concerning my unhappy son and your husband: various are the reports, the which I find come originally from the excise office; such as his vile treatment to you; his secreting upwards of £.30 entrusted with him to manage the petition for advance of salary; and that, since his discharge, he have petitioned to be restored, which was rejected with scorn. Since which, I am told, he have left England. To all which I beg you will be kind enough to answer me by due course of post.—You will not be a little surpris’d at my so strongly desiring to know what is become of him, after I repeat to you his undutiful behaviour to the tenderest of parents: he never asked of us any thing but what was granted, that were in our poor abilities to do; nay, we even distressed ourselves; whose works are given over by old age, to let him have £.20 on bond, and every other tender mark a parent could possibly shew a child; his ingratitude, or want of duty, has been such, that he has not wrote to me upwards of two years.—If the above account be true, I am heartily sorry, that a woman, whose character and amiableness, deserves the greatest respect, love, and esteem, as I have always on inquiry been in-

“ formed yours did, should be tied for life, to the  
 “ worst of husbands.——I am,

“ DEAR DAUGHTER,

“ Your affectionate Mother,

“ F. PAIN.

“ For God’s sake, let me have your answer as  
 “ I am almost distracted.”

‘ He arrived at Philadelphia in the winter of  
 ‘ 1774, a few months before the battle of Lexing-  
 ‘ ton. He was first engaged as shopman, by Mr.  
 ‘ Aitkin, a bookseller in Philadelphia, at the wa-  
 ‘ ges of twenty pounds a year. In November,  
 ‘ 1775, he was employed in a laboratory. He  
 ‘ took great pains in experiments for the purpose  
 ‘ of discovering some cheap, easy, and expeditious  
 ‘ method of making saltpetre. He was also the  
 ‘ proposer of a plan for the voluntary supplying  
 ‘ of the public magazines with gun-powder ; and  
 ‘ earnestly laboured to persuade the inhabitants  
 ‘ of Philadelphia to adopt it.’

‘ On the 10th of January, 1776, was published  
 ‘ his *Common Sense*, an 8vo. pamphlet of sixty-  
 ‘ three pages. This pamphlet was eagerly read,  
 ‘ passed through several editions, and was even  
 ‘ translated into German. Prosecuting the career,  
 ‘ upon which he had thus not unsuccessfully en-  
 ‘ tered, he, on the 19th of December, 1776, pub-  
 ‘ lished, in the *Pennsylvania Journal*, the first num-



‘ber of the *Crisis*, intended, like the former work, to encourage the Americans in their opposition to the British government.—The *Crisis* he continued to publish in occasional numbers, till the 13th and last appeared on the same day on which a cessation of hostilities between America and Britain was proclaimed at Philadelphia, the 19th of April, 1783.’

Thus, we see, that he was hardly arrived in America, when he set about digging up saltpetre for the destruction of his countrymen, the servants of that king whom he himself had served, and whom he would still have served, had he not been dismissed in disgrace. And can any one have the folly to believe, or the impudence to say, that this man was actuated by a love of liberty and America?

The unprincipled, or silly, admirers of Paine, when they hear their hero attacked, never fail to stigmatize his enemies as enemies of the American cause. Their object in doing this is evident enough: but, in the name of common sense, what has the justice or injustice of that cause to do with an inquiry into the actions and motives of Paine? Is a man to be looked upon as regretting that America obtained its independence, merely because he detests a cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous ruffian who once wrote in favour of it? Are the characters of the men who effected the separation from Britain so closely united with that of Paine, that they must stand or fall together? Are the merits of the revolution itself at last to be linked to all that is base and infamous?

No one, not even Congress itself, ever attempted to justify the colonists in their revolt against their sovereign upon any other ground than this: *that they were an oppressed people, unable to obtain a redress of their grievances, without appealing to arms.* Seeing them in this light, we must be careful to exclude from this justification all those subjects of the king, who assisted them without having partaken of the oppression of which they complained. Among the Americans themselves a difference of opinion might, and did prevail: Some looked upon themselves as oppressed, others did not; both parties were fully justified upon the supposition that they acted agreeably to their consciences: but a man like Paine, just landed in the country, could have no oppression to complain of, and, therefore, his hostility against his country admits of no defence. He was a traitor, as were the Priestleys, the Prices and all others of the same description. No good man, however zealous he might be in the revolution, ever respected Paine, of which the coldness and neglect he experienced, as soon as order was re-established, is a certain proof. The faithful citizen, or subject, naturally detests a traitor: it is an impulse that none of us can resist: however we may differ in opinion in other respects, we all agree (to use one of Tom's own expressions) that "a traitor is the foulest fiend on earth."

' In 1777, he was appointed by the Congress,  
' secretary to their committee for foreign affairs.  
' When Silas Deane, commercial agent for the  
' Congress in Europe, was recalled, to make room  
' for William Lee once alderman of London, a

‘ contention ensued between Deane and the fami-  
 ‘ ly of the Lees ; and Paine took part in the con-  
 ‘ troverſy, by attacking Deane. He took occaſion  
 ‘ to involve in the diſpute the famous Robert  
 ‘ Morris, financier of the United States. Morris  
 ‘ interfered againſt him. And Paine was inadver-  
 ‘ tantly provoked to retail, through the channel  
 ‘ of the newspapers, *information which had been*  
 ‘ *communicated to him in his office of ſecretary.* This  
 ‘ information betraying intrigues of the French  
 ‘ court, their ambaffador complained to Congress.  
 ‘ Paine being interrogated, confeſſed himſelf the  
 ‘ author of the newspaper correſpondence in  
 ‘ queſtion, and was, in conſequence, diſmiſſed from  
 ‘ his office.’

What remarks I have to make here, I ſhall pre-  
 face by an extract from Swift’s excellent work,  
 lately published, on the laws of Connecticut,  
 Book V. Chap. vii. Speaking of Paine’s “ baſe-  
 “ neſs in his attack on Chriſtianity by publiſhing  
 “ his *Age of Reaſon*,” Mr. Swift obſerves: “ this  
 “ work is ſaid to be written by Thomas Paine,  
 “ *Secretary for foreign affairs to Congress in the*  
 “ *American War.* Now, the truth is, that during  
 “ ſome period of the American War, Congress  
 “ appointed a committee for foreign affairs, to  
 “ which Paine was ſecretary, but he had no  
 “ power, and performed no duty, but that of  
 “ clerk to the committee ; without any portion  
 “ of the authority, afterwards annexed to the  
 “ office of ſecretary for foreign affairs. From the  
 “ poſt of ſecretary to the committee for foreign  
 “ affairs, he was *diſmiſſed for a ſcandalous breach*  
 “ *of truſt.* What muſt we think of a man, who is



“capable of such a pitiful artifice to gratify his  
“vanity, and render himself important?”

These are not the words of an Englishman, but of a native American, a learned and elegant writer, and a tried friend and servant of his country.

The account given by Mr. Swift of Tom's dismissal, confirms that which is given of it in his life. Both accounts, however, are silent as to the nature of the intrigues which he divulged. As I have heard this matter often spoken of, by my old bookseller and others, I will just repeat what I have heard, without pledging myself for the truth of it.

While Silas Deane was agent under the plenipotentiary administration of Doctor Franklin, at the court of Versailles, these intriguing patriots had the address to procure a present of 200,000 stand of *condemned arms* from the king of France to the American Congress; but, as this was done at a time when the French court had solemnly, though treacherously, engaged not to interfere in the dispute, the *present* was to be kept a secret among the immediate agents. The *condemned arms*, given *as a present*, were, by the *faithful agents*, charged as good ones, and paid for by the United States. Who pocketed the money, was then, and is still a question; but there seems to have been but little doubt of its having undergone a division and a subdivision, as the secret had extended far and wide, before poor Tom was silenced. I have heard more than one American, reputed democrats, curse Dr. Franklin for having misapplied

the money of the country, and I imagine this must be what they allude to. He must certainly have found the philosopher's-stone, if he thus possessed the gift of turning old iron into gold; and, as I do not see, in his will, to whom he bequeathed this precious stone, I would thank his *grand-child* to inform us, in the next number of his polite and patriotic paper, who the happy mortal is.

After having heard these accounts of this dismission, which all agree, let us hear what Thomas says about it himself in the second part of his *Rights of Man*. “After the declaration of Independence, Congress unanimously appointed me *secretary in the foreign department*. But a misunderstanding arising *between Congress and me*, respecting one of their commissioners, then in Europe, Mr. Silas Deane, *I resigned the office.*”

—Was there ever a more pitiful attempt at acquiring reputation than this? He was in England when he wrote thus; he would not have dared to write this passage in America. He calls himself *secretary in the foreign department*, thereby giving to understand that he was a secretary of state in America, as Lord Grenville or the Duke of Portland is in England, and as Mr. Jefferson then was in the United States. *Secretary to the committee* for foreign affairs would have sounded small: it would have made a jingle like that of half-pence, whereas *secretary of state* rang in the ears of his empty-headed disciples, like guineas upon a hollow counter.

“But a misunderstanding arising *between Congress and me.*” Here is another fetch at impor-

tance. "Between Congress and me!" How the London Corresponding Society and affiliated mobs stared at this, I dare say. If his misconduct ever became a subject of discussion before Congress, that was all. A complaint was lodged against him, and Congress dismissed him; but his offence was exposing what should have been kept secret, in writing for the Lees against Silas Deane. How does he twist this into a misunderstanding between Congress and him? As well may the criminal say, he has had a misunderstanding with the judge who condemns him.

"And so I *resigned the office*." Mr. Swift says, and every one in America knows, that he was "*dismissed for a scandalous breach of trust*;" but this would not have been so convenient for the purpose of those infamous combinations of men who had undertaken to spread his works about the three kingdoms. In the courtier's vocabulary, *resigned* has long been synonymous with *dismissed*, *discarded*, and *turned out*, and we see that Thomas, though he rails against courts and courtiers, did not scruple to employ it in the same way.

But there was another reason for substituting *resigned* for *turned out*. He had every reason to believe that his *life* would be published, and he wisely foresaw, that his having been *turned out* of the excise, and again turned out in America, would stagger the faith of some of his profelytes. To be *turned out* by a monarchical government, and afterwards by a republican one, would have been a pretty convincing proof, that he was friendly to no government whatever. I sincerely believe that



he hated, and that he still hates, the general government of the United States (as at present happily established), as much as the government of Great Britain. But it was necessary that he should find out something to hold up to the imitation of the English; no matter what, so as it differed from what they possessed. Being obliged, therefore, to make this use of the American government, he was the more anxious to hide the truth with respect to his *dismissal*; for how awkward would it have looked, at the end of his pompous encomiums on the government of America, to add: *this was the government that turned me out?*

‘ In August 1782, Thomas Paine published a  
 ‘ controversial letter to the Abbè Raynal, in con-  
 ‘ sequence of the latter author’s publication of his  
 ‘ history of the *Revolution of America*. Absurd as  
 ‘ were the general principles which Paine had ad-  
 ‘ vanced in his *Common Sense*, Raynal being in  
 ‘ great distress for want of something to say on  
 ‘ the occasion, had adopted some of them. Paine  
 ‘ reclaimed what was his own, and controverted  
 ‘ much of the rest that the Abbè said.—His next  
 ‘ production was a letter to the Earl of Shelburne,  
 ‘ on the effects likely to arise to Great Britain  
 ‘ from the acknowledged independence of Ame-  
 ‘ rica.’

‘ His labours had not yet received any substan-  
 ‘ tial reward. He, in the mean time, suffered all the  
 ‘ miseries of penury. He now solicited the Ame-  
 ‘ rican Assemblies to grant some recompense for  
 ‘ the services by which he had contributed to the  
 ‘ establishment of their independence. New York

‘ bestowed on him lands of little value at New Rochelle ; Pennsylvania granted him five hundred pounds.’

‘ In the autumn of 1786, he departed for France, after having, at New York, seduced a young woman of a reputable family. In the beginning of the year 1787, he arrived in Paris, and exhibited before the French academy of sciences, the model of a bridge of peculiar construction.’

‘ On the 3d of September, in this same year, Thomas Paine arrived at the *White Bear* in Piccadilly, London, after an absence of thirteen years from Britain.—His old friends recollected him ; although he might have been better satisfied to have been forgotten by some of them.’

‘ Before the end of 1787, he published a pamphlet, intituled *Prospects on the Rubicon*, &c.—In the year 1788, he was busy at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, about the casting of an iron arch for the bridge of which he had presented a model to the French academy. This bridge proved merely an expensive project, by which the contriver was impoverished, and the community not benefited. At Rotherham, his familiarities became disagreeable to the women.’

‘ Through various circumstances, Paine became indebted to Whiteside the American merchant, whom he had employed to receive his remittances, and to furnish his expenses, in the sum of six hundred and twenty pounds. Upon

‘ the bankruptcy of Whiteside, Paine was arrested by order of the assignees, at the White Bear, Piccadilly, on the 29th of October 1789. He remained for three weeks, confined in a spunging-house, till he was at length relieved by the kind interference of two eminent American merchants, Messrs. Clagget and Murdock.’

‘ Meanwhile, Paine had, during his involuntary retirement, listened eagerly to the news of the rising commotions in France. Soon after he was set at liberty, therefore, he crossed the channel, in order to be a nearer spectator of events in which he rejoiced. He returned to England about the time of the publication of Mr. Burke’s pamphlet on the French revolution. His next work was an answer to Mr. Burke, in the first part of his *Rights of Man*.’

‘ This work was published on the 13th of March 1791, by a Mr. Jordan in Fleet-street. Conscious of the seditious falsehoods which he had advanced in it, Paine dreaded even then the inquiries of the King’s messengers, and sought concealment in the house of his friend, Mr. Brand Hollis; while it was industriously given out by those in his secret, that he had hastily departed for Paris.’

‘ The work which caused these fears, was perfectly of that cast, by which superficial readers and thinkers are most readily affected; grossly invective, frequently quibbling, confounding generals with particulars, and particulars with generals, audaciously bold, and speaking the lan-



‘ guage of prevalent prejudices. It was, besides,  
 ‘ warmly recommended to the people by a *Soci-*  
 ‘ *ety*, who took the denomination of *Constitution-*  
 ‘ *al.*’

‘ In the middle of May, after having thus la-  
 ‘ boured to enlighten or confound the British na-  
 ‘ tion, Paine returned to Paris. While *sojourning*  
 ‘ there, he entered into a controversy with Ema-  
 ‘ nuel Syeyes, who had been chiefly active in  
 ‘ framing the new constitution of France ; Syeyes  
 ‘ in defence of that limited monarchy which the  
 ‘ new constitution had established ; Paine, *against*  
 ‘ *the whole hell of monarchy*,—to use his own  
 ‘ words. This controversy was soon dropped.’

‘ On the 13th of July 1791, Paine again arriv-  
 ‘ ed at the White Bear in Piccadilly, just in time  
 ‘ to assist in the celebration of the anniversary of  
 ‘ the French Revolution. He did not, however,  
 ‘ appear at the public dinner on the following  
 ‘ day. But he joined the celebrators about eight  
 ‘ o’clock in the evening ; when the people, en-  
 ‘ raged to see them brave the laws, and exult in  
 ‘ events unfriendly to the happiness of Britain,  
 ‘ had assembled tumultuously, to drive them away  
 ‘ from the Crown and Anchor tavern, the place  
 ‘ of their meeting. Mortified at finding those hos-  
 ‘ tile to them, whom they had hoped to seduce to  
 ‘ become the instruments of their turbulence, our  
 ‘ republicans published, on the 20th of August  
 ‘ 1791, from the thatched house tavern, a *sedition-*  
 ‘ *ous declaration*, the writing of Paine, which  
 ‘ obliged the inn-keeper to forbid them his house.’

‘ After these transactions, Paine was preparing to visit Ireland, in the character of an apostle of Democracy, when he learned that the Irish were already so well acquainted with his *real character*, that he might probably meet with an unfavourable reception. On this news, he retired in disgust, to Greenwich.’

‘ On the 4th of November 1791, he assisted, on the eve of the gun-powder plot, at the accustomed commemoration of the 5th of November, by the Revolution Society. He was thanked for his *Rights of Man*; and gave for his toast, the *Revolution of the world*.’

‘ Immediately after this, preparing to bring forth the *Second Part* of his *Rights of Man*, he hid himself in FETTER-LANE. None knew where he was concealed, except Mr. Horne Tooke, whose friendly care corrected the inaccuracies of his style, and Mr. Chapman, who was employed to print his book. At Mr. Chapman’s table he occasionally spent a pleasant evening, after the solitary labours of the day. After this commodious intercourse had subsisted for several months, Paine was somehow moved to insult Mr. Chapman’s wife;\* in consequence of which the printer turned him out of doors with indignation; exclaiming that he had *no more principle than a post, and no more religion than a ruffian*.’

‘ Paine has ascribed a different origin to this

\* See Chapman’s testimony on oath, Paine’s trial.

‘ quarrel with his printer , but, it is proper that  
 ‘ even in so small a matter the truth should be  
 ‘ known. A false tale was held out to the public;  
 ‘ as is stated at length in Mr. Oldys’s pamphlet ;  
 ‘ and that part of the work which had been rejected by Mr. Chapman was transferred to a Mr.  
 ‘ Crowther.’

‘ This *Second Part* was at length printed and  
 ‘ published : being recommended by the same  
 ‘ qualities as the *First*, it met with a similar reception. Its author, finding that he had now  
 ‘ excited against himself the strongest abhorrence  
 ‘ of all the worthier part of the nation, thought it  
 ‘ prudent to retire to France. In the mean time  
 ‘ he printed a letter to Mr. Secretary Dundas,  
 ‘ and another to Lord Onslow, the absurd scurrility of which, might be supposed matchless ;  
 ‘ were it not that the same author has since exceeded it in an *Address to the Addressers* upon  
 ‘ his Majesty’s proclamation for the suppression of  
 ‘ seditious writings,—and in a *Letter to the National Convention of France*.’

‘ His actions and writings, however little credit they may have done him in Britain, recommended him to a seat in the French Convention.’

‘ It would be difficult for him to find any other  
 ‘ assembly in the world in which he would be not  
 ‘ less respectable than most of the leaders. To what  
 ‘ issue this last preferment of his may lead, it is  
 ‘ not easy to predict. But, from the complexion  
 ‘ of some of the late sittings of the Convention,



‘ it seems extremely probable that his career may  
 ‘ finish with that miserable end to which provi-  
 ‘ dence generally permits the machinations of  
 ‘ such men to conduct them at last.’

‘ For the publication of those writings, the ten-  
 ‘ dency of which is avowedly seditious, and of  
 ‘ which there has been too much use made to-  
 ‘ wards the disturbing of the domestic tranquility  
 ‘ of the British empire—our author has, since his  
 ‘ retreat into France, been indicted at the instance  
 ‘ of the king, as usual in such cases ; tried at  
 ‘ Guildhall, before Lord Kenyon ; and found  
 ‘ guilty by a very respectable jury, as the  
 ‘ Author and publisher of a book, called “ Se-  
 ‘ cond Part of the Rights of Man, containing  
 ‘ many false, wicked, scandalous, malicious, and  
 ‘ seditious assertions.”

‘ It is scarcely necessary to add, that bookfel-  
 ‘ lers and other venders of Paine’s works must see,  
 ‘ by this *Verdict*, that the laws of their country,  
 ‘ if diligently enforced, are ready to punish them  
 ‘ for so dishonest a *Traffic*.’

‘ The reader of this plain, candid narrative,  
 ‘ may judge for himself, whether Paine be a friend  
 ‘ to Great-Britain, or a man whose conduct he  
 ‘ would choose to imitate, or whose advice he  
 ‘ would follow in ordinary cases ; and what reli-  
 ‘ ance can be placed on the facts which he has  
 ‘ boldly asserted as the ground work of most of  
 ‘ his wild theories.’

Here ends the account of Paine’s life, as I find

it in print, and which, as I formerly observed, was published about the beginning of 1793. I shall now attempt a continuation of it down to the present time, dwelling on such parts only of his conduct as will admit of no dispute respecting facts.

Thomas's having merited death, or, at least, transportation in England, was a strong recommendation to him in France, whose newly enlightened inhabitants seem to have conceived a wonderful partiality for all that's vile. Several of the departments disputed with each other the *honour* of having a *convict* for their representative; a thing not so much to be wondered at, when we recollect, that their wise rulers declared, by a decree, that the galley-slaves were all most excellent patriots, and that the hangman's was a post of honour.

The exact time of Tom's flight to this country of liberty and virtue is not mentioned, I believe, in the above account; but I recollect hearing his arrival talked of in the month of June, 1792. I had been on a trip from St. Omer's to Dunkirk, and on my return, I first heard the news announced to a pretty numerous company in the canal stage. "Voilà (says an old monk, who had been driven from his cell by the fans-culottes, and who was now looking over the gazette) "Voilà "ce coquin de Paine qui nous arrive de l'Angle-  
"terre."\*——"Ah, mon Dieu" (exclaimed a well-dressed woman who was sitting beside me)

\* "Why, that rascal Paine is just arrived from England."

“ Ah, la pauvre France ! Tous les scelerats de  
 “ tous les pàys de l’univers vont s’assembler  
 “ chez nous.”\* The justness of this observation  
 struck me at the time, and has often occurred to  
 my memory since. Indeed, every man of infam-  
 ous character, every felon and every traitor, be-  
 gan, at the time I am now speaking of, to look  
 upon France as his home ; and this circumstance,  
 better than any other, marks the true character  
 of the revolution. The property of the nation  
 was laid prostrate, and these villains were assem-  
 bling round it, as birds of prey hover over an ex-  
 piring carcass.

Whether Paine was really in France, or not, in  
 June 1792, is immaterial : it is certain that he  
 took his seat among that gang of blood-thirsty ty-  
 rants, usually called the *Convention*, just time  
 enough to assist in proscribing that Constitution  
 which he had written two whole books in de-  
 fence of, and in conferring every epithet of ridi-  
 cule and reproach on the Constituent Assembly,  
 whom he had a few months before extolled, as  
 “ the most august, illuminated and illuminating  
 “ body of men on earth.” It was now that the  
 English reformers and the democrats of America  
 would have blushed, had not their fronts been  
 covered with bull-hide, for the pompous eulogi-  
 ums they had heaped on the author of the *Rights*  
*of Man*.

The first job that Tom was set about, after the

\* “ Ah, my God ! Ah, poor France ! All the scoundrels  
 “ from all the countries in the universe are flocking amongst  
 “ us.”



destruction of the Constitution, was, making another. This was a thing of course, for there is no such thing as living without constitutions now-a-days. Thomas and his fellow journeymen, Brissot, Clavière and about half a dozen others, fell to work, and in a very few days, hammered out the clumsy, ill-proportioned devil of a thing, commonly called the Constitution of 1793. Of this ridiculous instrument, I shall only observe, that, after being cried up by the American Newspapers, as the master-piece of legislative wisdom, it was rejected with every mark of contempt, even by the French themselves. What is too absurd for them to swallow must be absurd indeed!

About the time that this constitution work was going on, the unfortunate king was brought to trial by his ten times perjured and rebellious subjects. Paine did not vote for his death, a circumstance that his friends produce as a proof of his justice and humanity, forgetting at the same time, that they thereby brand all those who did vote for it with injustice and barbarity. However, upon closer inquiry, we shall find little reason for distinctions between Tom and his colleagues. He voted for the king's *banishment*, the banishment of a man perfectly innocent, and it was owing merely to his being embarked with the faction of Brissot, instead of that of Danton, that he did not vote for his death. Brissot afterwards published, in the name of his whole party, the reasons why they looked on it as *good policy* not to put the king to death; on these reasons was the vote of Paine founded, and not on his humanity or his justice. Petion, the infamous Petion de Ville-neuve, did not

vote for the king's death; yet certainly no one will believe that motives of justice or humanity restrained the man, who, after having plotted the insurrection of the tenth of August, brought it against the king as a crime, and who loaded the royal captives and their children with every insult and cruelty that the heart of an upstart savage tyrant could suggest.

The whole process of the trial of the king of France, from the beginning to the end, was the most flagrant act of injustice that ever stained the annals of the world. It was well known to every one, and particularly to the audacious regicides themselves, that he was innocent of every crime laid to his charge. The sentence of banishment was therefore as unjust as that of death. Injustice is ever injustice: it may exist in different degrees, but it can never change its nature. Had Paine been a just and humane man, he would have stood up boldly in the defence of innocence, in place of sheltering himself under a vote for *banishment*. Banishment! Great God! Banishment on the head of the towering family of Bourbon, pronounced by a discarded English Exciseman!—What must have been the feelings of this forsaken prince, who was once called the great and good ally of America, when he heard the word *banishment*! come from the lips of a wretch raised to notice by the success of a revolution of which he himself had been a principal support! I hope no such thought came athwart the mind of the unfortunate Louis; if it did, certain I am it must have been ten million times more poignant than the pangs of death.

However Paine might find it convenient to vote upon this occasion, it is certain he did not feel much horror at the murder of the benefactor of his "beloved America," or he would not have remained with, and in the service of, his murderers. He was told this by his quondam friend Mr. King, in a letter sent him from England soon afterwards. "*If the French kill their king it will be a signal for my departure, for I will not abide among such sanguinary men.*"—These, Mr. Paine, were your words at our last meeting; yet, after this, you are not only with them, but the chief modeller of their new constitution, formed so heterogeneous and inconsistent, so hypothetical and contradictory, as shows me, that provided your theories obtain fame, you are indifferent how the people may be disappointed in the practice of them."

Having introduced this correspondence here, it is a proper place for me to give the reader a striking proof of Thomas's disinterestedness, a quality for which he sets a very high value on himself. "Politics and self-interests" (says he, in the second part of what he calls his *Rights of Man*) "have been so uniformly connected, that the world has a right to be suspicious of *public characters*: but *with regard to myself*, I am perfectly easy on this head. I did not, at my first setting out in *public life*, turn my thoughts on subjects of government from motives of self-interest; and my conduct from that moment to this proves the fact."—After this bouncing out-set, he goes on and tells his readers how disinterested he was in America, quite forgetting, however, to observe



that he solicited, and obtained, a recompense for his services, as is stated in the above account of his life.—The following letter will put his disinterestedness in a very clear point of view, and may, perhaps, serve to remove the film from the eyes of some of those, who are apt to place too much confidence in the professions of our disinterested patriots.

“DEAR KING,

“I don’t know any thing these many years,  
 “that surprised, and hurt me more than the sentiments you published in the *Courtly HERALD*,  
 “the 12th December, signed JOHN KING, *Egham Lodge*. You have gone back from all you ever  
 “said.———You used to complain of abuses  
 “as well as me, and wrote your opinions on them  
 “in free terms. What then means this sudden attachment to *King’s*? This fondness of the English Government and hatred of the French?—  
 “If you mean to curry favour, by aiding your government, you are mistaken; *they never recompense those who serve it*; they buy off those  
 “who can annoy it, and let the good that is rendered it, be its own reward. Believe me, KING,  
 “*more is to be obtained by cherishing the rising spirit of the people, than by subduing it. Follow my fortunes, and I will be answerable that you shall make*  
 “*your own.*”

“THO. PAINE.”

Paris,

“January 3, 1793.”

This letter ought to be stuck upon every wall and every post in the United States, and in every other country where the voice of the people is of any consequence. It is the creed, the *multum in parvo* of all the pretended patriots that ever infested the earth. It is all in all ; it is conclusive, and requires neither colouring nor commentary.

After the death of the king of France, there was a long struggle between the faction of Brissot, to which Tom had attached himself, and that of Danton, Robespierre and Marat. The last-named murderer was dispatched by a murderers of Brissot's faction, after which her abettors were all guillotined, imprisoned, or proscribed. Thomas saved his life by countenancing the degradation of the Christian religion, in his " Age of Reason."

When Danton was solicited to spare him on account of his talents as a writer in the cause of liberty, " tu ne vois pas donc fo— tu bête," replied he to the solicitor, " que nous n'avons plus " besoin de pareils fanatiques."\* Cut-throat Danton was right enough : indeed, they no longer stood in need of a fanatical writer in the cause of liberty, when they had made it a crime for men to weep.

Danton made a calculation of Tom's head and talents, just as a farmer makes a calculation of the labour, carcass, hide and offal of a bullock ; and he found that he would fetch more living than

\* " You do not perceive, then, you simpleton, that we no longer want fanatics of that sort."

dead. By writing against religion, he might do his cause some service, and there was little or no danger to be apprehended from him; because, being an Englishman, it was only giving him that name, and he could any when have had him killed and dressed, *à la mode de Paris*, at five minutes warning.

Horrid as Paine's attack on revealed religion must appear to every one untainted with deism or atheism, the base assailant is not seen in his true colours, in his blackest hue, till the opinions in his "*Age of Reason*" are compared with the hypocritical canting professions of respect for "*the Word of God*," contained in some of his former writings. In his *Common Sense*, calling on the people to separate themselves from the government that had discarded him, he says, it is "a form of government that the *word of God* bears testimony against;" and in another part of the same work, proposing the promulgation of a new charter, he says: "that we may not appear to be defective even in earthly honours, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth placed on the *divine law*, the *word of God*."—In another place he spends whole pages in endeavouring to persuade his readers that monarchy is disapproved of by God, and he brings his proofs from Holy Writ, concluding with these words. "These portions of the *Holy Scriptures* are direct and positive. They admit of no equivocal construction."—In one part of the same writings he complains of the "*impiety*" of the Tories, and in another of "*unchristian peevishness of the Quakers*." He



calls upon the people to turn out in the name of God. "Say not," adds he, "that thousands are gone out, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burthen of the day upon Providence, but *"show your faith by your works,"* that God may bless you."

———"We claim" (says he again, keeping up the cant) we claim brotherhood with every European *christian*, and glory in the generosity of the sentiment."—Generous and sentimental rascal?—Whom do you claim brotherhood with now? Who will admit as a brother, the wretch, who, at one time calls the Scriptures the *word of God*, and quotes them as an infallible guide, and at another, ridicules them as a series of fictions, contrived by artful priests to amuse, delude and cheat mankind?

From Paine's *Common Sense* and his *Age of Reason* we may perceive how his opinion differed concerning the Americans at the two epochs of his writing. When he wrote the former, he looked upon them as a conscientious and pious people; but when he wrote the latter, he certainly looked upon them in the opposite light, or he never would have ventured to address the work to them. The fact is, he had altered his opinion of them upon the strength of what he saw in the greatest part of the public papers. After seeing a minister of the gospel abused, for having boldly asserted the truth of its doctrines, in opposition to the horrid decrees of the French Convention; after having seen the name of *Jesus Christ* placed in a list of famous democrats, along with the names of

*Paine* and *Marat*, it was no wonder if he thought that his manual of blasphemy would be an acceptable present to his "beloved Americans."

Indeed, there is but too much reason to fear, that the *Age of Reason*, being translated into English, apparently for the sole purpose of being published here, its being dedicated to the citizens of the United States, together with the uncommon pains that have been taken to propagate it, and the abuse that has been heaped upon all those who have attempted to counteract its effects, will do but little credit to the national character, in the opinions of those foreigners who are not well acquainted with it. Every effort should, therefore, be exerted to convince the world, that all men of sense and worth in America agree in their abhorrence of the work and its malignant author. From this persuasion, it was, that I inserted in the *Political Censor for May*, an extract from Judge Rush's pious address to the grand Jury at Reading, and that I now honour the present *Censor* with an extract from Mr. Swift's *System of Laws of Connecticut*, a work that every one should read, and that every one who reads must admire.

"To prohibit," (says this learned and elegant writer) "To prohibit the open, public, and explicit denial of the popular religion of a country, is a necessary measure to preserve the tranquillity of a government. Of this no person in a christian country can complain; for, admitting him to be an infidel, he must acknowledge, that no benefit can be derived from the subversion of a religion which enforces the best system

“ of morality, and inculcates the divine doctrine  
 “ of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking hum-  
 “ bly with God. In this view of the subject, we  
 “ cannot sufficiently reprobate the baseness of  
 “ Thomas Paine, in his attack on christianity,  
 “ by publishing his *Age of Reason*. While *expe-*  
 “ *riencing in a prison, the fruits of his visionary the-*  
 “ *ories of government*, he undertakes to disturb the  
 “ world by his religious opinions. He has the  
 “ impudence and effrontery to address to the ci-  
 “ tizens of the United States of America, a paltry  
 “ performance, which is intended to shake their  
 “ faith in the religion of their fathers ; a religion,  
 “ which, while it inculcates the practice of mo-  
 “ ral virtue, contributes to smooth the thorny road  
 “ of this life, by opening the prospect of a future  
 “ and better : and all this he does, not to make  
 “ them happier, or to introduce a better religion,  
 “ but to embitter their days by the cheerless and  
 “ dreary visions of unbelief. No language can de-  
 “ scribe the wickedness of the man, who will at-  
 “ tempt to subvert a religion which is a source of  
 “ comfort and consolation to its votaries, merely  
 “ for the sake of eradicating all sentiments of re-  
 “ ligion.”

Of the many answers to Paine, no one demands  
 so much of our praise and our gratitude as DR.  
 WATSON'S *Apology for the Bible*. From some  
 weak attempts, by persons either unskilled on the  
 subject or unaccustomed to wield the weapons of  
 disputation, the deists began to triumph in the  
 thought that the clumsy cavillings of their leader  
 were unanswerable, when this most excellent  
 work appeared, and left nothing unanswered or



unrefuted.\* It is as much impossible for me to do justice to the *Apology*, as to express my veneration for its author. Learning, genius, candour, modesty and humility, all seem to have united here, to do honour to the cause of Christianity and cover its enemies with shame and confusion. And, a circumstance that must be particularly mortifying to Paine, and to all the enemies of order and religion, the man to whom the world is indebted for this production, is an *aristocrat* and a *Prelate of the Church of England*, raised to his dignity by the choice of a *King*.

Let us now return to the hoary blasphemer at the bottom of his dungeon. There he lies! manacled, besmeared with filth, crawling with vermin, loaded with years and infamy. This, reader, whatever you may think of him, is the author of the *Rights of Man*, the eulogist of French liberty. The very same man who a few months back boasted of being "*the representative of twenty-five millions of free-men.*" Look at him. Do you think now, in your conscience, that he has the appearance of a legislator, a cavil-lion, a constitution maker? It is no tyrannical king, I'll assure you, who has tethered him thus.

\* The *Rights of Man* also, has, in this country, been pretty generally looked upon as *unanswerable*. This is not so much to be wondered at, when we consider the pains that have been taken to hide from the people every thing that might tend to wean them from their partiality to the new-fangled doctrine of liberty and equality. The *Rights of Man* has, however, been answered, and that in a most complete and masterly manner. This answer is now in my possession, and I promise myself the honour of communicating it to the public in a few days. This work ought to accompany Dr. WATSON's *Apology*: the two together will be an effective antidote for all Tom's theological and political poison.

He was condemned by his colleagues, and his fetters were rivetted by his own dear constituents. Here he is, fairly caught in his own trap, a striking example for the disturbers of mankind.

After Thomas got out of his *cáchet* (a word that, I dare say, he understands better than any other in the French language), it was reported that he was dead, which occasioned the epitaph on him, to be seen in the *Cenfor* for May ; but, it has appeared since, that the report of his death was owing to a mode of expression which the French have, whereby a person sunk into insignificance, is said to be dead. He, or some one in his name, has lately written a work, entitled, the *Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance*, of which it is quite enough to say, that it is of equal merit with the rest of his writings. All his predictions have hitherto remained unfulfilled, and those contained in the last effort of his malice will share the same fate. It is extremely favourable for British bank-notes, that he who doubts of their solidity will not believe in the Bible.

How Tom gets a living now, or what brothel he inhabits, I know not, nor does it much signify to any body here or any where else. He has done all the mischief he can in the world, and whether his carcass is at last to be suffered to rot on the earth, or to be dried in the air, is of very little consequence. Whenever and wherever he breathes his last, he will excite neither sorrow nor compassion ; no friendly hand will close his eyes, not a groan will be uttered, not a tear will

be shed. Like *Judas*, he will be remembered by posterity; men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural and blasphemous, by the single monosyllable, *Paine*.



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# R E M A R K S

On the Pamphlets lately published against

*Peter Porcupine.*

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“**D**EAR FATHER, when you used to set  
“ me off to work in the morning dressed  
“ in my blue smock-frock and wollen spatter-  
“ dashes, with my bag of bread and cheese, and  
“ bottle of small beer swung over my shoulder on  
“ the little crook that my old god-father Boxall  
“ gave me, little did you imagine that I should  
“ one day become so great a man as to have my  
“ picture stuck in the windows, and have four  
“ whole books published about me in the course  
“ of one week.”—Thus begins a letter which I  
wrote to my father yesterday morning, and which,  
if it reaches him, will make the old man drink an

extraordinary pot of ale to my health. Heaven blefs him ! I think I fee him now, by his old-fashioned fire-side, reading the letter to his neighbours." " Ay, Ay," fays he, "*Will* will ftand his ground wherever he goes."——And fo I will, father, in fpite of all the hell of democracy.

When I had the honour to ferve King George, I was elated enough at the putting on of my worfted fhoulder-knot, and, afterwards, my filver-laced coat ; what muft my feelings be then, upon feeing half a dozen authors, all *Doctors* or the devil knows what, writing about me at one time, and ten times that number of printers, book-binders, and bookfellers, buftling, running and flying about in all direCTIONS, to announce my fame to the impatient public ? What muft I feel upon feeing the news-papers filled from top to bottom, and the windows and corners of the houfes placarded, with, a *Blue Shop for Peter Porcupine*, a *Pill for Peter Porcupine*, *Peter Porcupine detected*, a *Roafter for Peter Porcupine*, a *History of Peter Porcupine*, a *Picture of Peter Porcupine* ? The public will certainly excufe me, if after all this, I fhould begin to think myfelf a perfon of fome importance.

It is true, my heroic adverfaries do all fet out with telling their readers, that I am a contemptible wretch *not worth notice*. They fhould have faid, not worth the notice of *any honeft man*, and, as they would all naturally have excluded themfelves by fuch an addition, they would have preferved confiftency at leaft : but, to fit down hammering their brains for a fortnight or three week, and at laft publish each of them a pamphlet about me and

my performances, and then tell the public that *I am not worth notice*, is such a gross insult to common sense, that nothing but democratic stupidity can be a sufficient excuse for.

At the very moment that I am writing, the sorry fellows are hugging themselves in the thought that they have silenced me, *cut me up*, as they call it. They think they see me prostrate, and they are swaggering over me, like a popish priest over a dead corpse. It would require other pens than theirs to silence me. I shall keep plodding on in my old way, as I used to do at plough; and I think it will not be looked upon as any very extraordinary trait of vanity to say, that the *Political Censor* will be read, when the very names of their bungling pamphlets will be forgotten.

I must now beg the reader to accompany me in some few remarks, that I think it necessary to make on each of their productions, following the order in which they appeared.

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### A ROASTER FOR PETER PORCUPINE.

What can I say worse of this blustering performance, than that it bears all the internal evidence of being written by the blunderbuss author who disgusted the city with *Rub from Snub*?

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### THE BLUE SHOP; or *Humorous* Observations, &c.

The inoffensive and unmeaning title of this pam-



phlet is fully expressive of the matter it is prefixed to, excepting that the word *humorous* was, perhaps, never before so unfortunately applied. Every one who has been taken in with this quarter-dollar's worth, whether a friend or an enemy of Peter Porcupine, curses it for the most senseless and vapid piece of stuff that ever issued from the press. The author, I hear, retorts, and swears the Americans are a set of stupid jack-asses, who know not what true humour is. 'Tis pity he had not perceived this before, he might then have accommodated his *humour* to their understandings. It is now too late to rail against their ignorance or want of taste, for, in spite of his railing and fretting, *James Quick-silver* will, by them, ever be looked upon as a most leaden-headed fellow.

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### PORCUPINE—A PRINT.

This is a caricature, in which I am represented as urged on to write by my old master King George (under the form of a crowned lion), who, of course, comes accompanied with the devil. The *Fay*, with the treaty in his beak, is mounted on the lion's back, though by the by, it has ever been said, by the democrats, that the lion rode the *Fay*. His Satanic Majesty holds me out a bag of money, as an encouragement to destroy the idol, liberty, to which he points. The American Eagle is represented as drooping his wings in consequence of my hostility, and America herself on the same ac-

count, weeps over the bust of Franklin. This is almost the only part of the print of which I find fault ; for, if, by America, the people of America be to be understood, I believe most of those who have read my essays will do me the justice to say, that I have endeavoured to make America laugh instead of weep.—As to myself, I am the hero of the piece, I am brought forward to the front of the stage, where the artist makes me trample upon *Randolph's Defence*, the *Rights of Man*, *Old Common Sense*, *Madison*, *Gallatin*, *Swanwick*, and *Peter Pindar*. How this blundering fellow came to place *Pindar* among the rest I cannot imagine. It discovers a total ignorance of that author's writings, and of my opinion concerning them. Can the American democrats approve, and can I disapprove of a writer who says of Tom Paine,

“ Paine, in his thirst for reputation,  
 “ Has written to deserve damnation?”

Can the democrats approve, and can I disapprove, of a writer who speaks of France and of Frenchmen in the following manner?

“ Keel up lies FRANCE ! long may she keep that posture !  
 “ Her knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have tost her ;  
     “ Behold the thousands that furround the wreck !  
 “ Her cables parted, rudder gone,  
 “ Split all her sails, her mainmast down,  
     “ Chok'd all her pumps, crush'd in her deck ;  
 “ Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll !  
 “ Now I am glad of it with all my soul.

“ To BRITAIN an insidious damn'd lagoon—  
     “ Remember, ENGLISHMEN, old Cato's cry,

- “ And keep that patriot model in your eye—  
 “ His constant cry, “ *Delenda est Carthago*.  
 “ Love I the French?—By heav’n ’tis no such matter!  
 “ Who loves a Frenchman wars with simple nature.  
  
 “ The converse chaste of day, and eke of night,  
 “ The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,  
     “ To love’s pure passion only due;  
 “ The seraph smile that soft-ey’d FRIENDSHIP wears,  
 “ And sorrow’s balms of sympathising tears,  
     “ Those iron-hearted fellows never knew.  
  
 “ Hear me, Dame Nature, on these men of *cork*—  
 “ Blush at a FRENCHMAN’S *heart*, thy handy work;  
     “ A dunghil that luxuriant feeds  
     “ The gaudy and the rankest weeds:  
 “ Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,  
 “ Like flies in carrion—Prithee make no more.  
  
 “ Yes, FRENCHMEN, this is my unvarying creed,  
 “ Ye are not rational, indeed;  
 “ So low have fond conceit and folly sunk ye;  
 “ Only *a larger kind of monkey*!”

And yet this is the writer that the learned and sagacious democrats make me trample upon! I think my namesake Peter speaks here like a good honest Englishman, and though Mr. Bache publishes his works, and boasts of being in correspondence with him, I am very far from either trampling on those works or disliking their author.

Perhaps I ought to take some notice of the quarter whence this *Caricature* and the *Blue Shop* issued, as it furnishes an instance, among thousands, of that degradation which the first movers in the French revolution have long been, and still are, exhibiting to the world. These poor miserable



catch-penny pictures and pamphlets are published by a man of the name of *Moreau*, who was one of those whom Tom Paine and his comrades Price and Priestley called, "the great, illuminated and "illuminating National Assembly of France."—Goddeſs of Liberty! and doſt thou permit this thy "great, illuminated and illuminating" knock-down of Baſtiles to wage a puny *underhand* war with one of King George's red-coats! Doſt thou permit one of thoſe aspiring "legiſlators of the "Univerſe," who commanded the folding doors of the *Louvre* to fly open at their approach, and who ſcorned to yield the precedence to Princes and Emperors, to dwindle down into a miſerable *marchand d'eſtampes*! If theſe be thy tricks, Goddeſs of *French* Liberty, may the devil take Peter, if ever thy bloody cap and pike entice him to enliſt under thy banners.

Mr. Moreau, to his other miſfortunes, adds that moſt calamitous one of thinking he can write. He is curſed with the ſcribbling itch, without knowing how to ſcratch himſelf with a good grace. As this is torment enough in itſelf, I do not wiſh to add to it by mentioning particular inſtances of his want of taſte and talents. The greateſt puniſhment I wiſh my enemies, is, that *Moreau* may be obliged to write all his life-time, and that the reſt may be obliged to read his productions.

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### "THE HISTORY OF A PORCUPINE."

This pamphlet is, I am told, copied, *verbatim*,  
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from a chap-book, containing the lives of several men who were executed in Ireland some years ago. Names and dates only are changed, to give the thing an air of plausibility.—It is said to be published by two Scotch lads, lately arrived in the country, and who now live in some of the alleys about Dock-Street, no matter which.—One of their acquaintances called on me some days after the publication appeared, and offered to furnish me with the book from which it is taken. This offer I declined accepting of.—I shall only add here, as a caution to my readers, that these are the men who are seen hawking about a work in numbers, which they are pleased to call a *History of France*, and who are proposing to publish a *Monthly Magazine*.

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### “ A PILL FOR PORCUPINE.”

It is a rule with book-makers, that a title should, as briefly as possible, express the nature of the work to which it is prefixed. According to this rule, *Pill* is a most excellent title to the performance now before me. A *Pill* is usually a compound of several nauseous, and sometimes poisonous, drugs, and such is the *Pill for Porcupine*.

Various have been the conjectures as to the author of this abusive piece. Be he who he may, he has certainly done me a favour in grouping me

along with Messrs. Hamilton, Belknap, Morse, &c. I would cheerfully swallow my part of his pill, and even think it an honour to be poisoned, in such company as this.

I shall take particular notice of but one part of this quack's compound of filth. Thinking, I suppose, that I should laugh at all his abuse of myself, the mountebank has endeavoured to wound me through my wife, by artfully insinuating that she is not married to me.

“ When we behold,” says he, “ Porcupine inveigling an innocent girl, not more than sixteen or seventeen years, from her aged parents—their only remaining blossom—and last best hope ; when we consider him breaking the ties of parental affection, and filial duty ; exciting animosity between parent and child ; our wonder ceases when we find him endeavouring to excite animosity, between the citizens of the eastern and the southern states. When we view him giving an aged parent occasion to exclaim, in the bitterness of his heart, “ If I am bereft of my only daughter, I am bereft ! ” What parent of sensibility, who has a daughter ; or what brother of sensibility, who has a sister ; that would not be roused with indignation, at reflecting on such circumstances ? Are the tears and sighs of an aching heart—a bereft parent, unworthy of our notice ! Is female happiness of no consideration amongst men, that we should pass it over in silence ? ”—I am sure it is some *sentimental* scoundrel that writes this. They are undeniably the greatest villains on earth. He adds,



in a note: "In answer to the foregoing, we have  
 " only to observe, that it was generally believed, by  
 " those who were *intimate at the house* [observe, he  
 " does not say, *those who lived at the house*] where  
 " Porcupine lodged on his arrival, that he seduced  
 " the *girl who lived with him as his wife*: they  
 " believed and said so, but upon what authority I  
 " never inquired."

I always like to let these fellows blaze away, till they have advanced some gross absurdity, or falsehood, and then put the extinguisher upon them, as Billy Pitt (God bless him for it!) did upon the English fans-culottes.—This "young  
 " woman" whom the cut-throat quack insinuates I "seduced from her "parents;" this "only  
 " child," this "last best hope," and "only remaining blossom;" all this put together, is one out of six children of a brave Scotchman who served his Majesty nearly thirty years in the First Battalion of Royal Artillery. He fought several years against the Americans last war, and did not, like a base and perjured traitor, desert to the enemy as many others did, under the specious pretext of a love of liberty. When I married his daughter he had for about fifteen or sixteen years been a serjeant, and he is now, as a reward for his long and faithful services, Master-Gunner of Sterling Castle in Scotland.—May Britain never want such soldiers nor those soldiers want such reward!

From this good old man I received his daughter's hand in the parish church of Woolwich, on the 5th of February, 1792; and I trust it will give

the reader no ill impression of her merit and my constancy, when I tell him, that this marriage took place after an absence of nearly three years, she being in England and I in New-Brunswick, where I had the happiness of first seeing her.

Since the *sentimental* dastard, who has thus aimed a stab at the reputation of a woman, published his Pill, I have shown my marriage certificate to *Mr. Abercrombie*, the minister of the church opposite me.——All you who emigrate to the United States of America, to enjoy this unrestrained liberty of the press that they make such a fuss about, take care (if you mean to say a word in favour of your country) to bring your vouchers and certificates with you, or they'll stigmatize you for thieves; your wives will be called whores, and your children bastards!—Blessed liberty of the press.

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### “THE IMPOSTOR DETECTED.”

This pamphlet ought, on every account, to come last: we have seen the rest rising above each other progressively; this of *Bradford's* crowns the whole, caps the climax of falsehood and villainy.

The former part of it bears the assumed name of *Tickletoby*, the latter, that of *Samuel F. Bradford*. It is evident, however, that both are by the same

author ; who he is, is not of much consequence : it is clear that he acted under the directions of Bradford, and Bradford must and shall answer for the whole.

What every one recoils at the bare idea of, is Bradford's writing a pamphlet *against the works of Peter Porcupine*. Had he confined his attack to my private character and opinions, he would not have so completely exposed himself; but this, I suppose, his author would not consent to ; I do not know any other way of accounting for his conduct.

Every one perceives that the letter which Bradford inserts in *Tickletoby's* part of the pamphlet, is nothing but a poor and vain attempt to preserve consistency. However, to leave no room for dispute on this score, and to convict the shuffling Bradford on his own words, I am willing to allow him to be neuter with respect to *Tickletoby's* part, and will take him up on the contents of the letter which he signs. " That I have made use," says he, " of the British Corporal for a good purpose, I " have little doubt—*Dirty water* will quench fire."

Of his *making use* of me I shall speak by-and-by ; at present I shall confine myself to the *dirty water*, which is the name he gives my writings.—Now, how will he reconcile this with his zeal to spread them abroad, and with the awkward flattery he and his family used to bore my ears with ? Had I believed the half of what they told me, I should have long ago expired in an extacy of self-conceit. When the Observations on Priestley's Emigration were published, Bradford and his wife took great care to inform me of the praises bestowed on



them by several gentlemen, *Doctor Green* in particular, and to point out to me the passages that gave the most pleasure. The *first Bone to Gnaw* gave universal satisfaction, they told me : it was read in all companies, by the young and by the old ; and I remember that the sons told me, on this occasion, how delighted their uncle, the late worthy Attorney General, was with it ; and that he said he should have loved me for ever, if I had not been so severe upon the French. Before the *New Year's Gift* appeared in public, Bradford told me he had read some pages of it to two of the *Senators*, who were mightily pleased with it, and laughed very heartily. While the father was plying me with his *Senators*, the sons played upon me from the *lower house*. Several of the members, *their intimate friends*, wanted to be blessed with a sight of me : one wanted to treat me to a supper, and another wanted to shake hands with me, and a third wanted to embrace me. I shall name no names here ; but I would advise the members of both houses to be cautious how they keep company with shop-boys and printers' devils.

I could mention a thousand instances of their base flattery, but it would look like praising myself in an indirect way. One more, however, I must not omit. Bradford, in endeavouring to prevail on me to continue the Congress Gallery, related a conversation that had taken place between him and Mr. Wolcot, the present Secretary of the Treasury (and thereby hangs another tale which I will tell by-and-by), who assured him that some of the officers of government did intend to write an answer to *Randolph's Vindication*, but that

my New Year's Gift had done its business so completely, that nothing further was necessary. He added that they were all exceedingly delighted with my productions.

Again, if he thought my works *dirty water*, how came he to beg and pray for a continuation of them? When I gave his son William a final refusal, he urged, with *tears in his eyes* he urged, the loss his father's credit would sustain by it, and often repeated, that it was not for the sake of the *profit* but the *honour* of publishing my works, that made him so anxious to continue.—My wife was present at this interview, and can, with me, make oath to the truth of what I have here asserted.

Nay, if my works were *dirty water*, why did he threaten to prosecute me for *not continuing them*? Dirty water is not a thing to go to law about. Did ever any body hear of a man's prosecuting another, because he refused to bring him dirty water to throw on the public?

After all this praising and flattering and menacing, my poor labours are good for nothing. The writings which had given so much pleasure to Doctor Green, that the Attorney General would have loved me for ever for, that charmed all sexes and all ages, that made grave Senators shake their sides with laughter, and Congress-men want to treat and hug me; that were so highly approved of by the officers of government, that it was an *honour* to publish, and that I was threatened with a prosecution for not continuing; these writings

are now become *dirty water* ! Say rather, *four grapes*.

I must, however, do the Bradfords the justice to say, that they very candidly told me, that every body could perceive a falling off, *after the Congress Gallery*. How singular it was, that I should begin to sink the instant I quitted them ! Was this because they did no longer *amend my works* for me, or because they no longer pocketed the cash they produced ! The Bradfords are book-fellers died in grain. Heaven is with them worth nothing, unless they can get something by it.

With respect to the motives that gave rise to my pamphlets, I have already stated them, and as to their literary merit, though I have no very great opinion of it, yet, after having heard them ascribed to Mr. Bond, Mr. Thornton (not the *language maker*, but the secretary to the English Ambassador), Dr. Andrews, the Rev. Mr. Bisset, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Sedgwick, Dr. Smith, and, in short, to almost every gentleman of distinguished talents among the friends of the Federal Government, it would be mere grimace for me to pretend, that they have no merit at all. It is something singular, that the democrats never pitched upon any low fellow as the author ; their suspicions always alighted among gentlemen of family and gentlemen of learning. It is therefore too late to decry my performances as tasteless and illiterate, now it is discovered that the author was brought up at the plough tail, and was a few years ago a private foldier in the British army.



To return to my friend Bradford. Though I am ready to admit him as a neutral in all that is said by *Tickletoby*, I cannot do this with regard to what is ushered into the world as the performance of *Samuel F. Bradford*. This *batter-turned-printer*, this sooty-fisted son of ink and urine, whose heart is as black and as foul as the liquid in which he dabbles, must have written, if he did write, at the special instance and request of his father; for, the *Lampblack* says, “a father’s wish is a law with me.”

After having premised this, making Bradford responsible for what is contained in his letter and his son’s, I shall proceed to remark on such parts of both as I think worth my notice.

And first on the grand discovery of the letter to the *Aurora-Man*.—This is a letter which I wrote to the gazette, under the signature of A Correspondent, against the second part of the *Bone to Gnaw*. The letter, as now printed by Bradford, may, for aught I know, be a very correct copy. I remember the time and all the circumstances well. Bradford, who is as eager to get money into his hands as he is unwilling to let it out again, repeatedly asked me for a *Puff* to this pamphlet. This very son came to me for it as many as half a dozen times. I at last complied, not that I was unwilling to do it at first (for I had bored the cunning grand-child of the cunning almanack-maker several times before), but I could with difficulty spare time to write it.

*Puffs* are of several sorts. I believe the one now

before us, is what is called a *Puff indirect*, which means, a piece written by an author, or by his desire, against his own performances, thereby to excite opposition, awaken the attention of the public, and so advance the renown or sale of his labours. A *Puff indirect* is, then, what I stand accused of, and as I have no argument at hand to prove the moral fitness of the thing, I must, as pleaders do in all knotty points, appeal to precedents. My authorities are very high, being no other than Addison, Phillips and Pope.

No one that has read the *Spectator* (and who has not done that) can have failed to observe, that he published many letters against his own writings, imitating the style and manner of his adversaries, and containing weak arguments, which he immediately overturns in his answer.—Doctor Johnson tells us that, before the acting of PHILLIPS'S *Distressed Mother*, a whole *Spectator* was devoted to its praise, and on the first night a select audience was called together to applaud it. The Epilogue to this play was written by Addison, who inserted a letter against it in the *Spectator*, for the sake of giving it a triumphant answer. But, Pope's famous puff is a case exactly in point. "He drew a comparison," says Dr. Johnson, "of Phillips's performance with his own, in which, with an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony, though he has himself always the advantage, he gives the preference to Phillips. The design of aggrandizing himself he disguised with such dexterity, that, though Addison discovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of displeasing Pope by publishing

“his paper.”——Now, what censure does Lord Chief-Justice Johnson (who, God knows, was far from being over lenient) pass on all this? None at all. He calls neither of these authors “*an Impostor* ;” nor can I think he would have done so, had their puffs been written *at his request*, and for *his benefit*.

If a puff can ever be construed as an act of meanness, it must be, when its motive is self-interest. This cannot be attributed to me, as I could get nothing by promoting the sale of the work. I had a note of hand for it in my possession; which the number of copies sold could not augment the value of.

What impudence must a man be blessed with, who can usher to the world a puff, which he wishes should be looked upon as something horridly villainous, when he himself requested it to be written, transcribed it himself, and carried it himself for publication?—But here the Bradfords play a double game. “It was not I *transcribed* it,” says old Goofy Tom; and “a *father’s wish* is a law with me,” returns the young Gosling. But you hissing, web-footed animals, is it not between you?—The puffing for fame belongs to me; but the transcribing and carrying to the press; all the interested part of the business, all the dirty work, lies among yourselves, and so I leave you to waddle and dabble about in it.

Having dismissed the *Puff*, we now come to the *breach of confidence* in publishing it. There are many transactions which we do not look upon as



criminal, which, nevertheless, we do not wish to have made public. A lady, in love with a handsome young fellow, may make indirect advances, by the aid of a third person. This is certainly no crime ; but should the confidant preserve one of her letters, and afterwards publish it, I presume such confidant would meet with general detestation. This is a parallel case so far ; but when to this we add the aggravating circumstance of the confidant being the original adviser of the correspondence, we are at a loss for words to express our abhorrence. Yet we must go still further with respect to Bradford. He has not only divulged what was communicated to him under his pledged secrecy, and at his pressing request, to serve him ; but he has been guilty of this scandalous breach of confidence towards a man, to whom he owes, perhaps, that he is not now in jail for debt.

It is easy to perceive what drove him to this act of treachery. Revenge for the statement I had published concerning the *one shilling and seven-pence half-penny* pamphlet. He could not help fearing that people would resent this by avoiding his shop. He was right enough ; for, though I am an Englishman, and of course, a sort of lawful prey to the democrats, yet they, even they, cannot help saying that he is an abominable sharper. To be revenged on me for this, he published the letter, and has thus done what all impotent vindictive men do, injured himself without injuring his adversary. I hinted that he had taken me in, and in return he betrays me : to the reputation of a sharper, he adds that of a villain.

After this will any one say that I am to blame, if I expose this stupid, this mean, this shabby, this treacherous family? Do they deserve any quarter from me?—Every one says—no, Peter, no.

They say I lived in a garret when first they knew me. They found me sole tenant and occupier of a very good house, No. 81, Callowhill. They say I was poor; and that lump of walking tallow streaked with lampblack, that calls itself *Samuel F. Bradford*, has the impudence to say that my wardrobe consisted of my old regimentals, &c.—At the time the Bradfords first knew me I earned about 140 dollars pr. month, and which I continued to do for about two years and a half. I taught English to the most respectable Frenchmen in the city, who did not shuffle me off with notes as Bradford did. With such an income I leave the reader to guess whether I had any occasion to go shabbily dressed.—It would look childish to retort here, but let the reader go and ask the women in Callowhill-street about the rent in old Bradford's yellow breeches.

The Bradfords have seen others attack me upon my sudden *exaltation*. as they call it: upon my having a book-shop, and all this without any visible means of acquiring it; whence they wish to make people believe that I am paid by the British government. It is excessively base in the Bradfords to endeavour to strengthen this opinion, because they know that I came by my money fairly and honestly. They were never out of my debt, from the moment they published the first pamphlet, which was in Aug. 1794, till the latter end of

May last.\* They used to put off the payment of their notes from time to time, and they always had at their tongues end; “we know you don’t want money.” And these rascals have now the impudence to say that I was their needy hireling! — ’Tis pity, as Tom Jones’s Host says, but there should be a hell for such fellows.

It is hinted, and indeed said, in this vile pamphlet, that I have been encouraged by the American government also.—I promised the reader I would tell him a story about Bradford’s patriotism, and I will now be as good as my word.—In order to induce me to continue the Congress Gallery, he informed me, that *Mr. Wolcot* had promised to procure him the printing of the Reports to Congress: “So,” added he, “I will print off enough copies for the members, and so many besides as will be sufficient to place at the end of each of your numbers, and *Congress will pay for printing the whole!*” He told me he had asked Mr. Wolcot for this job, which I looked upon as an indirect way of asking for a bribe, being assured that he built his hopes of succeeding, upon being the publisher of my works.—Now, here’s a dog for you, that goes and asks for a government job, presuming solely upon the merit of being the vender of what he, nine months afterwards, calls *dirty water*, and who adds to this an attempt to fix the character of government tool on another man. If I would have continued the Numbers, it is probable he might have printed.

\* At this time they owed me 18 dollars, which had been due for near six months, and which I was at last obliged to take out in books.



the Reports ; but this I would not do. I wanted no Reports tacked on to the end of my pamphlets : that would have been renewing the punishment of coupling the living to the dead.

Sooty Sam, the Gofling, tells the public that I used to call him a *sans-culotte* and his father a *rebel*. If this be true, I am sure I can call them nothing worse, and therefore I am by no means anxious to contradict him.—But, pray, wise Mister Bradford of the “ political [and *bawdy*] bookstore,” is not this avowal of yours rather calculated to destroy what you say about my being *an artful and subtle hypocrite* ? I take it that my calling you *rebels* and *sans-culottes* to your faces is no proof of my hypocrisy ; nor will the public think it any proof of your *putting a coat upon my back*. Men are generally mean when they are dependent ; they do not, indeed they do not, call their patrons *sans-culottes* and *rebels* ; nor do people suffer themselves to be so called, unless some weighty motive induces them to put up with it.—This acknowledgement of Bradford’s is conclusive ; it shows at once on what footing we stood with relation to each other.

He says that I abused many of the most *respectable characters*, by calling them *Speculators*, *Landjobbers*, &c. who were continually seeking to *entrap and deceive foreigners*. If I did call those men *Speculators* and *Landjobbers*, who are continually seeking to *entrap foreigners* ; if I confined myself to such mild terms, I must have been in an extremely good humour. But, young Mister Lampblack, be candid for once, and allow me that your

father is a sharper. Oh ! don't go to deny that now ; what every body says must be true.

“ How grossly,” says the son, “ did you frequently abuse the *People of America*, by asserting that, for the greater part, they were *Aristocrats* and *Royalists* in their hearts, and only wore the mask of hypocrisy to answer their own purposes.”—If young Urine will but agree to leave out *People of America*, and supply its' places with, *family of Goosy Tom*, I will own the sentence for mine ; and I will tell the public into the bargain, how I came to make use of it. I entered Bradford's one day, and found him poring over an old book on *heraldry*. I looked at it, and we made some remarks on the orthography. In a few minutes afterwards he asked me if I knew any thing of *the great Bradford family* in England. I replied no. He then told me that he had just seen a list of new Peers (*English Peers*, reader !) among which was a *Lord Bradford* ; and that he suspected that he was of a branch of their family.—As the old women say, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I did not know which way to look. The blush that warmed my cheek for him then, renews itself as I write.—He did not drop it here. He dunned my ears about it half a dozen times ; and even went so far as to request me to make enquiries about it, when I wrote home.—It was on this most ludicrous occasion, that I burst out, “ Ah d—n you, I see you are all *Aristocrats* and *Royalists* in your hearts yet. Your republicanism is nothing but hypocrisy.” And I dare say the reader will think I was half right.—I wonder what are the armorial signs of Bradford's

family. The crest must be a *Goose*, of course. Instead of scollops and gueules, he may take a couple of printers balls, a keg of lampblack and a jordan. His two great bears of sons (I except William) may serve as supporters, and his motto may be, "*One shilling and seven-pence half-penny for a pamphlet.*" All this will form a pretty good republican coat of arms.

Let it be remembered here too, that my calling the Bradfords *Aristocrats* and hypocrites, does not prove me to be a *hypocrite*, a *needy hireling*, or a *coward*. As to this last term which young Lampblack has conferred on me, it is the blustering noise of a poor timid trembling cock, crowing upon his own dunghill. I hurl his *coward* back to his teeth, with the addition of *fool* and *scoundrel*. I think that is interest enough for one fortnight. The father has served the silly son, as the monkey served the cat, when he took her paw to rake the chesnuts out of the fire with.

They accuse me of being given to *scandal*.—If I had published, or made use of, one hundredth part of the anecdotes they supplied me with, I should have set the whole city together by the ears. The governor's share alone would fill a volume.—I'll just mention one or two, which will prove, that I am not the first old acquaintance that Bradford has betrayed.—He told me of a judge, who, when he presented him an old account, refused to pay it, as it was *setting a bad example*.—"Ah, righteous judge? A Second Daniel!"—He told me, that he went once to breakfast with Mr. Dallas, now Secretary



of the State of Pennsylvania, and that Dallas said to him : “ By G—d Tom we have *no sugar*, “and I have not a farthing in the world.”—“ So,” says my Lord Bradford, “ I put my hand in my “ pocket, and tossed the girl a *quarter of a dollar*, and she went out and got some.”—Another time, he said, Mr. Dallas’s hair-dresser was going to sue him for a few shillings, when he, like a generous friend, stepped in and put a stop to further proceedings, by *buying the debt at a great discount*.—I forget whether he says he was repaid or not.

These anecdotes he wanted me to make use of ; but these, as well as all the others he furnished me with, appeared to me to be brought forth by private malice, and therefore I never made use of any of them. Though, I must confess, that, in one instance in particular, this was a very great act of self-denial.

From Secretaries of State, Judges and Governors, let us come to Presidents.—Don’t start, reader, my bookseller knew nothing against General Washington, or he would have told it.—No ; we are now going to see a trait of Bradford’s republicanism of another kind.—*Marten’s Law of Nations*, a work that I translated from the French for Bradford, is dedicated *by him*, to the President of the United States. The dedication was written by me, notwithstanding the Bradfords were obliged to *amend* my writings. When a proof of it was taken off, old Bradford proposed a fulsome addition to it ; “ give the old boy a *little more oil*,” said he. This greasing I refused to have any hand in, and notwithstanding I did not *know how to write*, and was a *needy hireling*, my Lord and Master,

Bradford, did not think proper to make any alteration, though I could have no reasonable objection, as it was signed with his name.

While the old man was attempting to wheedle the President and the officers of the Federal Government, the son *Samuel* was wheedling the French Minister: the Bradfords love a double game dearly. He spent whole evenings with him, or at least he told me so. According to his account, they were like two brothers. I cannot blame Mr. Adet, who undoubtedly must have a curiosity to know all the secrets of Bradford's press. For my part, as soon as I heard of this intimacy, I looked upon myself as being as well known to the French Minister as I was to Bradford.

But, there is a tale connected with this, which must be told, because it will give the lie to all that young Lampblack has said about correcting and altering my works. His design is to make people believe that I was obliged to submit to his prunings. We shall see how this was in a moment. — In the New Year's Gift, speaking of the French Minister, I make use of the following words: "not that I doubt his veracity, though his not being a *Christian* might be a trifling objection, with some weak-minded people." — The old Goofy wanted me to change the word *Christian* for *Protestant*, as he was a good friend, and might be useful to his son. He came himself with the proof sheet, to prevail on me to do this; but if the reader looks into the New Year's Gift, he will see that I did not yield.

Bradford never prevailed on me to leave out a single word in his life, except a passage in the *Congress Gallery*. “Remember” (says the son in a triumphant manner) “Remember what was erased from the *Congress Gallery*.”——I do remember it, thou composit of die-stuff, lampblack and urine, I do remember it well ; and since you have not told all about it, I will.——The passage erased contained some remarks on the indecent and every way unbecoming expression of Mr. Lewis, on the trial of Randall, when he said, that gentlemen would have served *his client* right, if they had *kicked him out of the room*. Bradford told me he had a *very particular reason* for wishing this left out, and as it was not a passage to which I attached much importance, left out it was : but had I known that his *very particular reason* was, that he had engaged Mr. Lewis as his counsellor in a suit which he had just then commenced against his deceased brother’s widow and his own sisters, the passage should not have been left out, for him nor for Mr. Lewis neither. I fear no lawyers.——From this fact, we may form a pretty correct idea of the *independence* of Bradford’s press, when left to his own conducting.\*

I think, the further we go, the deeper My Lord

\* Bradford pretends to detect me in a lie about my having *a press*. I have two now at work for me, and the printers are always paid the instant their work is done. Can a Bradford say as much?——He tells me something about my being *obliged* to pay my taxes. To be sure I am ; but did any tax-gatherer ever dare clap his hand on any of my goods or chattels? No ; but the land of Thomas Bradford ; back-land which he got out of the old foldiers, who were fighting last war while he was a sort of jailer ; this land was sold last year *by the Sheriff*, and that to pay the *taxes too*.——You see, My Lord Bradford, that you have refreshed my memory to some purpose.



Bradford gets in the mire. Let us stop the career, then. Let us dismiss him, his sons, his press and his shop, with a remark or two on one more passage of his son's letter. "You," (meaning me) "can declaim and scandalize with the greatest hero of *Bilingsgate*, yet, in sober argument and "chastity of manner, you are a mere *nincompoop*."

——The reader must have observed, that Boileau, Roscommon and Pope, in their poetical rules, always convey the precept in an example; so we see here, that young Lampblack gives us an example of the very manner he decries.——But, a word more about *chastity*: not quite in the same sense, though not so far from it as to render the transition very abrupt.——*Chastity* from the pen of a Bradford! *Chastity*, I say, from No 8, South Front-Street! *Chastity* from the *bawdy-book-shop*!

——I have no pretension to an overstock of modesty or squeamishness. I have served an apprenticeship in the army; yet have I often been shocked to see what the Bradfords sell. Not, perhaps, so much at the obscenity of the books, as at the conduct of the venders. I do not know a traffic so completely infamous as this. In London it is confined to the very scum of the Jews. It is ten times worse than the trade of a bawd: it is pimping for the eyes: it *creates* what the punk does but satisfy when created. These *literary panders* are the purveyors for the bawdy-house.——However, as far as relates to the people in question, the sons are not to blame: "a "father's wish is a law with them."

I shall conclude with observing, that though Bradford's publication was principally intended

to do away the charge of having duped me in the one and seven-pence half-penny job, he has left it just as it was. His son has, indeed, attempted to bewilder the reader by a comparison between the prices of the ensuing pamphlets; but what has this to do with the matter? His father took the *Observations*, was to publish them, and give me half the profits. Long after, many months after, every copy of the work was sold, asked him for an account of it, which he brought me in *writing*, and in which my half of the profits was stated at *one shilling and seven pence half-penny*, or about *twenty-one cents*.—Now, nothing posterior to this could possibly diminish the barefacedness of the transaction. I did not actually receive the *twenty-one cents*; threw the paper from me with disdain; nor did I ever receive a farthing for the publication in question from that day to this.

I now take leave of the Bradfords, and of all those who have written against me. People's opinions must now be made up concerning them and me. Those who still believe the lies that have been vomited forth against me, are either too stupid, too perverse to merit further attention. I will, therefore, never write another word in reply to any thing that is published about myself. Bark away, hell-hounds, till you are suffocated in your own foam. Your labours are preserved, bound up together in a piece of bear-skin with the hair on, and nailed up to a post in my shop, where, whoever pleases, may read them gratis.

END OF THE CENSOR FOR SEPTEMBER.





PORCUPINE'S  
POLITICAL CENSOR,

For NOVEMBER 1796.

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CONTAINING

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE INSOLENT AND SEDITIOUS NOTES,

Communicated to *the People* of the

UNITED STATES

BY THE LATE FRENCH MINISTER ADET;

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PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY, WILLIAM COBBETT,  
OPPOSITE CHRIST CHURCH.

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Nov. 1796.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**P**ERSUADED of the utility this Censor may be of, if extensively read, the editor has printed a double edition of it, and by that mean has been enabled to reduce the price to *One Quarter of a Dollar*.

The next Censor will contain a letter to the infamous Tom Paine, in answer to the brutal attack, which the despots of France have certainly paid him for making on General Washington, and on the government and Constitution of the United States.—This Censor will also begin remarks on the debates in Congress.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As nothing is more gratifying than the *applause*, or profitable than the *admonition*, of good men, I have reason to congratulate myself on an abundance of both: but as applause ought never to be purchased with money, and as admonition is a commodity that every one is ready to bestow gratis, I must request that future communications of this kind may come to me *post-free*.—I also beg leave to hint to those who give me advice, which they wish I should follow, not to do it in too dictatorial a style; for, if I have any good qualities, docility, I am afraid, is not to be numbered amongst them.





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THE  
POLITICAL CENSOR,

For NOVEMBER 1796.

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R E M A R K S

ON

CITIZEN ADET'S NOTES TO THE  
SECRETARY OF STATE.

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THE moment the Gallic usurpers had murdered their sovereign, and, from the vilest walks in life, mounted into his seat, they assumed the tone of masters to the government of the United States. Their style has sometimes softened, it is true; but the general tenor of it has regularly approached towards that loftiest note, that *ne plus ultra* of insolence, which it attained in *Citizen Adet's* last communications.

In offering my sentiments on these arrogant effusions of upstart tyranny, I feel an unusual de-

gree of diffidence: a diffidence that does not arise from any fear I entertain of the Citizen or his factious adherents, or even of the “ *terrible nation*,” to use his own words, of which he was lately the worthy representative; but from a consciousness of my inability to do justice to the subject. The keenest satire, were I master of it, would fall blunted from such hardened impudence, such pure unadulterated brass, as it would here have to encounter. Terms of reproach are not yet invented, capable of expressing the resentment that every man, who has the least respect for the government, ought to feel on this occasion.

Thus voluntarily to interfere in a correspondence between a foreign minister and the officers of state, might, under other circumstances, appear rather a bold intrusion; but, the Citizen’s having communicated his papers *to the people*, at the same time, if not before, they reached the Secretary of State, happily precludes the necessity of an apology.

The notes on which I am about to remark, and to which, collected together, I have affixed the title of *Diplomatic Blunderbuss*, are intended chiefly to notify to the people of America, that the French rulers are angry with the Federal Government, and that, in consequence of this anger, they have ordered Citizen Adet to suspend his functions as minister, till the government shall alter its conduct, or, in the pedagogue style, mend its manners.

In the 44th page of the *Blunderbuss*, the Citizen makes a recapitulation of the offences that



have brought on us this dreadful chastisement, this political excommunication; and it will not appear a little surprising, that some of them have existed ever since the birth of the French Republic, notwithstanding the love and esteem this outlandish lady has ever expressed towards her sister America.

These offences amounting to seven in number, are as follows :

1. The Federal Government *put in question*, whether it should execute the treaties, or receive the agents of the *rebel* and proscribed *princes*.
2. It made a proclamation of *insidious* neutrality.
3. By its *chicaneries*, it *abandoned* French privateers to its courts of justice.
4. It eluded the amicable mediation of the French Republic for breaking the chains of the American citizens in Algiers.
5. It *allowed* the French colonies to be declared in a state of blockade, and *allowed* the citizens of America to be interdicted the right of trading to them.
6. It eluded all the advances made by the French Republic for renewing the *treaties of commerce* upon a more favourable footing to both nations.
7. It anticipated Great Britain, by soliciting a treaty, in which treaty it prostituted

its neutrality; it sacrificed France to her enemies, or rather, looking upon her as obliterated from the chart [map] of the world, it forgot the services she had rendered it, and threw aside the duty of gratitude, as if ingratitude was a governmental duty.

These are the heinous crimes of which the Federal Government stands charged by the sultans of France. Let us now, if they will permit us, examine these crimes, one by one, and see whether the President, and Messrs. Hamilton, Knox, Jay, Pickering and Wolcot, really deserve to be guillotined, or not.

“ I. *The Federal Government put in question, whether it should execute the treaties, or receive the agents of the rebel and proscribed princes.*”

The Citizen has made a small mistake in drawing up this charge, owing, I suppose, to his ignorance of that excellent rule of the English language, which requires every thing to be called by its right name. I would have worded it thus: “ The Federal Government put in question, whether it should execute the treaties, made between America and the king of France, with his *rebel subjects* who had just murdered him, or receive the agents of his lawful successors, the Princes whom those murderers had had the audacity to pretend to proscribe.”

With this trifling alteration, I am ready to admit the truth of the charge, but am very far from admitting it to be a crime. The king of France was murdered on the 21st of January, 1793. In-

formation of this event could not be received here much before the 18th of April, and it was on that day the President submitted to his council, the questions of which the above charge forms the substance.

The treaties here spoken of, were made with Louis XVI. whose minister, at the time these questions were proposed for consideration, was resident at Philadelphia. The President knew, indeed, that the king was dead, but he, at the same time, knew that the treaties were binding on the United States in behalf of his lawful "*heirs and successors*," and he certainly knew that Petion, Danton, Roland, Clavière, Condorcet, Brissot, and the innumerable horde of bloody usurpers who have come after them, were not those "*heirs and successors*?" He also knew, that even the whole French nation, could not, in the sense of the treaties, become the "*heirs and successors*" of Louis XVI. and, though treaties, made with a monarch, *may* remain in force with the nation under a new form of government, yet this is, as most assuredly it ought to be, entirely at the option of the other contracting party. The American government had, therefore, an indisputed right to refuse to execute, in behalf of the French nation, treaties made with their sovereign alone.

If we turn back a little, we shall find this very audacious and unprincipled Convention, whose minister was coming to Philadelphia, publicly deliberating, "whether the treaties, made with the "*tyrant Louis*, were binding on the *regenerated nation*, or not." This question was determined *in the negative*, and accordingly the treaty with



Holland was immediately violated. And yet they will not permit the poor government of America to debate about any such thing, nor even to talk of it in secret, though the result be in their own favour! Let it be remembered too, that Genet came authorized to make *new treaties*, a pretty certain proof, that the Convention did not call in question the right of the government to refuse to adhere to the old ones. It is a proof of more; it is a proof that they expected that it would make the refusal. Would to God their expectation had been realized!

I will not go so far as to say, that the Federal Government was fully justified in its *decision* on this important subject; but I insist that its conduct evinced the utmost partiality for the new *Republic*. When Genet arrived here, it was far from being ascertained that the whole, or even a majority, of the French nation, approved of the murder of their sovereign, or had abandoned the cause of his successors. The government of America, had, but a few months before, beheld them raising their hands to heaven, and swearing to die, if necessary, in defence of their king. Their constitution, establishing a *hereditary monarchy*, had been voluntarily formed, and solemnly sanctioned by the whole nation, amidst festivals and *Te-Deums*, and had been officially communicated to the world. Each member of the Assembly, as well as every individual Frenchman, had repeatedly sworn "to maintain this constitution with all his might." Laws had been made, punishing with transportation all who refused to take the oath, and till then unheard-of cruelties had been exercised on the non-jurors. After all this, was it

astorishing that the Federal Government should, for a moment, hesitate to believe, that the nation was really become a Republic, and that this constitution, about which there had been so much noise and rejoicing and feasting and singing and swearing should be so completely destroyed as to leave neither remnant nor rag visible? Must they be looked upon as the enemies of France, because they did not yield implicit credit to him who first told them, that the very men who had declared the king's person to be " sacred and " inviolable," had dipped their hands in his blood; and that the people, who had solemnly vowed to maintain the decree with their lives, had basely applauded the sanguinary deed?—It is not the final *determination* of the American government, for that was in favour of the Convention, but it is its *hesitation*, of which Citizen Adet complains; as if he had said: " How could " you, for a moment, doubt of the faithlessness " of my countrymen? How durst you hesitate to " think them, what they have since so fully " proved themselves, a horde of traitors, perjurers and assassins?"—If the Citizen will but forgive the government this time, I will answer for them they will never doubt on this subject again.

But, if it was so very natural for the Federal Government to view the French in their true character, was not that a reason, on the other hand, for deliberating whether their republican minister should be received in preference to the agents of the Princes? The government had the interests of America to attend to in this important decision, as well as those of France. A

weighty debt was due from this country, not to the regenerated nation nor to its bloodthirsty tyrants, but to Louis XVI. *his heirs and successors*. A minister from the Republic once admitted, a claim of the interest of the debt could not be refused; and if the volatile and perjured nation, had recalled the successor of their sovereign, would not that successor have demanded, and with justice, a second payment of such interest? This has not *yet* happened, but it does not follow that it might not have happened. In the common affairs of men, he who has been once convicted of perjury, is never after looked upon as credible; and the same rule is applicable to societies. It is entirely owing to the want of good faith among the allies, and to the dastardly conduct of the Princes themselves, neither of which could well be foreseen at the time, that a Bourbon is not now on the throne of France: so that, the Federal Government, instead of discovering a hostile disposition towards the Republic, certainly hazarded much in its favour.

But, considerations of this nature have no weight with the new sovereigns of France. Their object in bringing forward the charge at this time, is, not to impress on the minds of the people that their government acted unjustly or unwisely, but that it leaned to the side of *monarchy* rather than to that of *republicanism*. That this is false is clear from the result; but were the insinuation just, had the government expressed a wish to see such a monster of a republic as that of France crushed in its birth, the wish would have been a most pious one.



*Republicanism* is become, for what reason I know not, synonymous with *freedom and happiness*, and there are thousands among us who pretend to believe, notwithstanding the terrible example before their eyes, that men cannot be enslaved under a form of government that is called republican. Mr. Adams, in his *Defence of the American Constitutions*, Vol. I. page 87, says: "Our countrymen *will never run delirious after a word or a name*. The name *republic* is given to things in their nature as different and contradictory as light and darkness, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, happiness and misery. There are *free republics*, and *republics as tyrannical as an oriental despotism*."——How fully is the truth of these observations exemplified in the republics of America and France! But even this wise and deep-sighted civilian could not imagine that his countrymen would ever run delirious after a name; much less could he imagine, that he should live to see many of them extolling, as the paragon of republics, a system of tyranny that has all the appearance of being an instrument of the wrath of heaven.

I shall dismiss this first charge against the government, with observing, that the meanness equals the impudence of making it. We have seen the French murder their king, whose greatest fault was his confidence in *their* fidelity; we have seen them drag his headless and bloody carcass from the scaffold, throw it into a pit without the rites of sepulture, and, to deprive it of even the privilege of rotting, consume it with hot lime. Yet, after all this, they are not ashamed to complain, that they were not, without hesitation, ad-

mitted as heirs his successors! They are not ashamed to enjoy the benefits resulting from a contract, made with the very man the anniversary of whose murder they celebrate! Like the treacherous labourers, they first slay the lord of the vineyard and then seize on his possessions, his titles and his deeds.—Men may be unjust and tyrannical, they may even be cruel and ferocious, without being *mean*. There are many assassins who would scorn to dress themselves in the robes of their victim. But, to unite vices seemingly incompatible, is the characteristic of the regenerated French: in all they say and do, there is such a mixture of licentiousness and servility, of frivolity and ferocity, of duplicity, insolence and meanness, that we know not whether to despise or hate them most.

“ 2. *The government made a proclamation of “ insidious neutrality.”*”

This charge is as false as it is rude. I would beg this well-informed and polite citizen, to name one single instance of the insincerity of the Federal Government, in enforcing this proclamation. As applied to the conduct of some part of the people, indeed, the neutrality might be called *insidious*; but then, this insidiousness operated in favour of the French and not against them. There were many who highly approved of the proclamation, and who at the same time actually made war upon the enemies of France. An army of Americans, under the authority of Genet, invaded the Spanish territories, while privateers were fitted out to cruise on the British; cargoes of ammunition and arms were shipped off, and

thanksgivings, and other public demonstrations of joy, were heard from one end of the Union to the other. The bells of the good old Christian church, opposite me, fired rounds to celebrate the inundation of the Atheistical barbarians into Holland; and the English flag was burnt at Philadelphia, on the public square, as a sacrifice to the goddess of French liberty. These latter circumstances are trifling in themselves, 'tis true, and certainly excited nothing but contempt and ridicule, in the minds of those whom they were intended to insult; but, the question is (and it is to ask this question that they are here mentioned), what would the French, that "terrible nation," have said, had these insults, these marks of an *insidious* neutrality been offered to them? Would they not have sent their fleets and knocked down our towns and burnt our ships? No; the enemy would have stopped them on the way; but they would have stirred hell to seek for the means of vengeance. What they had wanted in deeds, they would have made up for in words. Every opprobrious term in their new-fangled vocabulary would have been heaped on our heads. How many *sacres mâtins* and *jean-f—tres* and *f—tus chiens* and *libertécides* and *neutralitécides* would they have called the poor *Anglo-Americans*, in the course of a *Decade*! Instead of bell, book and candle, they would have cursed us with all the gods of their heathenish calendar; and, which would have been infinitely worse, they would have cursed us with the teasing remonstrances of an impertinent minister.

Where a breach of neutrality, cognizable by the laws, appeared, the Federal Government al-



ways did its utmost to bring the offenders to justice, and it is for this very reason, that the late diplomatic Mounseer has dared to accuse it of an insidious neutrality. After the proclamation was issued, and Genet saw that there was no hope of setting it aside by inciting the people to rebellion, he feigned an acquiescence, and declared that the Convention did not wish the prosperity of their dear brethren of America to be interrupted by a participation in the war. It entered into his delirious brain, that the proclamation was to be a mere cloak, under which he thought to enlist as many soldiers and arm as many privateers as he could pay for. Such a neutrality would, indeed, have been more advantageous to France than an open declaration of war on the part of the United States; but when he found that the government was resolved to enforce the proclamation; when he found that his pirates were not permitted to rob and plunder with impunity, and that the American harbours were not to serve them as hiding places, whence they might fall out upon poor old John Bull, as their great predecessor did upon the beeves of Hercules; then he began to foam and *sacre dieu* against the *liberticide* government, for “ neutralizing the zeal of  
 “ the citizens, and punishing the generous children  
 “ of liberty, for flying to the relief of their mother, when she was upon the point of violation  
 “ by a horde of crowned monsters.”

As Citizen Adet seems to have been furnished with memorandums concerning the conduct of all the State Governments, with respect to the vessels of the belligerent nations; as he must be in possession of the *French archives*, those ever-

lasting records of poor Mr. Randolph's precious confessions, and of the services of all those who have deserved well of the terrible Republic, it was rather ungrateful of him, to overlook the alertness of that vigilant and virtuous and chaste and incorruptible republican, Governor Mifflin, at the time of laying the embargo. That venerable old Democrat, the father-in-law of Citizen Genet, who has happily given place to a better man, might also have merited encomium on the same account. With what care did they watch! With what zeal did they call out the militia, and man whale boats, and run and bustle about, to prevent the escape of vessels bound to British ports! Their diligence in the discharge of this part of their duty was not a whit inferior to that of those useful auxiliaries of justice, which the rudeness of these latter times has styled thief-catchers; while the vessels bound to the land of *Messiaor* and *Floreal* and *Vendimaire*, &c. slipped off "in a dark night;" and while, in another quarter, a whole fleet sailed for this land of starvation, though the embargo had been laid ten days before. Had the British minister complained of a breach of neutrality here, he might have been heard with patience; but, if even he had had the assurance to make use of the word *insidious*, he would have merited a peremptory order to pack up.

The only breach of neutrality with which the Federal Government can possibly be charged, is, the liquidation of the French debt. This favour, as beneficial to France as it was apparently hazardous to the United States, would have been acknowledged by Citizen Adet and his masters,



had they not been as ignorant of the law of nations as of the laws of politeness and decency. Citizen Genet, when he opened the negotiation, promised that every farthing of the debt, if liquidated, should be *expended in the country*, and, for once, I believe, contrary to the German proverb, the Frenchman kept his word; for, except what was retained for the unavoidable daily hire of *Poor Richard*, and some few other items, I believe every single fous of it went among the *Flour-Merchants*.—What think you, Mr. Dallas? Come now, d——n it, tell the truth for once in your life. Be frank with your countryman, and we'll make up all old grievances.—Well, you may be as sulky as you please: I believe it; or your friend Fauchet never would have stood, like a bilked cully, with his pocket turned inside out, when he could have purchased a delicious civil war with a few thousand dollars.—It is an old saying, and all old sayings are true; that what is got over the devil's back is spent under his belly; and so it happened with this debt. The givers and the receivers were just of a stamp, and one had just as much right to the money as the other.

But, to return to my subject: whether this liquidation were a breach of neutrality, in a rigorous sense, or not, every real friend of America must rejoice at its being effected. It was one effort towards shaking off a *dependence* that yet hangs about our necks like a millstone. One of our poets has called a *dun* “a horrid monster, “hated of gods and men.” Exactly such was Genet, when he first arrived, and such would have been his successors, had not the clamorous creditors (or rather claimants) been silenced by a



discharge of the debt. This the government undoubtedly foresaw, and therefore wisely resolved to relieve us from their importunities. But there is another debt of enormous magnitude, that still remains; I mean the debt of *gratitude* due from this country to the regenerated French. This we shall never liquidate, while there is a Frenchman left to ask, or an American to give. It is incalculable in its amount, and eternal in its duration; we will therefore leave it to pass down the stream of time along with the *insidious neutrality*.

3. *The Government, by its chicaneries, abandoned French privateers to its courts of Justice.*

This is, I tremblingly presume, the “terrible” style, and is therefore looked upon as sufferable in a minister from a “terrible nation;” but I am pretty confident, it would be suffered with impunity in no other. Some writer on the belles lettres, I believe it is Burke, observes, that terror is a property of the sublime, and I am sure that insolence is a property of the terrible. I know not precisely what punishment the law of nations has awarded for such language, but I should imagine it can be nothing short of breaking of bones. A good Irish sheeleley or Devonshire quarterstaff seems much better calculated for answering a charge like this than a pen.—The *chicaneries of the government!*—*Abandoning privateers to courts of Justice!*—If this does not deserve a rib-roasting, I do not know what does. If this goes off so, then I say there is no such thing as justice on this side the grave. Why, I have seen many as good a man as Citizen Adet, aye and as faithful to his king too, flogged till the blood ran into

his shoes, for giving language, a hundred times less insolent than this, to a lance corporal.

Does the General Government of America then act by *chicane*? Does General Washington, whose integrity, whose inflexible firmness and whose undaunted bravery have been acknowledged and admired as far as his name has reached, merit to be put on a level with a miserable pettifogger? And is a cause *abandoned*, because it is submitted to an *American court of judicature*? Are both judges and juries in this country so very very corrupt, that no justice can be expected from their decisions? Are we so nearly like Sodom and Gomorrah that twelve honest men are not to be found among us?

An accusation may be so completely absurd and impudent, that no one can attempt to refute it, without sinking, in some degree, towards a level with the accuser; and, as I have no inclination to do this, I leave the present one to be answered by the indignation of the reader.

“ 4. *The Government eluded the amicable mediation of the French Republic for breaking the chains of the American citizens in Algiers.*”

Every one who recollects the anxiety which the President has ever expressed on the subject of a treaty with Algiers, the innumerable obstacles he had to surmount, and the enormous expense by means of which it was at last effected, need not be told that this charge is as ill-founded as the preceding ones. But, as it is intended to bring forward to the people a proof of the Friendship

of France, at the moment her hatred and hostility are evident to every eye, in this point of view it may be worth while to hear what the Citizen has to say in support of it.

He tells us (*Diplomatic Blunderbuss*, page 66), that “ the French government, zealous of giving  
 “ to the United States proofs of its attachment,  
 “ had commenced negotiations with the regency  
 “ of Algiers, in order to put an end to the war  
 “ which that power was making on the commerce  
 “ of the United States.” That the minister for foreign affairs instructed Fauchet (the very Fauchet who expressed his regret that the Western rebellion did not succeed) to communicate to the Federal Government the steps which that of France had taken in this respect, which he did in the following terms, on the 4th of June, 1794.

“ I have already had the pleasure, Sir, to inform you, verbally, of *the interest* which the  
 “ committee of public safety of the national convention *had early taken* in the truly unhappy situation of your commerce in the Mediterranean.

“ I now fulfil the duty imposed on me by the  
 “ government, by calling to your *recollection* in writing, the steps which are to be taken by our  
 “ agent with the dey of Algiers, for repressing this new manœuvre of the British administration,  
 “ which has put the finishing stroke to its proofs of malevolence towards free people. The dispatch of the minister *communicating this measure* to me, is dated the 5th January, 1794, and  
 “ did not come to my hands till fifteen days ago;



“ I do not yet know by what route; I could have  
 “ wished it had been less tardy in coming to me,  
 “ that I might sooner have fulfilled the agreeable  
 “ task of proving to you by facts, the protestati-  
 “ ons of friendship of which I have so often spok-  
 “ en in the name of the Republic of France.

“ The information which I shall receive from  
 “ Europe in a little time, *will doubtless possess me*  
 “ *of the success of those negociations which were to*  
 “ *have been opened in January last.* If the situ-  
 “ ation of your affairs is yet such with respect to  
 “ that barbarous regency, as that our interventi-  
 “ on may be of some utility, *I pray you to invite*  
 “ *the president to cause to be communicated to me*  
 “ *the means that he will join to those of the commit-*  
 “ *tee of public safety, for the greatest success of*  
 “ *the measures already taken.* It is in virtue of  
 “ the express request of the minister that I solicit  
 “ of the president *some communication on this sub-*  
 “ *ject;* I shall be satisfied to be able to transmit it  
 “ by a very early conveyance which I am now  
 “ preparing for France.

The secretary of state replied to him on the 6th  
 June, 1794, by a letter of which the following  
 is an extract.

“ Your other letter of the 4th of June, is a  
 “ powerful demonstration of the interest which  
 “ the Republic of France takes in our welfare. I  
 “ will frankly communicate to you our measures  
 “ and expectations with regard to Algiers; but as  
 “ *you will so soon receive the detail of those measures,*  
 “ which your government has pursued in our be-  
 “ half, it will be better perhaps to postpone our

“ interview on this matter, *until the intelligence which you further expect, shall arrive.*”

First, observe here, that Adet tells the people, that somebody in France, no matter who, *had actually commenced negotiations* with the regency of Algiers in behalf of their countrymen. To prove this, he quotes a letter of Fauchet, in which this latter begs to call to the recollection of the Federal Government “ the steps which *are to be taken,*” and not the steps which are taken. Afterwards Fauchet, presuming upon what has been done since his latest instructions came away, talks in the very same letter, about measures *already taken*; but is unable to say any thing about the nature or success of them, until he receives *further information* from Europe, which he makes no doubt is upon the point of arriving.—Now, is it not very surprising that this further information never came to hand, from that day to this? And is it not still more surprising, that no traces of this friendly mediation, of these steps that *were to be taken*, and those measures that *were already taken*, should ever be discovered by the American Envoy to Algiers? When the French do what they can possibly construe into an act of generosity, they are not very apt to keep it hidden from the world, or to suffer the obliged party to remain unreminded of it.

But, let us hear how Master Adet accounts for his worthy predecessor's receiving no *further information* relative to this generous interference in our behalf. Fauchet told the government he was in daily expectation of it, and yet it never came. How will Citizen Adet get out of this? We have

him fairly hemmed up in a corner here, and he has a devilish deal more wit than I take him to have, if he gets himself decently out of it.—He tells us that the French government had taken measures for the relief of the captives, that the mediation was in a charming train, that Fauchet communicated this pleasing intelligence to the President, who waited with anxious expectation for further information, which Fauchet hourly expected to receive, and that “*then* Mr. Jay” was charged to negotiate with the British government.”——Well; and what then?——Why, “and *then* Citizen Fauchet did *not* receive” any communication on the subject.”——What?—O, oh! and so *then*, it seems, Mr. Jay’s being appointed to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with king George, prevented the *agreeable information*, “the facts proving the sincerity” of the French protestations of friendship,” from being received! And did so completely do away all those steps which *were to be* taken, and which *were taking*, and which *had already been taken*, that they were never after heard of! Surprising, that the United States should have chided, should have perished even, the zealous interest that France took in their distresses, merely because they wished to avoid still greater distresses, by an amicable negotiation elsewhere!

Let us recur to time also. A lie that is bound down to *dates* is difficult to be successfully kept up.

The committee of public safety (it should have been called the committee of public misery) instructed Citizen Fauchet on the 5th of January, 1794, to inform the American government, that



they were about taking means for “breaking the chains of our captive citizens in Algiers.” This “proof of the protestations of their friendship” did not come to Fauchet’s hands till the 4th of the ensuing June, just five months, to an hour; and when it did at last arrive, Citizen Fauchet, *could not tell by what route!*—A pretty story this, and a pretty sort of Ambassador to receive dispatches of such importance, without knowing *by whom* or *by what route*. Let Citizen Adet and his worthy predecessor, Father Joseph, go and impose such humbug tales upon the poor stupid enslaved Hollanders and Genevese, they will find few such gulls here.

Again: how could the appointment of Mr. Jay prevent the reception of *further information*, if such information was daily expected? Robespierre and his bloody colleagues, who felt such a tender concern for the captives, could not hear of this appointment sooner than about two months after it took place; the information, promised, as they say, on the 5th of January, must therefore have been on the way, and what, then, I would be glad to know, prevented its coming to hand? That it *never* did come to hand, Master Adet has confessed, and we must inevitably conclude therefrom, that it was never either promised on that side the water or expected on this.—These dates form a net in which the Citizen has hampered himself. He had got the *Messidors* and the *Fruetidors* into his brains, and could he have got them into ours also, could he have made us adopt the beastial calendar of *Poor Richard*, we might have lost our account too, but by sticking to the good old June and January we have caught him out.

The fact is, the committee of public misery never took any steps towards a mediation, never wrote any letter to Fauchet on the subject, nor did this latter ever expect any information relative thereto. The whole was a mere trumped up story to induce the President to relinquish his purpose of a pacific negotiation with Great Britain, by giving him a high opinion of the friendship of France and leading him to depend on her for support. Had the President been the dupe they expected he was, we might have bidden an eternal farewell to *independence*. If Robespierre and the Convention had once got a hold of him, he would in vain have struggled to get free: their fraternal hug would have been a million times more fatal to us than the grapples of the Algerine galleys to the crews of our ships.—Observe how anxious Fauchet was to obtain some *overture* on the part of the President: “ I pray you to invite the President *to cause to be communicated to me the means which he will join to those of the committee of public safety.*” This was all Fauchet wanted him to do; to ask some favour or other. I doubt not but they would have really interposed with their brother barbarians for the liberation of the captives; but the chains which they would have knocked off from a handful of Americans, would have been rivetted on America for ever. The President saw the snare, and, with his usual sagacity, avoided it; and thus preserved himself and his country from disgrace and ruin.

The motive for advancing the charge at this time, is, to instil into the minds of the people, that the President felt extremely indifferent as to the fate of the captives. This base, this calum-

nious, this insufferably insolent insinuation, I leave to the resentment of those for whose sake he has undergone every toil and every hardship, has a thousand times ventured his life, and, what is more, has patiently borne the viperous bite of ingratitude. If there be an American, who approves of the late revolution, and who esteems himself happy under the change which it has produced, and who yet has not the courage to resent this audacious aspersion of the character of General Washington, he deserves to be curtailed of the signs of manhood: such a pusillanimous reptile ought not to be suffered to propagate his breed.

“ 5. *The government allowed the French colonies to be declared in a state of blockade, and allowed the citizens of America to be interdicted the right of trading to them.*”

It is a wonder Citizen Adet did not swell the list here. He might, with equal reason, have complained that the Federal Government *allowed* the British to conquer the half of these colonies; that they *allowed* Lords Howe, Hood and Bridport to destroy their fleets; and that they *allowed* Prince Charles to beat and pursue their boasting army. He might have complained, that they are about to *allow* the fans-culotte general Moreau to be Burgoyened, and the ruffian Buonaparte and his wolfish comrades to leave their lank carcases in Italy, which I hope and believe will be *allowed*. Had he complained, that they *allowed* it to rain, to snow and to thunder, his complaint would not have been more absurd than it now is.



But, the government also *allowed* “ the American citizens to be interdicted the right of trading to these colonies. ’—As to the *power* of preventing this, the same may be said as of the prohibitions above supposed; and as to the *right* of preventing it, if the power had existed, nothing can be said, unless we knew the exact state of the blockades, to which the Citizen alludes, but of which his *Blunderbuss* gives no particular account.

When a place, or an island, is actually invested in such manner as to enable the besieger to prevent neutrals from entering, he has a right, according to the immemorially established law of nations, not only to exercise this power of prevention, but to seize on, and confiscate, both goods and vessels; and even to inflict corporal punishment on all those who transgress his prohibition. That the British have sometimes declared places in a state of siege, which were not really invested, has often been asserted, but never proved; but it is well known, on the other hand, that they never went to the rigour of the law of nations with those who had the temerity to disregard their prohibitions, in attempting to enter places which were completely blockaded.

Numerous complaints of captures, made at the entrance of the ports of an island, amount to a pretty strong presumptive proof, that the captor has formed an actual investiture. If he has done this, he certainly has a right to declare it, and it follows of course, that no neutral power has a right to take offence at his declaration. When one of the neutral captains complained, that the

British *intercepted, and seized on, every vessel* that attempted to enter the port of St. Pierre's, and, in the very same letter, inveighed against *the illegality of their declaring the place in a state of blockade*, he talked like a good honest tar; and when we hear a public minister echoing the complaint, we may pardon his ignorance, but we cannot help wishing, at the same time, that he had been sent to hand reef and steer, stew up lobsious, or swab the deck, rather than to pester us with his boorish grumbling and tarpawling logic.

Where a merchant, or a mariner, through love to the besieged, or hatred to the besieger, through avarice or through indiscretion, has lost his property by an endeavour to elude the prohibition of trading to a blockaded place, it is very natural, and therefore perhaps excusable, in him to be vociferous in complaint against the injustice of the captor; but it is not quite so natural or excusable in his government to participate in his resentment, and plunge the nation into a war to avenge him. Were the harmony of nations to be disturbed by the passions of individuals, peace must take her flight to heaven, for she would never find a resting place on the face of the earth.

It is, however, certain, that very many of the captures, made by the British cruizers, were contrary to the law of nations, and therefore called for the interposition of the general government. And has not that government interposed? Yes, and so effectually too, that a mode of indemnification, as equitable and as honourable as either party could wish for, has been firmly settled on. Sup-

posing, then, for a moment, that France had a right to make inquiries on the subject, what more does she want? Strange as it may seem, to those who are inattentive to the intrigues of this at once volatile, ferocious and artful republic, it is the success of the negociation, by which this very indemnification was obtained, that has occasioned the charge now preferred by her minister! The French, or rather the French Usurpers, rejoiced at the British depredations on the commerce of this country: nothing was farther from their wishes than to see the sufferers indemnified. They were in hopes of a rupture being produced between Britain and America, and they are now foaming at their disappointment.

To this charge respecting blockades and the seizure of American vessels, may be added that which Citizen Adet makes with regard to the impressment of seamen from on board of those and other vessels.

The complaint against British impressments has so often been the subject of public debate and private animadversion, that it would seem unnecessary to dwell on it here; yet, as I do not recollect ever having seen it placed in a fair point of view, to attempt doing it at this time can be productive of no harm.

The impressed seamen were of two descriptions; *British subjects* and *American subjects*, or (if my reader likes the term better) *American citizens*.\*

\* Every man belonging to a free state, whether monarchical or republican, may be called a *citizen*, as a member of the society; but it is never improper to call him a *subject*, when we speak of him as un-



This distinction is a very important one, because on it totally depends the legality or illegality of the impressment.

It is an established and universally acknowledged principle, that, to the lawful sovereign power of the state, or, in other words, the state itself, in which a man is born, he owes allegiance to the day of his death; unless exempted therefrom by the consent of that sovereign power. This principle is laid down by nature herself, and is supported by justice and general policy. A man, who is not dead to every sentiment that distinguishes him from the brute, feels himself attached to his native land by ties but very little weaker than those which bind him to his parents, and he who can deny the one will make little scruple of denying the other. For the truth of the former remark, I appeal to the heart of my reader, and for the truth of the latter, to his daily observation.—Who would not regard as a monster, the ungrateful wretch that should declare he was no longer the son of his father? And yet this is but one step from pretending to shake off his allegiance to his country. Such declarations may be made, but the debt of duty and allegiance remains undiminished.

And is it not *just* that the state which has bred, nourished and protected you, should have a title to your allegiance? A fool might say, as I heard a philosophical fool lately say, with Goodwin's

der subjection to the laws of the state. In the present constitution of Massachusetts, the people are sometimes called *subjects* and at others, *citizens*; and who is fool enough to believe, or impudent enough to say, that they are less free than the people of the other states?

political justice in his hand; " I could not avoid " being born in your state." But, ungrateful fool, the state might have avoided sheltering you under its wings, and suffering you to grow up to manhood. It might have expelled you the society, cast you out to live among the beasts, or have thrown you into the sea, had it not been withheld by that law, that justice, which now sanctions its claim on your allegiance. To say, that you " never *asked for protection*," is the same thing as to say, that you never *asked to be born*. Had your very first cry been a renunciation of protection, it would not have invalidated the claim of the state; for you were protected in your mother's womb. Should the state now withdraw its protection from you, and leave you to the mercy of the plunderer and assassin, or drive you out from its boundaries, without any forfeiture on your part; would you not exclaim against such a step as an act of brutal injustice? And yet this is no more unjust than for you to withdraw your allegiance, cast the state from you, and leave it to the mercy of its foes. The obligation here is perfectly reciprocal; as the state cannot, by its own arbitrary will, withhold that protection which is the birthright of every individual subject, so no subject can, by his arbitrary will, alienate that allegiance which is the right of the state.

The *general policy* too, the mutual interest of nations, in supporting this principle, is so evident, that nothing but the influence of the wild and barbarian doctrines of the regenerated French can account for its having been disputed. —If men could alienate their allegiance at pleasure, they could also transfer it at pleasure; and

then, into what confusion would not mankind be plunged? Where should we look for the distinctive mark of nations, and where find the standard of right and of duty?

Let us illustrate the excellence of this policy by an example of what might result from its contrary, and at the same time bring the question home to America.—It is very natural that the people of this country should wish to draw the seamen from other countries and claim them as hers, but let us see how this doctrine would suit when brought into operation against herself.—Suppose a war (which God forbid) should break out between America and Great Britain, and that some of the citizens or subjects of these states should be found on board the enemy's vessels making war upon their country; in this case, America would have no right to punish them, according to the new doctrine, if they declared that they had transferred their allegiance to Britain. We may bring the evil still nearer to our doors, and assert, that even deserters to an enemy, landed in the country, would also claim exemption from punishment.—It will not do to say, that this would be *treason*. If allegiance be transferrable, the transfer may take place for all purposes, at all times, and in all places; for war as well as for peace; in the hour of danger as well as in the hour of security; on this side of the sea as well as on the other; in the camp as well as in the city.—This wild doctrine once established, *treason* would become a duty, or rather there could be no such thing as a *traitor* in the world. The barriers of society would be broken into shivers: the discontented of every community would be



tempted, and would moreover have a right, to abandon, betray and make war upon their country.

Applying what has been said to the complaint now before us, we shall find, that the people residing in these States at the time their independence was acknowledged, and those who have been born in them since that time, are not subjects of Great Britain; and that, all who have emigrated from the dominions of Britain since that epoch are her subjects. It is very certain that nearly all the impressed seamen were of this latter description, and were therefore still subject to the laws of their country and the regulations of their sovereign, when found in any part of his or his enemy's dominions, or upon the high seas. These regulations authorized his officers to impress them, and therefore they were impressed. That their impressment was frequently a very great loss to their employers might be subject of regret, but the government of the United States had no more right to complain of it, than that of Britain had to complain of their being employed.

The heathenish French are certainly the last people in the world to hold up as an example to Christian nations; but, where their practice is so exactly contrary to the principles they pretend to profess, it is worth noticing.—Let it be observed, then, that they have taken thousands of *their* emigrants, *without the limits of their territory*, who had renounced their protection; yet every soul of them were put to the sword; not as Austrians, English or Dutch, but as Frenchmen, who still owed allegiance to France, and as such

were dealt with as *traitors*. Now I humbly request the Citizen minister of the “terrible” bloody nation to tell me, what claim France had to the allegiance of these emigrants, if Britain had none to her emigrated sailors? It will not serve his turn, to say that they were found with arms in their hands, that circumstance alone could not render them subjects of France; and besides, the British sailors might have been found in arms too: a neutral allegiance is no allegiance at all.

But, to come still closer to the point; the French seized several of their emigrants *without arms in their hands*, on the high seas, pursuing their peaceable commerce, *on board of neutral vessels* too, yea even on board of *American vessels*. Every man of these they also put to death; some they dragged on shore to the guillotine, others they threw into the sea alive, and others they hewed down with their sabres. Therefore, unless Citizen Adet will frankly declare, like a good full-blooded sans-culotte, that it is justifiable for a nation to claim the allegiance and seize on the persons of its Emigrants, only for the purpose of cutting their throats, I must insist that the practice of his nation gives the lie direct to the principle on which his charge is founded.

It is a phenomenon in politics for a French minister to exert his *humane* influence in behalf of British subjects. How kind it was of the Convention to endeavour to extend their fatherly protection to these impressed seamen! With what a philanthropic warmth they express their concern for them! They are devilish careful of the bacon of a British tar, when they want to pre-

vent him from being brought into action against them; but when they have got him in their clutches they are not quite so tender of him. They have starved thousands of British prisoners this war. They were fed on rotten herbage for months together. They crammed them into dungeons, or rather charnel houses, and gave them *limed water* to moisten their dirty food. Above three thousand of these poor fellows, expired with burning entrails, in the different sea-ports of the treacherous and inhuman republic, only because they remained faithful to their country and loyal to their king.

I now come to the other description of impressed seamen: those who owed allegiance to America alone. And here I frankly declare, that I believe, many acts of rudeness, insolence, and even tyranny, have been committed by particular officers; for there are some of them that would press their own mothers, if they were capable of standing before the mast. But, I can never credit all the lamentable stories that the hirelings of France have so industriously propagated on this subject. After a most piteous and pitiful picture of the distresses of the impressed seamen, drawn by that able painter, the taper-limbed and golden-hued Adonis of New York, who has been aptly enough compared to a poplar tree in autumn; after as vigilant and spiteful an inquiry as ever was prosecuted by the spirit of faction, not more than *five* or *six* impressed seamen, of the description we are now speaking of, could be *named*; and with respect to these, the report of the secretary of state proved, that, where proper application had been made for



their enlargement, it had always been immediately attended to, and had produced the desired effect.

It was in the course of this memorable investigation, that the generous Mr. Livingston proposed to furnish the British seamen, on board American vessels, with certificates of naturalization. These were intended to operate as a charm on the paws and bludgeons of the English press-gangs, or, at least, it is difficult to conceive for what other purpose they were intended. Was there any man in Congress fool enough to imagine, that the just claims of one nation could be annulled by the production of bits of sealed paper given to her subjects by another nation? The particular act, or the general law, by which foreigners are naturalized, may admit them to a participation in all the privileges and immunities enjoyed by the citizens of the state adopting them (which is, indeed, the sole end of naturalization), but can never weaken the claim of the parent state; otherwise *traitors* and *deserters*, by producing *certificates of naturalization*, might bid defiance to the just vengeance of their injured country.

As to the measures taken by the Federal Government, relative to the impressed seamen, they were such as the peculiar situation of America rendered wise. Mr. Jay endeavoured to obtain a stipulation, by which British seamen, found on board American vessels, would have been exempted from the operation of the impress orders. This Great Britain refused, for the same reason that nations as well as individuals generally refuse to make a gratuitous sacrifice of what be-

longs to them. Agents have since been appointed to attend to impressments, and when their interposition is warranted by the state of the case, there is every appearance that it will be productive of the end proposed, and that both parties will readily co-operate for the preservation of harmony.

But, it is this cursed harmony that Citizen Adet and his masters do not approve of. They wish the government of the United States to imitate them, assume the tone of bullies, and so get into a war; or, at least, they wish Great Britain to be compelled to relinquish her claim to her sailors, while she stands in need of them to fight against her enemies. The former of these will not happen, in spite of French envy and malice; and as to the latter, it will never take place while Britain is able to beat France, Spain and Holland, on the seas, and that I trust she will be as long as there are men of war in the world and seas for them to fight on.

Thus far have I proceeded on this subject for the satisfaction of my reader: what remains to be said on it is intended for the satisfaction of Citizen Adet alone.—And now then, you terrible Envoy of the “terrible nation,” be so polite for once as to tell me, what business you, or your worthy predecessors, had to meddle or make with the impressment of American sailors. Your reading does not, indeed, seem to be very deep or extensive; but, if you have not read Grotius or Puffendorff, or any other civilian that treats of the *sovereignty* and *independence* of nations, you may probably have dipped into the

*Mock Doctor* (which is a translation from your own comic poet), and if so, you must remember the fate of the fool that interfered in the disputes of other people.—You tell us, that Fauchet, writing to our government, asked: “ *What account do you conceive I can render to the French government, of the means you take for rendering your neutrality respectable?* ”—This, my good mounseer, is not language to be used to an *independent* nation: it is the style of a school-master to his idle scholar, of a guardian to his childish or profligate ward, or rather of a steward to the crouching vassals of his and their lord and master. Yet you have had the assurance to repeat the question, couched in still more hectoring and menacing terms, and pretend to be offended because the government has not deigned to make you a reply.—When your Convention were dragging their sovereign to a mock trial, and condemning him to an ignominious death, in open defiance of all law and justice; cutting off his unfortunate sister and queen, after having drenched them with the dregs of humiliation, ten times bitterer than death; cramming his son, an innocent child, into a dungeon, ordering him to be kept from sleep, and finally———my pen refuses to trace the dastardly, the horrid deed. When they were butchering, by thousands, the faithful inhabitants of Lyons, and the brave peasants of La Vendée, whose names will be remembered with honour and renown, when their assassins will be howling in hell; when they were in the midst of this base and bloody work, what would they have said, had the government of America called on them to hold their hands? Would they not have rejected the interposition



with scorn? Would they not have added the Envoy to the group of an execution or the cargo of a drowning boat?—By what article of *the rights of man* then, do they assume to themselves the office of Dictators to this *free and independent nation*? The assumption is an outrage on every principle of nature, of law, of justice and of policy: it can be surpassed by nothing on the annals of arrogance, and can be equalled only by the impudence with which it is attempted to be exercised.

Dismissing this charge respecting impressed seamen, the length of my observations on which I am afraid has wearied my reader, I proceed to the remaining ones, on which I promise to be more concise.

“ 6. *The Federal Government eluded all the advances made by the French Republic for renewing the treaties of commerce upon a more favourable footing to both nations.*”

What does this learned Citizen mean by *treaties of commerce*? This country has but one treaty of commerce with France: the other is a treaty “*eventual and defensive.*” Perhaps, indeed, he may regard *war* as a species of commerce; and it must be allowed that this is the only commerce that can be carried on with his terrible republic at present. The kind of trucking commerce that she is carrying on in Italy, where she purchases a statue or a picture with the lives of ten thousand soldiers, may, to her, be advantageous enough, because she is a *rich lady* and a *virtuoso*; but to America, who is a plain homely dame, and has but little taste for such fine things, this commerce

has but few charms: to her, one live farmer is of higher estimation than all the heroes and gods of antiquity.

I rather think, however, that Citizen Adet, ignorant as he may be, knows that a defensive treaty is not a treaty of commerce; and if so, he must know that there was but one treaty of commerce between the countries. But there were *two treaties* to be *renewed*, and, as it has always been held up to the people here, that their dear friends of France did not wish their prosperity to be interrupted by taking a part in the war, it would not do to talk about renewing a *defensive treaty*; that would have smelt of powder: yet he could not say, that the treaty of *commerce only* was proposed to be renewed, and so he has called them both treaties of commerce. The Citizen was hemmed in between a lie and an absurdity, and, to the credit of his morality, he has chosen the latter.

That the ground work of a new treaty, or a renewed treaty, with France, was to be our going to war with her enemies, has been so often and so incontestibly proved, that the fact is now universally acknowledged, except by the stipendiaries of that pure-principled republic. But, were a proof yet wanting, Citizen Adet has furnished it, in the last page of his *Diplomatic Blunderbuss*. Here he tells us, that both Genet and Fauchet used their utmost to draw the government into a negociation, but in vain; that it eluded all their friendly overtures.—Yes, and so it did indeed; just as the sheep eludes the friendly overtures of the wolf, and for much about the same reason.

After relating the grievous disappointment of his importunate predecessors, the Citizen goes on, and says that he himself also made the same overtures for a negotiation, and adds:

“ On this subject the president authorised the  
 “ secretary of state, who explained to the un-  
 “ derfigned the manner in which they could pro-  
 “ ceed in it. But at what time? *When the rati-*  
 “ *fication of the treaty concluded between Lord*  
 “ *Grenville and Mr. Jay no longer permitted the*  
 “ *undersigned to pursue that negociation,*”——And  
 why not?—Why not go on man? If you had  
 nothing to propose but “treaties of commerce, up-  
 “ on a footing *more favourable to both nations,*”  
 how could the treaty with Great Britain prevent  
 the pursuit of your negociation?——The reason  
 is plain: this treaty had happily put an end to all  
 the disputes between America and Britain, and  
 left you no room to hope that your negociation  
 would rekindle the embers of discord. It was  
 this consideration, and this alone, that thwarted  
 your negociations, that has since set the gall of  
 your masters afloat, and that has now brought  
 forth your impudent appeal from the government  
 to the people.

The only question for the people to determine, then, is—not whether they wished the treaties to be renewed, but whether they wished for war, or not; and this question they have already determined *in the negative*. There once stood a majority in Congress ready to set the British treaty aside, and plunge this country into a war with that nation. A pause ensued: the people, the *real* people, had time to rally their good sense and break



the hostile phalanx. Peace was echoed from every quarter of the Union. ‘ Baffle the projects of our insidious friends, fulfil our engagements, keep our honour untarnished, and preserve to us the blessings of peace.’ This was the voice of the people of America, and, whatever opinion the Envoy of the “terrible nation” may entertain, his noisy *Blunderbuss* will not scare them into a revocation of the solemn decision.

But, after all, admitting for a moment, that the renewed treaty was not to engage this country in the war; nay, even admitting what is impossible, that the ferocious tyrants of France were about to confer a favour on us; how long, I pray, has it been a *crime to refuse a favour*? Every one has surely a right to say: *no, I thank you*. Yet this right, that is blamelessly exercised by the beggar at the door, is denied to the government of America! There are, indeed, certain nameless favours that a man cannot refuse, with any hope of forgiveness; and it would seem, that the French Republic looks upon herself in the light of a battered harriidan despised by a lusty youth, and that she is now fulfilling the maxim of *Zara*:

“ Heav’n has no scourge like love to hatred  
turn’d,

“ Or hell a fury like a woman scorn’d.”

And thus she flings off the stage, shaking her dishevelled locks and brandishing her bloody dagger.—Let the meddling, jealous, blood-thirsty termagant go, and let Citizen Adet follow her in quality of train-bearer.

Thank God, we are at last come to the closing article of accusation.

“ 7. *The Federal Government anticipated Great Britain, by soliciting a treaty; in which treaty it prostituted its neutrality; it sacrificed France to her enemies, or rather, looking upon her as obliterated from the chart [map] of the world, it forgot the services she had rendered it, and threw aside the duty of gratitude, as if in- gratitude was a governmental duty.*”

This is a complicated charge, comprising the crimes of meanness, prostitution, treachery and ingratitude. The meanness of “*anticipating Great Britain, by soliciting a treaty,*” shall not detain us long.—When two nations form a treaty, it is clear that one or the other must make the first overtures, or the business could never be begun, and consequently never ended. I believe, therefore, that making the first proposition for a treaty, and particularly a treaty of commerce, was never before construed into an act of meanness. As for *soliciting*, this word, by which the Citizen wishes to convey an insinuation that Mr. Jay was haughtily received, at first rejected, and at last obliged to approach with humiliating condescension, nothing can be farther from the truth. His business was, to demand reparation of the wrongs sustained by America. When these were made known, Great Britain had her wrongs to oppose to them. Both parties were, as their interests dictated, equally desirous of an accommodation; and this desire was productive of a treaty, settling all old disputes, and making provisions for the avoiding of new ones. Now, I pray, in this simple

and natural process, what is there to be discovered of meanness or humble solicitation?

It is ever the fate of an inconsistency in words and actions, to expose itself to detection.—Citizen Adet accuses the American government of meanness, in anticipating Britain by soliciting a treaty of commerce, while, in the very same note, he takes a wonderful deal of pains to prove to the people here, that the French government not only *anticipated* America by *soliciting* a treaty, but also, that, after two successive ministers had *solicited* it in vain, the *solicitation* was continued by a third. God forbid I should attempt to justify America by the example of France; but, if soliciting a treaty be a crime, I beg the Citizen will take it from us and lay it respectfully at the feet of his terrible republic.

The charge proceeds to assert, that the government “*prostituted* its neutrality, and *sacrificed* “*France to her enemies.*”—This is too vague to be taken up as it lies before us; except, indeed, it be the word *prostituted*, which may be dismissed at once, by observing that it must have been picked up in the purlieus of the *Palais-Royal*, a place of which the Irish-Town of Philadelphia is a picture in miniature. To avoid the indecency therefore of joining it with the American government, I shall supply its place by the word *gave up*.

What the polite Citizen chiefly alludes to then, in saying, that the government gave up its neutrality and sacrificed France to her enemies, is, that article of the British treaty which contains the stipulation respecting an enemy's goods, found



on board the vessels of the United States, when these latter are neutral, with respect to Great Britain.

Want of room prevents me from entering fully into this subject, or I should not despair of stripping off all the million of absurdities, misrepresentations and downright falsehoods, in which the *prostituted* (here this word sounds well) partizans of France have disguised it. Perhaps, however, if I should be so happy as to place it in a clear light, brevity may be no disadvantage.

The stipulation of the treaty which we are about to examine, in substance says, that an enemy's goods found on board the vessels of the contracting parties, shall be looked upon as lawful prize. This, says Citizen Adet, is a violation of the *modern* law of nations; and this, says the government, is no such thing. As here is a flat contradiction, somebody must tell a lie; who it is I know not, but I am sure it is not the government at any rate.

Within what limits Citizen Adet means to circumscribe the word *modern*, I cannot exactly ascertain; but as, in another part of his Blunderbuss, he calls France the *ancient ally* of America, and as it is well known that this alliance began but *eighteen years and ten months* ago, it is probable he looks upon that only as the modern law of nations which commenced its operation at some time posterior to that epoch. Indeed, it is pretty clear that he supposes the modern law of nations to date its beginning from what he calls the “ *New*

“ *Style* ;” and, in that case, thank heaven, we are ancients yet.

But, however cramped the signification may be, that this son of *Floreal* and *Fructidor* pleases to give to the word *modern*, we *Christians* know, that the modern law of nations means, that public law, or rather practice, which the modern nations of Europe have observed towards each other. Now, with respect to commerce with an enemy, whoever examines the best writers on the subject, will find that, long since these nations assumed nearly their present relative state, it was the *general practice* to prohibit *all trade whatever* with an enemy.

As the nations grew more polished, and as their relations increased by means of maritime commerce, the rigour of this practice was gradually softened, till confiscation was at last confined to the vessels and property of enemies, to certain articles termed contraband of war, and to the *property of enemies found on board of neutral vessels*.

Thus far the relaxation became pretty general about the time of Queen Elizabeth. But some powers wished to extend the freedom of commerce still further; even so far as to *protect enemies' goods found on board of neutral vessels*; and to do this the Queen of England was one of the first to assert her right. The right was, however, disputed, and that too by the United Provinces, even before their independence was fully assured. They took some of her vessels laden with Spanish property, and condemned the cargoes, without

paying freightage. The Queen at first resented this conduct in an infant state that was chiefly indebted to her for support; but, notwithstanding the well known tenacity and imperiousness of her disposition, her wisdom and justice prevailed, and she at last acquiesced in the legality of the captures.—Here then we have an instance of the practice of a nation of *modern birth*, a *republic* also, and a *republic engaged in a revolutionary war*.

I have at least a hundred examples of this nature now before me. But let us descend to still more *modern* times, and that the example may be, if possible, yet more strikingly applicable, let us appeal to the practice of the French nation itself.—The famous *Ordinance* of 1681, which might be called the navigation act of France, expressly declared to be good prize, not only the enemy's goods on board of a neutral vessel, but *the neutral vessel also*.

We are now got down to the close of the last century; but as that may not be quite *modern* enough for our *Decadery* Mounseer, let us continue to descend, still continuing our appeal to the practice of his own country.—The *Ordinance* of 1681 was mitigated by successive treaties, in which France, according as her interest prescribed, refused, or granted, the permission which Citizen Adet now sets up as a right: but, after these treaties, and even so late as 1757, she declared to the republic of Holland, that if any goods *belonging to her enemy* were found on board of Dutch vessels, such goods should be condemned as good prize, and to this declaration her practice was conformable, during the whole war which ended



in 1763, only *thirty-three years ago*. So that, unless this man of the "New Style" will absolutely fans-culotte us, and insist upon it that our fathers were antediluvians, and that we ourselves were born in the ages of antiquity, we must insist, on our part, that the principle adhered to in the treaty between Great Britain and America, is a principle of the *modern law of nations*, and moreover is sanctioned by the practice of France.

But, says the Citizen, *France adopted a different principle in her treaty with America*.—France had her interested motives for that, of which I could say a great deal more if I pleased. Let that be as it may; what had her treaty to do with Great Britain? She is *independent* I hope, if America is not. France did not "work her liberty" too, I humbly presume; and I presume also, that the treaty between America and France is not the code to which all the modern nations are to appeal for a decision of their rights.—The fact is, this principle is either adopted, or not adopted, according to the interests and situations of the contracting parties: as these vary, nations act differently at different times and towards different nations. It is a matter merely conventional and solely dependent on circumstances, as much as any other stipulation of a treaty.

The Citizen has one more fetch; which I think is the most impudent piece of sophistry that ever was attempted to be palmed upon a nation. A nation, did I say! Why, a nation of Indians would have tomahawked him, and we should now see his skin hanging up in the shops for sale, had he offered to chouse them in such a barefaced man-

ner.—I allude to that part of his Blunderbuss, where he says, that America violated her treaty with France, by *granting* to Britain the *favour* of seizure, which she had not *granted* to France, though she was to be treated in the same manner as “ the *most favoured nation*.”

The sophistry of this consists in confounding *favour* with *right*, terms almost as opposite in signification as *right* and *wrong*.—America conferred *no favour*, when, by treaty, she declared that Great Britain should seize enemies’ goods on board of her vessels: she only acknowledged the existence of Great Britain’s right so to do. Nor was this acknowledgment absolutely necessary: but, some nations having retained the exercise of the right and others having relinquished it, it was a prudent precaution against future disputes, to declare, by express stipulation, whether it was retained or relinquished in the present instance.

It is clear therefore, that the stipulation in the treaty with France, which says, that she “ shall “ be treated in the same manner as *the most “ favoured nation*,” must be totally inapplicable to a case, wherein no *favour* is, or can be, conferred. However, as the construction given to this has been the ground-work of much complaint and even calumny, it may not be amiss here to explain its true meaning.

The stipulation for *equal favour* then, which is to be found in most treaties of commerce now existing in the world, extends to the effects of the municipal laws and regulations of the contracting parties. It implies an *equality in duties*, in *tonnage*,

in the permission *to have consuls*; all which, and many others, may properly be called *favours*: but, it can never be construed to extend to any one of the great rights of national sovereignty. If this were the case, all the advantageous stipulations of a treaty made with one power, would be applicable to every other power, in a treaty with which this usual stipulation for equal favour was found: and of this we shall see the monstrous absurdity in a minute.—America, for instance, has treaties with Spain, Great Britain and France, in all which the stipulation for equal favour exists. In the treaty with Spain, America allows to that nation a free navigation on the American part of the Mississippi; but does she allow this to Britain and France? In that with Great Britain, America allows her a free navigation and trade on her rivers, lakes, &c. and Britain allows the same freedom to America on hers; but does either of them extend this permission to France or Spain, or any other nation? Yet they are obliged to do this, if the stipulation for *equal favour* admits of the construction, which the maritime Goths wish to impose on us, in support of their attack on the commerce of America.

The subject then is thus brought to a close: the seizure of an enemy's goods on board of neutral vessels is a right of national sovereignty, which every *independent* nation may, in her treaties, retain or give up, according to the dictates of her interests or her will. In the treaty between Britain and America this right is reciprocally retained; in that between America and France it is reciprocally given up. Great Britain naturally adheres to her treaty; America adheres to hers with both nations; and it only remains for us to see how



that between America and France has been adhered to, by the despots who have seized on the wealth and the power of that unfortunate nation.

Soon after the commencement of the present war, the Convention ordered all enemy's goods on board of American vessels to be seized, notwithstanding the positive stipulation to the contrary. This order, dictated by the insolence of success, was consequently revoked, when the scale of victory turned. After this, the famished state, to which the infernal revolution had reduced that once flourishing country, and the farce of friendship which it was necessary to keep up, in order to engage this country in the war, for some time withheld the Convention from further depredations on our commerce : but, being baffled in their war project by the treaty with Britain, and imagining (vainly I trust) that America would be terrified by their victories, and the consequences these might produce, they issued on the 2d of July last, a decree for renewing their spoliations, and for seizing all enemy's property on board of American vessels, which decree Citizen Adet communicated to the Secretary of State, and to the *people*, on the 27th of October.

The perfidy and tyranny of this conduct are nothing, when compared to the manner in which they are brazened out.—The Citizen first sends the Secretary of State a Note, enclosing the unprincipled decree. The Secretary, in answer, expresses the uneasiness of the President, at such a flagrant violation of the treaty. To this the Frenchman has the assurance to reply, that it is “ the *resolution* of a government *terrible to its*

"*enemies*, but *generous to its allies*;" and, as he elsewhere calls the government of America the *enemy* of France, he menacingly leaves us to conclude, that *generosity* is to be the portion of others, while *dreadful chastisement* is in reserve for us.—We may pardon the threats of a simple bully; we may even forgive a sharper or a robber, but when he has the impudence to justify his conduct, and that too with his filthy fist at our mouths, there is no degree of resentment, no mortal means of vengeance, adequate to the insult.

Thus have I had patience to go through the mock charges, which the despots of France have dared to prefer against the free, equitable and beneficent government of America. I shall take the liberty of adding a few miscellaneous observations, which would be dispensed with, fearing the reader is already too much fatigued, did not the crisis of affairs seem to demand them now, or never.

The first thing that calls, and most loudly calls, for reprobation, is, the contemptuous manner in which the Frenchman treated the government, by communicating his *Notes to the people*, at the same time, or before, they were received by the President.

The sole right of making communications of this nature to the people of a state, so evidently belongs to its government, and is so essential to the very existence of every government, that it is not surprising, that the first violation of it should have been reserved for the heathenish French. Former barbarians ever respected this

right: the laws of decency had some influence on their uncultivated minds; but the barbarians, or rather the savages, of Paris, have set those and all other laws, human and divine, at defiance. They seem to look upon themselves as the children of the devil, and to have assumed, in virtue of their father, the right of prowling about the earth, disturbing the peace of mankind, by scattering the seeds of rebellion and bloodshed.

Their agents have long been practising their fiend-like temptations on the people of this country. They have proceeded from one degree of malice to another, till at last their late Minister Adet (for whom I wish I could find a name worse than his own) makes a direct attempt to inflame the people against the government.—After telling them, that the Convention has ordered their vessels to be seized (contrary to treaty), he proceeds: “And now, if the execution of these measures *gives rise to complaints* in the United States, it is not against France they should be directed, but *against those men*, who have entered into negotiations contrary to the interests of *their country*.”—Just as if he had said, pointing to the President, the Senate and Officers of State: ‘there they are; rise on them, cut their throats, and choose others more pliant to our will.’—His words do not amount to this, ’tis true; but in his country a hint far less intelligible, would have been perfectly understood, and would not have failed of the desired effect. Happily he was not haranguing a Parisian mob. Whatever foolish partiality some of us may have had, and may yet have for France, nature has been so kind as not to make us Frenchmen.



The insult on the people too; the despicable opinion he must have of their understandings and their hearts, is past all bearing.—I know a little Island, which America was once proud to emulate, that would suffer itself to be sunk into the sea, rather than patiently put up with such an abominable outrage.—In the reign of *Queen Ann*, when a Tory Ministry, aided by an intriguing Frenchman, were treating for a separate peace with Louis XIV. the Imperial Minister, *Count Gallas*, in order to prepossess the people of England against the peace, caused the transaction to be published, *as an article of news*, in one of the daily papers. This step, though it could not be looked upon as an appeal to the people, was so much resented by the Queen, that she ordered him to quit the kingdom immediately; and in this she was supported by the unanimous voice of the nation; who, notwithstanding they disapproved of a peace which was to sacrifice the great advantages obtained by their arms under the immortal Duke of Marlborough, justly and manfully resented the attempt of a foreign minister to step in between them and their own sovereign, however blameable her measures might be.

And, shall it be said of the people of America, that they are less attached to a government of their own choosing, and that has never for a moment lost sight of their interests? No; it would be unjust to say this. The people are impatient of the insult, and their confidence in the wisdom of their chief is the only thing that could keep them pacified.

To express a hatred to the *government* and affect friendship for the *people* who live under it, and thus arraign the former at the bar of the latter, is the unbearable tone which the despots of Paris have assumed to all the nations of Europe; and at last it is come to the turn of America. They did not declare war against the Germans, the English and the Dutch; but against the Emperor, the King of England, and the Stadtholder. The Germans and the English did not believe them; they knew them of old. The Dutch sucked in the bait, and now they know them too. They have paid dearly for the fraternal hug. God send they may squeeze them to the size of shotten herrings; that they may not leave even a frog to sport in their canals; that they may eat up the very herbage, like the locusts in Egypt. These poor degraded devils, who never ceased their clamours for *liberty and equality*, till they had driven into exile the princely family of *Orange*, to whom they owed the birth and the preservation of their *real* liberties, their riches and their power, are now obliged to yield their houses and even their beds to the filthy raggamuffin *sans-culottes*.—This may be truly called *political justice*, and I sincerely hope it may fall on the heads of every people capable of acting the same treacherous and dastardly part. That this part will not be acted by America I am certain, and if Citizen Adet had known the dispositions of the people, he never would have dared to hold out the temptation.

After the perfidy, injustice and malice we have been witness of, it would seem strange to hear any other than a Frenchman talking about French

*friendship*.—I, for my part, had long wished to know in what this friendship consisted. I had often heard of it and read of it and read about it, especially in *Poor Richard's* gazette; but never could discern any thing palpable in it. It all seemed to consist in negatives. It appeared something like platonic love; or like the girl that brought a fortune of twenty thousand pounds in the excellence of her disposition.—As my mind is too gross to be satisfied with this abstract kind of friendship, I was led to seek for something more solid in the Citizen's Notes. The reader will see how I was disappointed. “The alliance with America,” says he, “was always dear to Frenchmen; they have done every thing to tighten its bands.”—Just as the Jack Catch does; and we were one time actually upon the point of strangling.—“But the government has fought to break them.”—Here's a fellow for you! They were tucking us up, and he has the conscience to blame the government for cutting the halter!—Again: “As soon as the war broke out between France and England, American vessels were permitted to trade to the West Indies and France, upon the same footing as French vessels.”—All that is wanting to make this an act of *friendship*, is, the permission should have been granted *before* the war broke out. After it broke out, both the Islands and France must have starved, if an advantage had not been offered to draw American produce to them; and even this has been a losing game; for one half of this produce has never been paid for in Christian coin. So that, the great act of friendship amounts to our liberty of keeping themselves from starving and of receiving bundles of assignats as a re-



compense.—“ The French government heard  
 “ the complaints of the United States, against Ge-  
 “ net, and immediately gave *the most striking repa-*  
 “ *ration.*”——It was certainly very gracious in  
 them to hear these complaints, and a very striking  
 reparation to suffer Genet to remain here to insult  
 the government by his presence; but, if I am  
 not mistaken, this gracious condescension was in  
 consequence of Genet’s *threatening to do of his*  
*own head, just what Adet has now done, by their or-*  
*der*; appeal from the government to the people.  
 Hence we must inevitably conclude, that Genet  
 was displaced because he did not go far enough,  
 or because he deprived them of the pleasure of  
 dragooning us; and this I take to be no very  
 great proof of family affection.—We are now  
 coming to the close, the very bottom of the bud-  
 get of friendship; the reception of the American  
 flag, by the Convention.—“ What joy did not  
 “ the American flag inspire, when it waved un-  
 “ furled in the French Senate! *Tender tears*  
 “ *trickled from each eye.* Every one looked at it  
 “ with amazement. There, said they, is the sym-  
 “ bol of the *independence* of our *American bre-*  
 “ *thren.*”——Shameful farce! The flag was receiv-  
 ed as a symbol of voluntary subjection, instead  
 of independence; and, had I been President,  
 the Embassador who dared to give colour to such  
 an idea, should not have had it in his power to  
 degrade his country a second time.

It must have been curious to see the *tender*  
*tears trickling* from the eyes of Robespierre and  
 the rest of those sanguinary villains, who were  
 daily employed in butchering the human species,  
*tearing out their entrails, biting their hearts* and

*lapping their gore.* They wept blood instead of brine, I suppose.

When you go home, Citizen Adet, to your "terrible nation," which I hope in God will be very soon, I will send, to those of your weepers whom the justice of heaven has not yet overtaken, a copy of the *Bloody Buoy*: they will see something there that has drawn tears from the eyes of *Americans*, and that has made too deep an impression on their hearts to be worn away even by the hand of time. This compendium of tyranny, brutality, ferociousness and infamy, is read by the rising generation of America: it sinks into the memory as the plummet into the stream, and, till the plummet shall glide along the surface like a feather, the name of *French Republican* will awaken the idea of all that is perfidious and bloody minded.

The trickling tears of the Convention, at the sight of a bit of linsy-woolsey, puts me in mind of Mark Anthony and his mob of blubbering plebians. "Kind souls!" says he, "do you weep at the sight of Cæsar's *garment* only? What will you do then, when you see Cæsar himself." Upon which he shows them the corps, and the rascals, who would have knocked his brains out if he had not been dead, begin bellowing like so many town bulls round a buxom heifer.—The Convention would not have acted this silly part by America. If they could have got "*Cæsar himself*" under their clutches, they would have completed the farce of the Crocodile; dried up their tears and fell to cracking our bones.

Whether the French Convention did really cry, or whether the tears flowed, or rather trickled, from the leaky imagination of Citizen Adet, I know not; but this I know, that the reception of their flag produced just a contrary effect here. What makes them weep, makes us laugh; and what makes them laugh makes us weep. Thank heaven, we are exactly their opposite in every thing!

From *French tenderness* we naturally turn to *British barbarity*. They form a contrast like the gem and the foil, and therefore the Citizen, who is at once a statesman and an orator, has, with great art and judgment, contrived to squeeze them close together in the peroration of his Blunderbuss. “Alas!” says he, “time has not yet  
 “demolished the fortifications with which the  
 “English roughened this country—nor those the  
 “Americans raised for their defence; their half  
 “rounded summits still appear in every quarter,  
 “*amidst plains on the tops of mountains*. The  
 “traveller need not search for the ditch which  
 “served to encompass them; it is still open under  
 “his feet. Scattered ruins of houses laid waste,  
 “which the fire had partly respected, in order to  
 “leave monuments of British fury, are still to be  
 “found.—Men still exist, who can say, here a  
 “ferocious Englishman slaughtered my father;  
 “there my wife tore her *bleeding daughter* from  
 “the hands of *an unbridled Englishman*. Alas!  
 “the soldiers who fell under the sword of the  
 “Britons are not yet reduced to dust; the labourer,  
 “in turning up his field, still draws from  
 “the bosom of the earth their whitened bones;  
 “while the ploughman, with tears of tenderness  
 “and gratitude, still recollects that his fields,



“ now covered with rich harvests, have been  
 “ *moistened with French blood*; while every thing  
 “ around the inhabitants of this country animates  
 “ them to speak of the *tyranny of Great Britain*  
 “ and of the *generosity of Frenchmen*.”

I have till now avoided quotations as much as possible; but I could not resist the temptation to cull this fairest flower of the diplomatic posey. Some imaginations are said to rush forward like a flood, others to flow like a stream, and others to glide like a current; but poor Citizen Adet's neither rushes, flows, nor glides: it trickles, like the eyes of his masters; it drains, it dribbles, it drops.—Dear Citizen, if you love me (of which I much doubt, by the bye), never again employ your eloquence to rouse the passions; for it lays them as completely as the cold hand of death. Instead of inflaming, you freeze us: instead of fire-brands, you turn us into icicles.—No; when you wish to excite the vengeful feelings, keep to your insolence; that is your fort; there your talents will ever ensure you the same success as they have done on the present occasion.

And were you so vain, so completely the Frenchman, as to imagine, that this tasteless, turgid, hyperbolical nonsense of yours, would make the people of America believe, that *ferocity* is the characteristic of Britons? A little reflection might have told you that your malignant endeavours would be in vain. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of these States are of British descent: they know that the ashes of their forefathers sleep in the island of Britain. They know also, that only twenty years ago they were justly proud of being called Britons

themselves; and though a political revolution has rendered that name no longer proper, they know that no revolution has taken place in their national character. To charge the British character with ferocity then, is saying to the Americans: " I do not call you a set of ferocious rascals; but " you are of a d—d ferocious breed."

To retaliate here would be superfluous; for the ferocity of the French is now acknowledged by themselves even. But, when I hear a man talk about *whitened bones*, and assert that " every thing animates the inhabitants of this country to speak " of the *tyranny of Britain* and the *generosity of Frenchmen*," I am naturally led to look back to the cruel and savage war, which these *generous Frenchmen* carried on against *the inhabitants of this country*, and in which they would have succeeded in exterminating the whole of them, had it not been for the protecting " *tyranny of Britain*."

In the charge of ferocity which Citizen Adet has brought against the British, he contents himself with a flourish of mere hyperbole, as destitute of novelty and elegance as it necessarily is of truth. He has attempted to produce not a single fact in support of his slander, and for this best of reasons, because he knew no such fact was to be found. I shall proceed in a different manner. I shall give such damning proof of the *generosity of Frenchmen* towards the people of America as will leave no room for denial.

During the savage war of 1757, above alluded to, when the French had formed a chain of posts

stretching from the Bay of Funday to the Mississippi, with the intention of subjugating these states or else driving the people into the sea, they took several forts, and, for a long time, had pretty general success : what use they made of it, how *generous* they were, will appear from the following account of their capture of *Fort William-Henry*. I am not about to repeat a vague report. I am not even appealing to the history of England, or the writings of Englishmen. I am going to copy what was said, written and printed, by Americans themselves. I could apply to many American publications of the time ; but I choose, for many reasons, to draw this proof of the “ *generosity of Frenchmen*,” from *Doctor Franklin* himself.

In his paper, published at Philadelphia on the 25th of August, 1757, after saying that the fort surrendered by capitulation, with leave to march out with the honours of war, he proceeds thus :  
 “ The *French* immediately after the capitulation,  
 “ *most perfidiously* let their bloodhounds loose up-  
 “ on our people. Some got off, the rest were strip-  
 “ ped stark naked ; many were killed and scalp-  
 “ ed, officers not excepted. The throats of the  
 “ women were cut, their *bellies ripped open*, their  
 “ *bowels turned out*, and *thrown upon the faces*  
 “ *of their yet palpitating bodies*. The children  
 “ were taken by the heels, and *their brains beat*  
 “ *out against the trees or stones*, and not one of  
 “ them saved.”

The Doctor then observes, that this *cruelty of the French* is nothing new ; for that, “ they massa-  
 “ cred several hundreds of General Braddock’s



“wounded men, that they murdered their prisoners near Ticonderoga, and all the sick and wounded of the garrison of Oswego, notwithstanding the previous capitulation.” He concludes thus: “To what a pitch of perfidy and cruelty is the French nation arrived! Would not an ancient heathen shudder with horror on hearing so hideous a tale. Could the most savage nations ever exceed such French barbarity? It is hard for an Englishman to kill his enemy that lies at his feet, begging his life; but will not our armed men in future be obliged to refuse all quarter? Consider of it my countrymen; take advice, and speak your minds”—In another place the Doctor exclaims: “The Lord knows what French treachery will do. When shall we have revenge!”

I do not know Citizen Adet’s person, I cannot therefore tell whether his cheeks be covered with buff or not. From his notes, I should rather suppose they are; but if they are not, he must blush himself to death upon comparing the Old Doctor’s account of *French generosity* with his own.—He will say, perhaps, that it was the French king, and not the nation, that these cruelties must be attributed to. Well then, it is the king and not the nation, that the aid this country received last war must be attributed to. In both instances, the king was the director and his people the actors; with this remarkable distinction, that, it is certain the troops that came to America were always sent by him, while it is not certain that he ever ordered them to turn human butchers when they got here.

Let us now take a view of “the *generosity* of “Frenchmen,” towards America, from the bloody times above mentioned to the present day.

When, by the united valour and perseverance of America and Britain, they were driven from this continent, they laid in wait, as the devil is said to do when he sees a happy couple, for an opportunity of effecting a separation between the two countries. With this opportunity the folly of the British administration soon furnished them. Yet they at first hesitated whether the independence of this country would be advantageous to them or not: but, revenge, and that great object of their policy, the humbling of their rival, at last got the better; and the alliance with the United States was concluded on. This step, however, did not take place till after the Congress had issued their Declaration of Independence, and even after those victories were obtained, which gave the decisive blow to the British power in America.—Some of their troops landed here; but what did they do? Citizen Adet tells us about “*fields moistened with French blood*,” and says, that “*the ploughman now sheds tears of tenderness*,” when he is turning them up. This is as silly as the talk of the mad wench in one of Gay’s farces, when she exclaims: “O, dear delightful streams of “cream! Rivers of milk and seas of honey!”—French blood! I would be glad to know how it was spilt, unless they poked spear-grass up their noses, like Sir John Falstaff and his bullies. They did nothing here. They were never engaged. They only seemed to come to look on a bit, and go home and brag about *giving liberty to America*. Their fleets were out, to be sure; but they were

fighting (or rather running away) for France and not for America. Taking British Islands in the West Indies was just as serviceable to this country then, as robbing the peasants of Germany now is.—So much for their war-like *generosity*.

As their object in making war had been to weaken Great Britain, and not to render this country free and independent, so, when the terms of peace came to be proposed, they soon made it appear, that they wished to *transfer the dependence* from Britain to themselves. To this end they attempted to exclude America from the fisheries on one side, and from the Western countries on the other. This would have at all times exposed the States to the power of the British, and the natural consequence would have been, a continual dependence on France. It was owing to Messrs. John Adams and Jay that this was not effected, and this is the reason why they are now so hated and abused by the French faction.—There's *generosity* for you!

Thus far went the *insidious* friendship of the old government: that of the mock republic has been a thousand times worse.

First they sent Genet to raise an insurrection in the country; but finding that he had failed, they pretended to recal him; leaving him here, however, to insult the government. Now they even justify all that he did, and complain of the treatment he received.

Fauchet we find dabbling in the Western rebellion, and writing home to the Convention, his



regret that it had been quelled, and his fear that it might tend to consolidate the government. Can any man be fool enough to imagine, that Fauchet would have written in this manner, had he not been well assured, that the Convention thought like himself?

If any one doubted of this before, he can now doubt no longer. Adet has thrown off the mask for them. They repealed their first decree for seizing American vessels; they pretended to be sorry for the insolence of Genet; but now they repeat their decree, and make that very appeal to the people, which they displaced Genet for talking about! *Generous* fellows!—Who would have thought, while they were weeping over our flag, and sending theirs to be wept over here, and writing love letters to the Congress, and sending us their new plan for *weighing* bread and butter by *sines and tangents*. Lord curse them! Who would have thought, I say, while all this loving mummary was going forward; while they were hugging and squeezing, and flaving over with snuff and foam, their dear “American brethren;” who would have thought that no less than *seven* heads of accusation lay rankling in their bosoms! —“A friend,” says Citizen Adet, “injured by a friend, may safely complain, without fear of giving offence.”—Yes; but then he must complain *like a friend*, and not like a bully. He must not talk of his horsewhip or his cane. He must not come with *terror* in his mouth; or friendship takes its flight, and resentment succeeds. Besides, “a friend injured by a friend,” complains at once: he does not treasure up the injury in his mind, and reserve it for the day of his strength.

He does not hug, and kifs, and hang on the neck of his friend, and weep for joy at the sight of his *garment*; he does not keep up this farce for four long years, and at last, when he sees that hypocrisy avails him nothing, come and rip up his grievances, and threaten vengeance. This is not the conduct of *an injured friend*, but that of “an infidious d—d Iago,” as Peter Pindar calls the French; and such they have been, and will be, to this and every other country, that has the folly to place any dependence in their friendship.

- Their audacious interference, too, in the election of a chief magistrate for this country, is another mark of their *generosity*, their tender care of us. “Let your government *return to itself*,” says the Citizen, “and the *Directory* will temper “the effects of its *resentment*.”—I wonder what sort of fellows this *Directory*, as they call it, is composed of: whether they are shaped like gods or devils, or what they are like, that they should dare to talk in this manner to an independent nation, that they have no more power over than they have over heaven. What a poor beggarly puff, for a man as much fit to be a President as I am to be an Archbishop! A man who is a deist by profession, a philosopher by trade, and a Frenchman in politics and morality: a man who has written a passport for Tom Paine’s *Rights of Man*, and would, if necessary, write another for his infamous letter to General Washington: a man, in short, who is at the head of the prostituted party by whose intrigues he has been brought forward and is supported. If this man is elected President, the country is sold to the French; and as plantations are generally

fold with the live flock on them. I shall remove my carcass; for I am resolved never to become their property. I do not wish my family vault to be in the guts of cannibals.

Paine's Letter to General Washington is the last pretty little proof of French *generosity*. I have no room here to say any thing as to the contents of this superlatively insolent and infamous performance; but it is clear that the old ruffian has been ordered to write it by the Convention. It was written nearly about the same time that the decree for seizing American vessels was passed; it was expected that Adet's communications would stir up the people, and these sweepings of Tom's brain were intended to finish the work: nor have I the least doubt but they are now enjoying the hope, that General Washington's head is kicking about the streets of Philadelphia.

Such has been "the *generosity of Frenchmen*" towards the people of America. From the continuation of this generosity I think we have little to hope, and I am certain we shall find that we have as little to fear from their resentment.

The dispute between the two countries stands thus: France has violated the treaty, and impudently insists, that she will continue in the violation of it, at the same time that her minister first insults the government, and then declares himself suspended, "till the government returns to "itself."—What then is to be done? Statues and curiosities we have none to stop their mouths with; unless, indeed, it be the Statue from over the library door. We might also spare them Mr. Jef-



ferfon's pivot-chair and his great bull Mammoth; to which they might add Mr. Jefferson himself, for it does not appear that he will be wanted on this fide the water. But this would not fatisfy them. What is to be done, then? Is the government to *return to itself*, beg pardon of the "terrible nation" for having iffued a proclamation of neutrality; for having declined a treaty with them, and for having formed one with Great Britain? Is this to be the conduct of America, whose chief boast is her *independence*? Is fhe to become a poor little twinkling ftar that is to hide its head at the rays of the *Grande Republique Françoise*? Is fhe at laft to be governed by a gang of affaffins with their long couteau at her throat? A pretty kind of *independence* truly! If this is to be the cafe, fhe has changed a British parent for a French mafter: from a child in leading ftirings fhe has become a grown up flave in chains.

But this will not be the cafe. This government will infift upon the fulfilment of the treaty, or will declare it null and void for ever. They will no longer fuffer the country to be tantalized with decrees and revocations and fufpensions and threats. They will fay; 'Do us juftice and leave us to manage our own affairs, or we have done with you;' and in this they will be fupported by the voice of the people, however Citizen Adet may flatter himfelf to the contrary.

The *terrible tone* was the worft that the Guillotine Legislators could have affumed here. It may do well enough with the Brabançons, the Dutch, the Savoyards and the Italians; but it will never do with Americans, who of all mankind are the laft

to yield to compulsion. The quarrel with Great Britain which finally brought about the independence of this country, was merely about the word *force*. The colonies were willing to *give* the amount of the taxes imposed, but they would not suffer it to be said that they were *forced to do it*. When I was a little boy, my elder brother, in order to get my share of the apple pudding, used to say: "PETER, I *order* you to eat."—That very instant my jaws refused their functions, and the morsel stuck in my throat. To be sure I was a most obstinate dog, and I am inclined to think that the Mounseers will find their dear little Miss America to be much about of the same temper. The people of this country are the descendants of Britons and Germans, and they are made of the same stubborn kind of stuff as their ancestors. With good words you may lead them far, but with bad ones not a single step: to their humanity you may always appeal with assurance of success, but never to their fears: like the oak they may be crushed and shivered to splinters, but no mortal power will ever make them bend.

Some people imagine that France will declare war against us. France dares do no such thing. France knows better. No; the most she will do, is, to persevere in the violation of the treaty, and consequently *break off all connection with the United States*; and this is just what is wanted. Then we should get rid of the council of old ones and the council of young ones and the five sovereigns, that are born and expire in rotation, and Citizen Genet and Citizen Adet, and all the Faro bank and billiard table men, and all the dingy offspring of French delicacy, and, which will be

the greatest blessing, we shall get rid of the monstrous unnatural faction that they keep alive to goad, torment, and weaken the government, and divide the country against itself. Would they but break off from us, we should avoid that degradation of manners, which their impious system must inevitably produce, wherever it gains ground to any extent. Their diabolical agents are now seeking for proselytes in every state and township of the Union. I believe that Bache's atheistical Calendar is paid for by the French, as much as I believe that Paine's Age of Reason was. They both come from the same press, and are intended to answer the same purpose; and that purpose is, to corrupt the hearts of the people, make them emulate the French in every thing that is vile and savage; to destroy the government, and throw the country into the power of France. There is much more to be apprehended here than from their direct threats. Their wild and blasphemous doctrines will have little effect on people of sense; but they may have, and they will have, as they already have had, on ignorance and youth. Youth is ever caught with novelty, and ambitious of superior discernment. The panders of Paris have always addressed themselves to this part of society: they succeeded completely in France, and I am much afraid their success has been but too promising here. The sooner, therefore, the country is purged of them, the better. Every year, every month, every day, they become more dangerous. Let them then go. A war, generally termed the scourge of nations, is a blessing, when compared with what we have to expect from their disorganizing impious principles and perfidious intrigues.



But, no declaration of war will come from them. They know better than to relinquish their hold. They will stick to us like a burr. They can be as haughty as Lucifer, and they can be as mean. When they cannot with majestic stature scale the walls of Paradise, they can shrink themselves into the shape of a toad, and creep in at a chink. When they perceive, that we are not to be scared, that we laugh at their "*terrible nation*" and their "*tempered resentment*," they will become as mild as milk-maids, and say they *were only joking*. They will repeal their *decree* for seizing our vessels; they will pretend *to cry* again, and their Citizen will tell us about their "*sweet sentiments*," and we shall have another flag sent, and so all will be made up.—The reader who consults only his own heart will say that this is impossible; but let him recollect whom we have to deal with: the French Convention; men who make a sport of the violation of treaties and of oaths; who have banished every idea of shame and remorse, and according to whose standard of retrograde refinement, meanness is commensurate with weakness and misfortune, and insolence with power and success.

However, though I am certain that the French will not go to war with America, I am as certain that America must soon go to war with them.—Let not the reader start. He must accustom himself to think and to talk on the subject, and the sooner he begins the better. I am not foretelling the day of judgment nor a second deluge; but am speaking of an object that may be looked at with calmness, as I make no doubt it will be encountered with success.

There is every reason to believe, indeed, with me the fact is certain, that Spain has ceded Louisiana to France. This will put the French in possession of all our Western Frontier, give them the free navigation of the Mississippi, and then I beg any one to cast his eye over the map of the United States, and see the exposed situation in which they will be placed.

France has had this in contemplation ever since the peace of 1783, and the Spanish part of Saint Domingo, lately ceded to her, and with which she can do nothing, now furnishes her with an object of exchange. Besides, the king of Spain can refuse the French nothing, or he certainly would not have entered into a league with the murderers of the head of his family, and have supplied atheists with troops to carry on a marauding war on the Catholic States of Italy and the defenceless head of the church.

The French, once in possession of Louisiana, will give law to the Mississippi, and when we consider the prevalent spirit and politics of the Western people in general, the distance they are at from the seat of government, and the seductive arts of their new neighbours, there is little reason to hope, that they will long remain obedient to the United States. The new inhabitants of Louisiana will be made up of the profligate French soldiery, who will be prevailed on by splendid promises to transport themselves to this country, but who will be fit for nothing but pillage and war.

With such a hold on the back countries, and such a party in the Atlantic ones as they now have, a division of the Union must be the consequence. The southern States, where very little of that independence of spirit prevails, which resists the encroachments of an ambitious foe, will soon become an appendage to France. The middle and northern States may, at the expense of bloody wars, preserve their independence for a while; but, at last, harrassed, and fatigued with the burden of defending themselves, they will call in the aid of Great Britain; and thus the basis of an empire will once more be cut out into colonies and provinces.

Those who rely on the friendly professions of the French, I refer to the instances of their friendship which we have witnessed in the course of these observations. Let any one read the intercepted letter of Fauchet, and recollect that it was written in confidence to the government, and doubt, if he can, that the counties then in a state of insurrection would have been supported by France, if she had been in possession of the territory she is now about to acquire. Such opportunities will continually offer, as long as faction exists, and that it ever will do, as long as there is any thing to contend for. To judge of the future by the present tranquillity, is to presume that the billows have ceased to roll, because we see the sea in a calm.

Ever since the peace of 1783, France has beheld the commerce, carried on between America and Great Britain, with a watchful, jealous and envious eye. At first she endeavoured to turn



the channel towards herself; but that having failed, she fell on the plan of subjugation. A French writer in treating of this subject observes, that "it would be a balance against the *loans* of "England to the *Atlantic merchants*." By *loans* he means the *credit* given by the British merchants, and which is indeed a mine of gold to the farmers and merchants of America. There is something really diabolical in this envy. They would sooner the country should be torn to pieces than it should trade with their rival.

They well know, that there is but one check to their ambitious projects; and that is, an alliance offensive and defensive between Great Britain and America. They know, that by such an alliance they would be deprived of all their possessions in the West Indies, and would be excluded from the Atlantic seas. This alliance once formed, America might forbid them to set a foot in Louisiana, or might drive them and their "*natural allies*," the Spaniards, into the Gulph of Mexico. It is with the consciousness of this on their minds, that they have been so sedulous in forming a faction to oppose every accommodating step, and every advance towards friendship, between the two countries. They have the Machiavellian maxim, "divide and you govern," continually in their eye. They wish to keep them assunder, that they may devour them one at a time.

The most disagreeable circumstance at present, is, this cession of Louisiana will not be perfectly ascertained, till after the general peace; so that, though Great Britain is nearly as much interested

in the event as America, she can take no steps to prevent it, because she will be disarmed before it be known; and their Myrmidons will be in possession of their promised land, before any measures of prevention can be adopted on the part of America. Something, however, must be done to preserve us from such neighbours, or the independence of this country will go to the grave before us. National precautions must be left to the rulers of the state, but every man has it in his power to contribute towards the discouragement of faction, that, at any rate, though there should be an enemy on the frontiers, there may be none in the heart of the country.

Such is the situation of America with respect to the insidious, unprincipled, insolent and perfidious Republic of France; and it only remains for the virtue and public spirit of the people to determine, what sort of answer ought to be given to her presumptuous and domineering minister. Let it be well remembered, that the Notes, containing his calumnious accusations, his contemptuous defiance and hectoring threats, are not the effusions of a paragraphist or a pamphleteer: they are the official communications of a public minister, thrown in the teeth of the nation. In less than two months they will be read and commented on by half the civilized world. Those who know the American character will not be deceived; but far the greater part, will set us down as a nation of sharpers or poltroons, who have either not honesty to support our reputation, or not courage to defend it. If there be a man, who, with this reflection on his mind, can wish the government to stoop and cringe and sue

and beg for peace, to court a repetition of the buffet that yet tingles in our cheek, he may boast about *independence*, he may even call himself a *patriot* ; but his independence is an empty sound, and he knows no more of the animating glow of patriotism, where affection, duty and honour unite, than the slave knows of the charms of liberty or the eunuch of the sweets of love.—No; the answer of every man, who loves his country and feels the insult it has received, yet prefers the blessings of honourable peace to the inevitable calamities of war, is, in the words of a good old English king that conquered France and all that France contained :

“ The sum of all our answer is but this :

“ We would not seek a battle as we are ;

“ Yet, as we are, we say we will not shun it ;

“ And so go tell your masters, *Frenchman*.”

E N D.







PORCUPINE'S  
POLITICAL CENSOR,

FOR DECEMBER, 1796.

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CONTAINING,  
REMARKS on the Debates in Congress, particularly on the Timidity of the Language held towards *France*.

ALSO,  
A LETTER to the infamous *Tom Paine*, in Answer to his brutal attack on the Federal Constitution, and on the conduct and character of General WASHINGTON.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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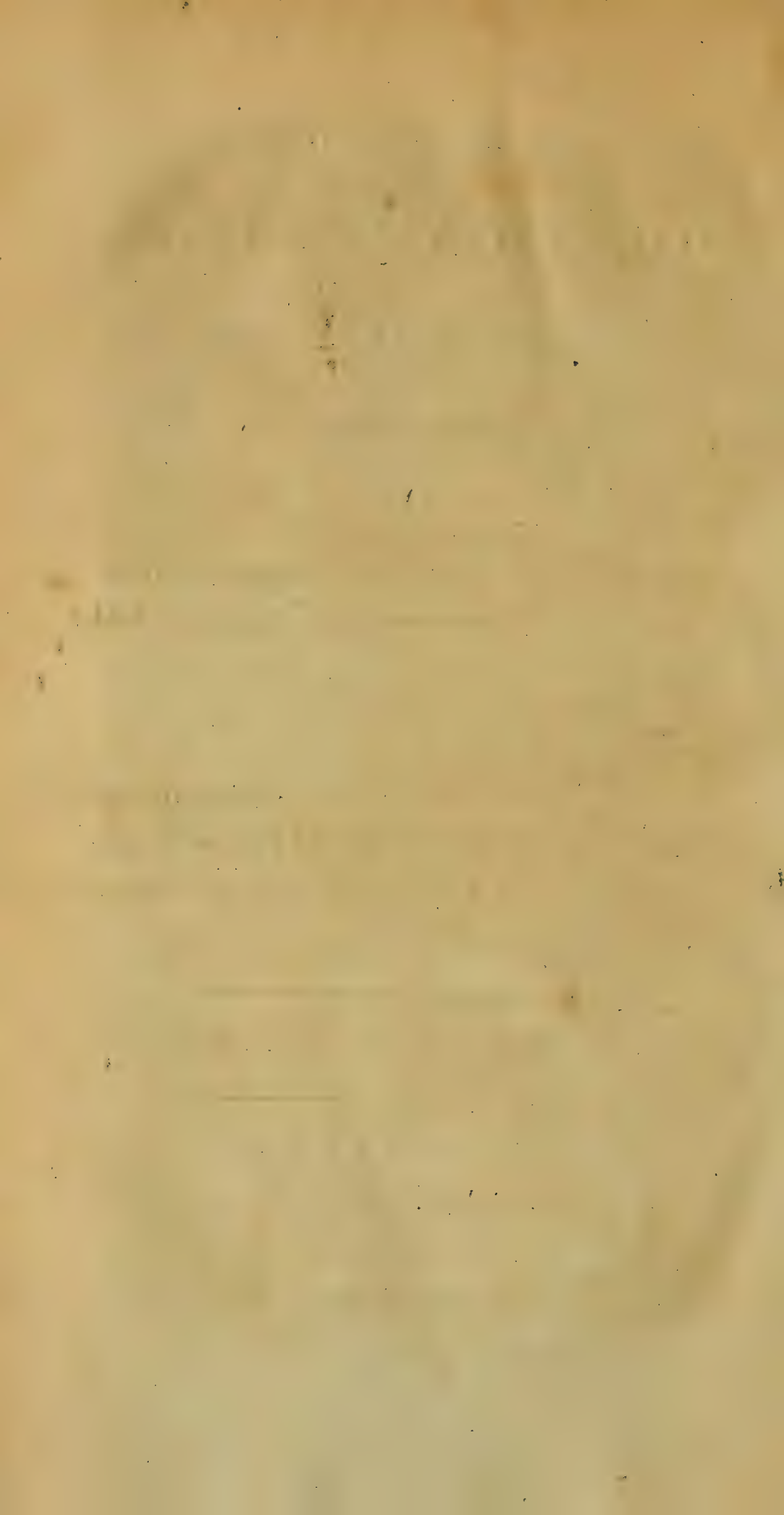
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# R E M A R K S

ON THE

DEBATES IN CONGRESS,

During the Sessions, begun on the 5th of  
December, 1796.

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5th DECEMBER.

**T**HIS day the Congress met, and, a quorum being formed, it was agreed, on the 6th, to inform the President that the two Houses were ready to receive such communications as he might have to make to them.

7th DECEMBER.

The President went to the Representatives' chamber, in the usual manner, where the two Houses being assembled, he delivered the following address.

*Fellow-Citizens of the Senate,  
and of the House of Representatives,*

IN recurring to the internal situation of our country since I had last the pleasure to address you, I find ample reason for a renewed expression of that gratitude to the

Ruler of the Universe, which a continued series of prosperity has so often and so justly called forth.

The acts of the last session, which required special arrangements, have been, as far as circumstances would admit, carried into operation.

Measures calculated to ensure a continuance of the friendship of the Indians, and to preserve peace along the extent of our interior frontier, have been digested and adopted. In the framing of these, care has been taken to guard on the one hand, our advanced settlements from the predatory incursions of those unruly individuals, who cannot be restrained by their tribes; and on the other hand, to protect the rights secured to the Indians by treaty; to draw them nearer to the civilized state; and inspire them with correct conceptions of the power, as well as justice of the government.

The meeting of the deputies from the Creek nation at Coleraine, in the State of Georgia, which had for a principal object the purchase of a parcel of their land by that State, broke up without its being accomplished; the nation having, previous to their departure, instructed them against making any sale; the occasion however has been improved, to confirm by a new treaty with the Creeks, their pre-existing engagements with the United States; and to obtain their consent to the establishment of trading houses, and military posts within their boundary; by means of which their friendship and the general peace may be more effectually secured.

The period during the late session, at which the appropriation was passed, for carrying into effect the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, between the United States and his Britannic Majesty, necessarily procrastinated the reception of the posts stipulated to be delivered, beyond the date assigned for that event.

As soon however as the Governor General of Canada could be addressed with propriety on the subject, arrangements were cordially and promptly concluded for their



evacuation, and the United States took possession of the principal of them, comprehending Oswego, Niagara, Detroit, Michilimackinac and Fort Miami, where such repairs and additions have been ordered to be made as appeared indispensable.

The commissioners appointed on the part of the United States and of Great Britain, to determine which is the river St. Croix, mentioned in the treaty of peace of 1783, agreed in the choice of Egbert Benson, Esq. of New-York, for the third commissioner. The whole met at St. Andrew's, in Passamaquoddy Bay, in the beginning of October, and directed surveys to be made of the rivers in dispute; but deemed it impracticable to have these surveys completed before the next year, they adjourned, to meet at Boston in August 1797, for the final decision of the question.

Other commissioners appointed on the part of the United States, agreeably to the seventh article of the treaty with Great-Britain, relative to captures and condemnation of vessels and other property, met the commissioners of his Britannic majesty in London, in August last, when John Trumbull, Esq. was chosen by lot, for the fifth commissioner. In October following, the board were to proceed to business. As yet, there has been no communication of commissioners on the part of Great-Britain, to unite with those who have been appointed on the part of the United States, for carrying into effect the sixth article of the treaty.

The treaty with Spain required that the commissioners for running the boundary line between the territory of the United States, and his Catholic Majesty's provinces of East and West Florida, should meet at the Natchez before the expiration of six months after the exchange of the ratifications, which was effected at Aranjuez on the twenty-fifth day of April; and the troops of his Catholic Majesty, occupying any posts within the limits of the United States, were within the same period to be withdrawn.—The commissioner of the United States, therefore, commenced his journey for the Natchez in September, and

troops were ordered to occupy the posts from which the Spanish garrisons should be withdrawn. Information has been recently received of the appointment of a commissioner on the part of his Catholic Majesty, for running the boundary line ; but none of any appointment for the adjustment of the claims of our citizens, whose vessels were captured by the armed vessels of Spain.

In pursuance of the act of Congress passed in the last session, for the protection and relief of American seamen, agents were appointed, one to reside in Great-Britain, and the other in the West-Indies. The effects of the agency in the West-Indies are not yet fully ascertained ; but those which have been communicated, afford grounds to believe the measure will be beneficial. The agent destined to reside in Great-Britain declining to accept the appointment, the business has consequently devolved on the minister of the United States, in London, and will command his attention, until a new agent shall be appointed.

After many delays and disappointments arising out of the European war, the final arrangements for fulfilling the engagements made to the Dey and Regency of Algiers, will, in all present appearance, be crowned with success; but under great, though inevitable disadvantages in the pecuniary transactions, occasioned by that war : which will render a further provision necessary. The actual liberation of all our citizens who were prisoners in Algiers, while it gratifies every feeling heart, is itself an earnest of a satisfactory termination of the whole negotiation. Measures are in operation for effecting treaties with the Regencies of Tunis and Tripoli.

To an active external commerce, the protection of a naval force is indispensable. This is manifest with regard to wars in which a state is itself a party. But besides this, it is in our own experience, that the most sincere neutrality is not a sufficient guard against the depredations of nations at war. To secure respect to a neutral flag, requires a naval force, organized and ready to vindicate it from insult or aggression. This may even prevent the necessity of going to war, by discouraging belligerent powers from

committing such violations of the rights of the neutral party, as may, first or last, leave no other option. From the best information I have been able to obtain, it would seem as if our trade to the Mediterranean, without a protecting force, will always be insecure ; and our citizens exposed to the calamities from which numbers of them have but just been relieved.

These considerations invite the United States to look to the means, and to set about the gradual creation of a navy. The increasing progress of their navigation promises them, at no distant period, the requisite supply of seamen ; and their means in other respects, favour the undertaking. It is an encouragement likewise, that their particular situation will give weight and influence to a moderate naval force in their hands. Will it not then be advisable to begin without delay to provide and lay up the materials for the building and equipping of ships of war ; and to proceed in the work by degrees, in proportion as our resources shall render it practicable without inconvenience ; so that a future war of Europe may not find our commerce in the same unprotected state in which it was found by the present ?

Congress have repeatedly, and not without success, directed their attention to the encouragement of manufactures. The object is of too much consequence not to ensure a continuance of their efforts in every way which shall appear eligible. As a general rule, manufactures on public account are inexpedient. But where the state of things in a country leaves little hope that certain branches of manufacture will for a great length of time obtain ; when these are of a nature essential to the furnishing and equipping of the public force in time of war ; are not establishments for procuring them on public account, *to the extent of the ordinary demand for the public service*, recommended by strong considerations of national policy, as an exception to the general rule ? Ought our country to remain in such cases dependent on foreign supply, precarious, because liable to be interrupted ?



If the necessary articles should in this mode cost more in time of peace, will not the security and independence thence arising, form an ample compensation? Establishments of this sort, commensurate only with the calls of the public service in time of peace, will in time of war, easily be extended in proportion to the exigencies of the government; and may even perhaps be made to yield a surplus for the supply of our citizens at large, so as to mitigate the privations from the interruptions of their trade. If adopted, the plan ought to exclude all those branches which are already or likely soon to be established in the country; in order that there may be no danger of interference with pursuits of individual industry.

It will not be doubted, that with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population, and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparant; and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage. Institutions, for promoting it, grow up supported by the public purse: and to what object can it be dedicated with greater propriety? Among the means which have been employed to this end, none have been attended with greater success, than the establishment of Boards, composed of proper characters, charged with collecting and diffusing information, and enabled, by premiums and small pecuniary aids, to encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement.— This species of establishment contributes doubly to the increase of improvement; by stimulating to enterprize and experiment; and by drawing to a common centre the results every where of individual skill and observation, and spreading them thence over the whole nation. Experience accordingly has shewn, that they are very cheap instruments of immense national benefits.

I have heretofore proposed to the consideration of Congress, the expediency of establishing a National University; and also a Military Academy. The desirableness of both these institutions, has so constantly increased with every new view I have taken of the subject, that I cannot

omit the opportunity of once for all, recalling your attention to them.

The assembly to which I address myself, is too enlightened not to be fully sensible how much a flourishing state of the arts and sciences contributes to national prosperity and reputation. True it is, that our country, much to its honour, contains many seminaries of learning highly respectable and useful ; but the funds upon which they rest, are too narrow to command the ablest professors in the different departments of liberal knowledge, for the institution contemplated : though they would be excellent auxiliaries.

Amongst the motives to such an institution, the assimilation of the principles, opinions and manners of our countrymen, by the common education of a portion of our youth from every quarter, well deserves attention. The more homogeneous our citizens can be made in these particulars, the greater will be our prospect of permanent union ; and a primary object of such a national institution should be, the education of our youth in the science of *government*. In a republic, what species of knowledge can be equally important ? And what duty more pressing on its legislature, than to patronise a plan for communicating it to those who are to be the future guardians of the liberties of the country ?

The institution of a military academy, is also recommended by cogent reasons. However pacific the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an adequate stock of military knowledge for emergencies. The first would impair the energy of its character, and both would hazard its safety, or expose it to greater evils when war could not be avoided. Besides, that war might often not depend upon its own choice. In proportion as the observance of pacific maxims might exempt a nation from the necessity of practising the rules of the military art, ought to be its care in preserving and transmitting by proper establishments, the knowledge of that art. Whatever argument may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince, that the art of war is at once comprehen-

five and complicated ; that it demands much previous study ; and that the profession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation. This, therefore, ought to be a serious care of every government ; and for this purpose, an academy, where a regular course of instruction is given, is an obvious expedient, which different nations have successfully employed.

The compensations to the officers of the United States, in various instances, and in none more than in respect to the most important stations, appear to call for legislative revision. The consequences of a defective provision are of serious import to the government. If private wealth is to supply the defect of public retribution, it will greatly contract the sphere within which the selection of character for office is to be made ; and will proportionally diminish the probability of a choice of men, able as well as upright. Besides that it would be repugnant to the vital principles of our government, virtually to exclude from public trusts, talents and virtue, unless accompanied by wealth.

While in our external relations, some serious inconveniencies and embarrassments have been overcome, and others lessened, it is with much pain, and deep regret, I mention, that circumstances of a very unwelcome nature have lately occurred. Our trade has suffered, and is suffering extensive injuries in the West-Indies, from the cruizers and agents of the French republic ; and communications have been received from its minister here, which indicate the danger of a further disturbance of our commerce by its authority ; and which are, in other respects, far from agreeable.

It has been my constant, sincere and earnest wish, in conformity with that of our nation, to maintain cordial harmony, and a perfectly friendly understanding with that republic. This wish remains unabated ; and I shall persevere in the endeavour to fulfil it, to the utmost extent of what shall be consistent with a just, and indispensable regard to the rights and honour of our country : nor will I easily cease to cherish the expectation, that a spirit of jus-



tice, candor and friendship, on the part of the republic, will eventually ensure success.

In pursuing this course, however, I cannot forget what is due to the character of our government and nation ; or to a full and entire confidence in the good sense, patriotism, self-respect and fortitude of my countrymen.

I reserve for a special message, a more particular communication on this interesting subject.

*Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,*

I have directed an estimate of the appropriations necessary for the service of the ensuing year, to be submitted from the proper department ; with a view of the public receipts and expenditures to the latest period to which an account can be prepared.

It is with satisfaction I am able to inform you, that the revenues of the United States continue in a state of progressive improvement.

A reinforcement of the existing provisions for discharging our public debt, was mentioned in my address at the opening of the last session. Some preliminary steps were taken towards it, the maturing of which will, no doubt, engage your zealous attention during the present. I will only add, that it will afford me a heartfelt satisfaction to concur in such further measures, as will ascertain to our country the prospect of a speedy extinguishment of the debt. Posterity may have cause to regret, if from any motive, intervals of tranquillity are left unimproved for accelerating this valuable end.

*Gentlemen of the Senate and of the House of  
Representatives,*

My solicitude to see the militia of the United States placed on an efficient establishment, has been so often, and so ardently expressed, that I shall but barely recall the subject to your view on the present occasion ; at the same time that I shall submit to your inquiry, whether our harbours are yet sufficiently secured.

The situation in which I now stand, for the last time, in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced : and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you, and my country, on the success of the experiment ; nor to repeat my supplication to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, and Sovereign Arbiter of nations, that his providential care may still be extended to the United States ; that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved ; and that the government, which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties, may be perpetual.

12th DECEMBER.

The Senate presented to the President the following Answer to his Address of the 7th.

WE thank you, Sir, for your faithful and detailed exposure of the existing situation of our country : and we sincerely join in sentiments of gratitude to an over-ruling Providence, for the distinguished share of public prosperity, and private happiness, which the people of the United States so peculiarly enjoy.

We are fully sensible of the advantages that have resulted from the adoption of measures (which you have successfully carried into effect) to preserve peace, cultivate friendship, and promote civilization, among the Indian tribes, on the western frontiers ;—feelings of humanity, and the most solid political principles, equally encourage the continuance of this system.

We observe with pleasure, that the delivery of the military posts, lately occupied by the British forces, within the territory of the United States, was made with cordiality, and promptitude, as soon as circumstances would admit ; and that the other provisions of our treaties with Great-Britain and Spain, that were objects of eventual

arrangement, are about being carried into effect, with entire harmony and good faith.

The unfortunate, but unavoidable difficulties that opposed a timely compliance with the terms of the Algerine treaty, are much to be lamented ; as they may occasion a temporary suspension of the advantages to be derived from a solid peace with that power, and a perfect security from its predatory warfare ; at the same time, the lively impressions that effected the public mind, on the redemption of our captive fellow-citizens, afford the most laudable incentive to our exertions, to remove the remaining obstacles.

We perfectly coincide with you in opinion, that the importance of our commerce demands a naval force for its protection against foreign insult and depredation, and our solicitude to attain that object will be always proportionate to its magnitude.

The necessity of accelerating the establishment of certain useful manufactures, by the intervention of legislative aid and protection, and the encouragement due to agriculture, by the creation of Boards, (composed of intelligent individuals) to patronize this primary pursuit of society, are subjects which will readily engage our most serious attention.

A national university may be converted to the most useful purposes—the science of legislation, being so essentially dependent on the endowments of the mind, the public interest must receive effectual aid from the general diffusion of knowledge ; and the United States will assume a more dignified station, among the nations of the earth, by the successful cultivation of the higher branches of literature.

A military academy may be likewise rendered equally important. To aid and direct the physical force of the nation, by cherishing a military spirit, enforcing a proper sense of discipline, and inculcating a scientific system of tactics, is consonant to the fondest maxims of public policy : connected with, and supported by such an establish-



ment, a well regulated militia, constituting the national defence of the country, would prove the most effectual, as well as economical, preservative of peace.

We cannot but consider, with serious apprehensions, the inadequate compensations of public officers, especially of those in the more important stations. It is not only a violation of the spirit of a public contract, but is an evil so extensive in its operation, and so destructive in its consequences, that we trust it will receive the most pointed legislative attention.

We sincerely lament, that whilst the conduct of the United States has been uniformly impressed with the character of equity, moderation, and love of peace, in the maintainance of all their foreign relationships, our trade should be so harrassed by the cruisers and agents of the republic of France, throughout the extensive departments of the West-Indies.

Whilst we are confident that no cause of complaint exists, that could authorise an interruption of our tranquillity, or disengage that republic from the bonds of amity, cemented by the faith of treaties, we cannot but express our deepest regrets, that official communications have been made to you, indicating a more serious disturbance of our commerce. Although we cherish the expectation, that a sense of justice, and a consideration of our mutual interests will moderate their councils; we are not unmindful of the situation in which events may place us, nor unprepared to adopt that system of conduct, which, compatible with the dignity of a respectable nation, necessity may compel us to pursue.

We cordially acquiesce in the reflection, that the United States, under the operation of the federal government, have experienced a most rapid aggrandizement and prosperity, as well political, as commercial.

Whilst contemplating the causes that produce this auspicious result, we much acknowledge the excellence of the constitutional system, and the wisdom of the legislative

provisions ;—but we should be deficient in gratitude and justice, did we not attribute a great portion of these advantages, to the virtue, firmness and talents of your administration ; which have been conspicuously displayed in the most trying times, and on the most critical occasions. It is, therefore, with the sincerest regret, that we now receive an official notification of your intentions to retire from the public employments of your country.

When we review the various scenes of your public life, so long and so successfully devoted to the most arduous services, civil and military,—as well during the struggles of the American revolution, as the convulsive periods of a recent date, we cannot look forward to your retirement, without our warmest affections and most anxious regards accompanying you ; and without mingling with our fellow citizens at large, the sincerest wishes for your personal happiness, that sensibility and attachment can express.

The most effectual consolation that can offer for the loss we are about to sustain, arises from the animating reflection, that the influence of your example will extend to your successors, and the United States thus continue to enjoy, an able, upright and energetic administration.

16th DECEMBER.

The following answer of the House of Representatives was presented to the President.

SIR,

THE House of Representatives have attended to your communication respecting the state of our country, with all the sensibility that the contemplation of the subject, and a sense of duty can inspire.

We are gratified by the information, that measures calculated to ensure a continuance of the friendship of the Indians, and to maintain the tranquillity of the *western* frontier, have been adopted ; and we indulge the hope

that these, by impressing the Indian tribes with more correct conceptions of the justice, as well as power of the United States, will be attended with success.

While we notice, with satisfaction, the steps that you have taken in pursuance of the late treaties with several foreign nations, the liberation of our citizens who were prisoners at Algiers, is a subject of peculiar felicitation. We shall cheerfully co-operate in any further measures that shall appear, on consideration, to be requisite.

We have ever concurred with you in the most sincere and uniform disposition to preserve our neutral relations inviolate, and it is, of course, with anxiety and deep regret we hear that any interruption of our harmony with the French Republic has occurred: for we feel with you and with our constituents, the cordial and unabated wish to maintain a perfectly friendly understanding with that nation. Your endeavours to fulfil that wish, and by all honourable means to preserve peace and to restore that harmony and affection which have heretofore so happily subsisted between the French Republic and the United States, cannot fail, therefore, to interest our attention. And while we participate in the full reliance you have expressed on the patriotism, self-respect and fortitude of our countrymen, we cherish the pleasing hope, that a mutual spirit of justice and moderation will ensure the success of your perseverance.

The various subjects of your communication will respectively, meet with the attention that is due to their importance.

When we advert to the internal situation of the United States, we deem it equally natural and becoming to compare the present period with that immediately antecedent to the operation of the government, and to contrast it with the calamities in which the state of war still involves several of the European nations, as the reflections deduced from both tend to justify as well as to excite, a warmer admiration of our free constitution, and to exalt our minds to a more fervent and grateful sense of piety towards Al-



mighty God for the beneficence of his providence, by which its administration has been hitherto so remarkably distinguished.

And while we entertain a grateful conviction that your wise, firm and patriotic administration has been signally conducive to the success of the present form of government, we cannot forbear to express the deep sensations of regret with which we contemplate your intended retirement from office.

As no other suitable occasion may occur, we cannot suffer the present to pass without attempting to disclose some of the emotions which it cannot fail to awaken.

The gratitude and admiration of your countrymen are still drawn to the recollection of those resplendent virtues and talents which were so eminently instrumental to the achievement of the revolution, and of which that glorious event will ever be the memorial. Your obedience to the voice of duty and your country, when you quitted reluctantly, a second time, the retreat you had chosen, and first accepted the presidency, afforded a new proof of the devotedness of your zeal in its service, and an earnest of the patriotism and success which have characterized your administration. As the grateful confidence of the citizens in the virtues of their chief magistrate, has essentially contributed to that success, we persuade ourselves that the millions whom we represent, participate with us in the anxious solitudes of the present occasion.

Yet we cannot be unmindful that your moderation and magnanimity, twice displayed by retiring from your exalted stations, afford examples no less rare and instructive to mankind, than valuable to a republic.

Although we are sensible that this event, of itself, completes the lustre of a character already conspicuously unrivalled by the coincidence of virtue, talents, success and public estimation; yet we conceive we owe it to you, Sir, and still more emphatically to ourselves and to our nation, (of the language of whose hearts we presume to think

ourselves at this moment the faithful interpreters) to express the sentiments with which it is contemplated.

The spectacle of a free and enlightened nation offering by its representatives the tribute of unfeigned approbation to its first citizen, however novel and interesting it may be, derives all its lustre (a lustre which accident or enthusiasm could not bestow, and which adulation would tarnish) from the transcendent merit of which it is the voluntary testimony.

May you long enjoy that liberty which is so dear to you, and to which your name will ever be so dear : May your own virtues and a nation's prayers obtain the happiest sunshine for the decline of your days and the choicest of future blessings. For our country's sake, for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish that your example may be the guide of your successors, and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants.

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This answer, on which there was a pretty long and warm debate, is somewhat different from that which was first proposed by the committee appointed to draw it up. Some members were opposed to almost every part of it, but their opposition was more directly levelled against three particular points ; the compliment to the President, the paragraph respecting the misunderstanding with the French Republic, and the expression of the free and enlightened state of the American people.

That a compliment to the President, or rather a faint acknowledgement of his virtues and services (for on this subject any acknowledgement must be faint,) should be opposed in the Congress of the United States, would be cause of great mortification to every generous and grateful mind,

were it not accompanied with the consoling reflection, that *Mr. Giles* was at the head of the opposition. There are certain persons, whose applause we shun with as much solicitude as we seek for that of others, and I must confess, there are few men in the world whose praises I should dread more than those of the Virginian Giles, and I dare say the President is very happy to think that he has escaped them.

The answer expresses a grateful conviction of the President's *wise, firm, and patriotic* administration, and regrets his departure from office. To all this the virtuous and upright Mr. Giles objected. He said, that "the President's administration had been neither *wise* nor *firm*; and "as to his departure from office, he felt not the "least regret on account of it. He hoped he "would retire to his country seat, and live comfortably there. He believed the government "of the United States would go on without "him. *The people* were competent to their *own* "government. That for those, who had opposed some of the principal measures of the President, to vote for the answer in its present form, "would be *writing scoundrel on their foreheads.*"

It would be useless to take up mine and my reader's time in a justification of the compliment to which Mr. Giles was opposed. The people of the United States, from one end of the Union to the other, have unequivocally expressed, what this gentleman is afraid to express, lest thereby he should write scoundrel on his forehead. If the reader will look back to the Censor for April last, he will find this same patriot declaring, that he *adored* the voice of the people, and yet he has



now the temerity to doubt its infallibility, to refuse obedience to it, even to mutiny against and offer resistance to its *awful* commands. If ever I derived an extraordinary degree of satisfaction from the embarrassment of others, it was on seeing Mr. Giles and his brother Patriots, the votaries of the popular voice, reduced to take the *unpopular* side of a question. The leader seems to have been sensible of the awkwardness of his situation, when he said that "*the people* are competent to their *own* government." This was a kind of palliative, it was shifting the ground of opposition, it was a poor miserable attempt to preserve consistency, and betrayed either a total want of discernment in the speaker, or a consummate contempt for the understandings of the people: for, if the people are competent to their own government, they are certainly competent to form a judgment of the conduct of the President, and as they have declared his administration to be wise, firm and patriotic, how dared their zealous and pious adorer to say they are mistaken?

As to *writing scoundrel on his front*, of which Mr. Giles seemed to entertain such unnecessary fears, if the approving of the compliment in question would produce this effect, all the members of the state legislatures, and nine-tenths of their constituents, had already taken the hideous inscription. What a scoundrelly god, then, does Mr. Giles adore? If an obstinate opposition to all the most important measures of an administration, which the answer approves of in the aggregate, was calculated to imprint the terrific word, voting for the answer could do no more than render legible what was already written; as characters in certain liquids remain imperceptible till

drawn forth by the fire. Mr. Giles and his fellow labourers prudently shrank from the ordeal ; but they will excuse us, if our imaginations would supply its place. Read we assuredly shall, and it will be nothing very extraordinary if we should extend the signification of every term that we think we perceive.

The next subject of opposition was the paragraph which speaks of the misunderstanding with the bloody Gallician Republic. In the reported answer it stood thus : “ We have ever concurred  
 “ with you in the most sincere and uniform dis-  
 “ position to preserve our mutual relations invio-  
 “ late, and it is, of course, with anxiety and deep  
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 “ rit of justice and moderation will ensure the  
 “ success of your perseverance.”

This was certainly tame enough, after all the outrages and insults of France. The desire to re-establish harmony is expressed, as *Mr. Ames* observed, with little less ardour than the requests of a supplicating lover ; and the confidence in the spirit of the country, in case of an appeal to arms, is disguised with as much care, as if it were a crime to be courageous in opposing the vio-

lence and resenting the indignities of a horde of base-born grovelling tyrants.

How different from this hesitating tone was that of the Senate: "We are," say they, "not  
 "unmindful of the situation in which events may  
 "place us, *nor unprepared to adopt that system of*  
 "conduct, which, compatible with the dignity of a  
 "respectable nation, necessity may compel us to pursue."

This manly answer does infinite honour to the man who penned it, and let the insolent convention recollect, that it was approved of by him with whom they will in future be obliged to treat.

The answer of the Senate was all that could be wished, but it should have been surpassed in warmth by those who call themselves the *immediate* representatives of the people. Language that may be extremely proper, at such a crisis, from cool and dispassionate Senators, whose business is rather to check than to encourage the ardour of the public spirit, may be poor and cold when coming from the Representatives. Every sentence from them should have smoked with indignation at the insupportable insolence of the French, they should have declared, that they were ready with their lives to defend that independence, which had been so openly attacked, and to support the government in every energetic measure it should take to obtain satisfaction for the indignities that had been heaped on it. Yet, so far from this was the conduct of the House, that even the paragraph above quoted was not humble enough for them: not content with expressing their *anxiety* and *deep regret* at the interruption of *harmony*, and their *unabated* wish to maintain a *perfectly friendly* understanding, with the nation who had



robbed, despised, and openly insulted them and their country, they must needs add another sentence, wishing for the restoration of that *harmony* and *affection*, which had hitherto so *happily* subsisted. Not content with amplifying their tremulous accents till the quaver had lost the sound of manhood, they must needs begin *de Capo* and repeat the faltering tune. Nay, the last sentence of the paragraph, which speaks of a spirit of *justice* and *moderation*, could not pass without being crammed with the word *mutual*. Mr. Giles indeed, wished to tack another phrase; viz. “*on the part of the Republic*,” to the end of this word *mutual*. He seemed to think that the answer would be incomplete without a little *nonsense*.—“That a “*mutual* spirit of justice and moderation *on the “ part of the Republic* will ensure the success of “ your perseverance.”—If you can go to the Sunday-Schools round the city, and find me a boy out of his primer, stupid and illiterate enough to compose a sentence like this, I will be bound to find you men in Virginia, who shall vote him into Congress.—“*The Republic*,” too. *What Republic?* Is not America a Republic as well as France? The French King forbade his subjects to address him, or speak of him, under any other name than simply that of *the King*, as if there were but one king in the world; just as we speak of the Sun or the Moon. The despots who have cut his throat, seem to have taken possession of his vanity as well as of his houses, his gardens, his coaches and his jewels. They call their poor beggared enslaved country *the Republic*. But other kingdoms never observed this style of eminence towards the French monarch, nor will it be observed towards the French Republic, I trust, by any other Republic, or any other mortal except Mr. Giles. It would

seem that the gentleman forgot where he was, and looked upon himself as a representative of the swarthy French, instead of the more humane and more enlightened, though footy, citizens of the ancient dominion.

The imagination of this man, and of all those who voted with him, appears to have been upon the rack to find out terms expressive of their dependence on the generosity and magnanimity of the insulting foe, and of their want of confidence in the people of this country. Was this what the President expected, when he complained to them of the aggressions of the French, and of the threats he had received from their minister? Was this what the people expected, when that insolent minister appealed to them from their government? No; they expected no such milk-sop tautology. They expected a good, plain, and resolute tone, calculated to convince the treacherous French, that their independence was not a mere name, and that, while a desire of peace dwelt in their breasts, fear of a war found no place there.

It was said by those who opposed the introduction of that redundancy of *affection*, which now dishonours the answer, that the first draught was dictated by a spirit of accommodation; and, indeed, this was evidently the case, for no one who knows Messrs. Ames and Sitgreaves, and reads their animated speeches in the debate, will believe that this draught was dictated by their feelings. My complaisance, however, would not have carried me so far; I would have stood alone in the House; I would have opposed every sentence, every word, and every syllable, that sa-

voured of tameness, that indicated a reliance on the *justice* and *moderation* of the French, or a fear of encountering their displeasure.

The third subject of opposition was, that sentence in the answer which styles the people of America “ the freest and most enlightened in the “ world ;” and who could help being surprised that the *adorer* of the *people* should take the lead here also ! One would imagine, that to be proper objects of adoration, they should at least be the most free and enlightened in the world ; unless we suppose that Mr. Giles adored them for their purity and virtue, which there is very little reason to do.

These words were at last changed for, “ a free “ and enlightened people.” the cause of this (with shame be it spoken), was, *fear of offending the French Convention*, an assembly that every worthy American longs to spit upon ; an assembly whose approbation is a mark of dishonour ten thousand times greater than standing in the pillory or being burnt in the hand. Talk of writing scoundrel in the forehead ! I would sooner bear the word scoundrel as a motto round the pupils of my eyes, than be blasted with the approving grin of a gang of assassins.

That the cause of the opposition was what I have stated it, must be clear to every one who recollects the language of the members who took a part in it, on other occasions. There is hardly a people in Europe, except the French, whom they have not, at different times, since the present war, represented as buried in slavery and brutal ignorance. They insisted that the House



had no right to cast reflections on foreign nations; what right had Mr. Giles, then, to cast reflections on the government and parliament of Britain? What right had another member to call the Empress of Russia a she-bear, another the King of Great Britain a robber, and another, all kings in general a herd of crowned monsters? "The fact may be true," said they, "but we have no right to step beyond the boundaries of our own country to contrast it with any other." Now, what did the pretty Mr. Livingston, who was one of these inoffensive and modest gentlemen, do last session?—"Great Britain," said he, "was *once* free; but now Great Britain, and *all Europe, France excepted, is in chains!*"—Was this stepping beyond the boundary line? This was not being content with eulogium on America, but was openly insulting every nation of Europe, *except the French, the free and enlightened heroes of the Bloody Buoy.* But, why need we go back to past sessions, when in the present one, and even in this debate, and on this very question, we hear the delicate Mr. Parker exclaim: "Kingcraft and priestcraft have too long governed the world with an iron rod: more enlightened times, I trust are approaching, and I hope ere long *republicanism* will cover the earth."—Like the universal deluge I suppose.

It is pretty clear from this fally of Mr. Parker, that no nations were to be excepted but those who are, or call themselves, republics. This might have done very well, and the answer might have been thus amended with some little consistency, but poor Mr. Parker has a short memory, and being pressed hard by Mr. William Smith, who truly asserted that fear of giving umbrage to the

French, was at the bottom of the opposition, he tacked short about, and ran headlong into the most monstrous contradiction that ever bemired a poor orator.—“No ;” said he, “I have not the French republic, or any other nation in view ; the Swiss Cantons have shewn themselves more enlightened than we.”—All was well yet, but Mr. Parker, like most other eloquent men, is very fond of enumeration, and he unfortunately added the *Danes* and the *Swedes*. These nations also, he said, were more enlightened than the people of America, though, in the same speech, he declared that *King-craft* had too long governed the world with an iron rod, and hoped that more enlightened times were at hand, and that republicanism would soon cover the earth ! He could not be so very ignorant, or at least I should suppose so, as not to know that Denmark and Sweden are governed by kings ; but he was hemmed up in a corner, and did not know where to look for more enlightened republics than his own, *except France*.—A legislator should always understand geography and astronomy, and then “his eye in a fine fit of frenzy rolling,” might, as Doctor Rush says Rittenhouse did, find out republics in the moon. However, a very little study of the former science, might have led Mr. Parker, in his jump from Switzerland to Denmark, to perceive the dear sister republic of *Batavia*. Here he might have found a triumphant comparison. Republicanism has enlightened the Dutch with a vengeance. The fans-culottes have worn them down till you may read a newspaper through their ribs. *Geneva* too, which was so near him when he was got among the Swiss, might, one would have thought, have claimed a

preference to Denmark and Sweeden; particularly as the cheering rays of republicanism have been communicated to it by the great luminary which seems to be the sole object of his admiration.

Mr. Parker moved for striking out the words, "freest and most enlightened." This Mr. Christie proposed to amend, by inserting, "free-est, " and *amongst* the most enlightened ;" but still Mr. Swanwick thought the word "*amongst*" should come before, instead of after "*free-est* ; because " nothing could tend more to *preserve the peace* " of the country, than *treating others with respect* ;" and in this opinion he was joined by Messrs. Coit and Dayton, the latter of whom most humbly thought, that " the amendment very " much *softened* the terms, and rendered them " *more palatable.*"——At last, after these four words had undergone just as many changes as can be rung upon four bells, the peal was closed with, "*free and enlightened people.*"

Gracious heaven ! and have I lived to hear the American Congress, men whose brow I had been taught to believe *independence* had made its chosen seat, haggling three whole days about four words of compliment to their country, and at last expunge them, lest they should give offence to a foreign nation ! Mr. Livingston and the news-monger Brown may dun us as long as they please about the slavery of Britons, but if a member of their House of Commons were timid enough to express his *fears* at calling his nation the free-est and most enlightened in the world, I flatter myself he would never dare show his face again in that assembly. For a nation, which dares not pass on itself whatever compliment or encomium



it pleases, to call itself *free* and *independent*, is an abuse of words that nothing can be a sufficient punishment for, except the consciousness of being, and of being thought, exactly the contrary of what it strives to appear.

That the amendment should be adopted at all, is a circumstance in itself sufficiently humiliating; but, when we consider it was adopted for fear of giving umbrage to France; when we consider that the representatives of the people thought it unfitting to declare them more *free* and *enlightened* than the base, the willing slaves, the brutishly ignorant and illiterate wretches left in the French territory, we feel our superiority insulted, and despise the man who would shrink from the declaration.

In that *free* country, France, the parent dares not yield protection to his child, nor the child to his parent, without the previous consent of some petty understrapping despot. Man possesses nothing; his property belongs to a mob of tyrants, who call themselves the nation, who hold his labour and his very carcase in a state of requisition. If his griefs break out into complaint, he is dragged to a tribunal, where *no evidence is required*. A shrug, a look, a tear, or a sigh, betrays him. To repine at the cruelty of his fate, is to be suspected, and to be suspected is death.

We need not stretch our view across the Atlantic for specimens of French liberty; we may see enough without quitting our own country, or even our houses. The *cockade proclamation* of Citizen Adet is at once an insult to the United States, and an act of abominable tyranny on the

unfortunate French who have taken a refuge in them. They must not only suffer shame for their country, but must bear about them the sign of its disgrace, the liberty of the infamous Orleans. They must not only be despoiled of their wealth, and driven from their homes and their families, but must drag their chains into distant lands. It is not enough that they should be branded with the name of slave ; they must wear the symbol of their slavery, and that, too, exactly where other men wear the symbol of courage and of honour ! — Will not the people of America blush to think, that their representatives were afraid to assert, that they enjoyed a degree of freedom superior to this ?

Of the *enlightened* people, now called the French nation, not one out of five hundred can spell his own name. As to religion, four years ago they were seen kneeling with their faces prone to the earth, blubbering out their sins, and beseeching absolution from the men whom, in a year afterwards, they degraded, insulted, mutilated and murdered. After the changing catholic worship, at the command of one gang of tyrants, for a worship that was neither catholic nor protestant ; at the command of another, they abandoned all worship whatsoever, and publicly rejoiced that “ the soul of man was like that of “ the beast.” A third gang orders them to believe that there is a god : instantly the submissive brutes acknowledge his existence, and fall on their knees at the sight of Robespierre, proclaiming the decree, with as much devotion as they formerly did at the elevation of the sacred host.

Politically considered, they are equally *enlightened*. Every successive faction has been the object of their huzzas, in the day of its power, and of their execrations in that of its fall. They crowded to the bar of the Convention to felicitate Robespierre on his escape from the poignard of a woman ; and, in less than six weeks afterwards, danced round his scaffold, and mocked his dying groans.—First they approve of a constitution with a hereditary monarch, whose person they declare *inviolable* and *sacred*, and swear to defend him with their lives. Next they murder this monarch, and declare themselves a republic, to be governed by a single chamber of delegates. This second constitution they destroy, and frame a third, with two chambers and five co-equal kings.—After having spent five years in making war, in the name of liberty and equality, upon arms, stars, garters, crosses, and every other exterior sign of superiority of rank, they very peaceably and tamely suffer their masters to dub themselves with what titles they please, and exclusively to assume garbs and badges of distinction far more numerous than those which formerly existed in France.

But, the circumstance best calculated to give a just idea of their baseness of spirit and swinish ignorance, is, their sanctioning a constitution, which declares that they shall elect the members of their assemblies, and then submitting to a decree, obliging them to choose two-thirds of the number out of the Convention. Nor was this all ; the Convention, not content with ensuring the re-election of these two thirds, reserved to itself the power of rejecting such members of the other third as it might not approve of ! And yet



the wise Mr. Parker calls the French “a *free* and *enlightened* people,” and very piously wishes that *King-craft* may be done away, and that *republicanism* may *enlighten* the whole earth !——The House of Representatives were afraid even to hint that this nation of poor cajoled, cozened, bullied, bamboozled devils, were less enlightened than the people of America !

There is not a true American, and I love to believe that a very great majority of the people of these states are of that description, who does not reject with scorn the idea of being upon a level with the regenerated French ; not only in understanding, but in any respect whatever. Their very friends, the Democrats, nay their best paid hirelings, despise them in their hearts, as much as a prostitute despises her cully.

After having contemplated the modest and humble tone of the Antifederal members towards France, it may not be amiss to contrast it with their language towards Great-Britain, on an occasion somewhat similar.—It was reported, that his Britannic Majesty had issued instructions for seizing American vessels, contrary to the law of nations. It was indeed, well known that many vessels were seized ; but it was not known that the seizure was authorised by these instructions. They were equivocal, and therefore left room to hope that they were misconstrued, by interested individuals, and that an indemnification would be obtained by a manly and temperate representation of the injury. This hope, which was then entertained by the friends of the federal government, has since been completely realized. But, what was the tone of Mr. Madison, Mr. Clarke,

Mr. Dayton, and all those who are now for softening their language towards France, till it surpasses in effeminacy the pipe of a sickly girl? What were the measures they then proposed? *Lay a double duty on their goods*, said one; *Prohibit all trade with them*, said another; and Mr. Dayton offered a resolution for “sequestrating all debts due from the citizens of the United States to the subjects of the king of Great Britain.”—Thus, without waiting a moment to inquire whether the king’s instructions were misinterpreted, or whether an indemnification was likely to be obtained, the seizure was to be regarded as a commencement of hostilities, reprisals were immediately to be made, and that, too, in a mode that every honourable and honest man turns from with scorn.—Was this very “*palatable*,” Mr. Dayton?

It was during this memorable debate, that Mr. Smith from Maryland, *modestly* exclaimed:—“Let us adopt the resolution. It will arrest twenty millions of dollars in our hands, as a fund to reimburse the three or four millions, which we have been stripped of by that *piratical nation*, Great Britain, according to the instructions of that *king of sea-robbers*, that *Leviathan* who aims at swallowing up all that swims on the ocean, that *monster*, whose only law is power, and who respects neither the rights of nations, nor the property of individuals.”—Was this *decent* and *honest* speech very “*palatable*?”—These political cooks seem to be very skilful in distinguishing the difference between the palates of Britons and that of the soupe-maigre, frog-eating French, who can relish nothing that is not *bien cuit*, or coddled to

mummy, except the flesh and blood of aristocrats.

Striking as this contrast is, it is not seen in its proper light, till accompanied with a comparative view of the injuries received from the two nations. The British, when they were called *pirates, sea-robbers, and monsters*, by a member of Congress, had unlawfully seized on American property, to the amount of “ *three or four millions of dollars.*” The French, even at that time, were guilty of the same aggressions, and of this the Congress could not plead ignorance, as it was stated to them by order of the President, in the same report that complains of the conduct of the British. At the present epoch it is acknowledged that the depredations of the French are double in amount to those of the British, before any indemnification was obtained. But, to avoid all dispute on this subject, let us suppose that the loss from both nations to be of exactly the same amount, and confine our remarks to the vast difference in their anterior situation and subsequent conduct with respect to this country. Great Britain had no treaty, either of amity or commerce, with America; her conduct towards us, therefore, was subject to no rule but that prescribed by the general law of nations, the principles of which, often leaving room for misinterpretation, give a scope to an abuse of power, that does not, if reparation be demanded and obtained, fix the stigma of cowardice or dependence on the injured nation. The situation of the French was quite different. The depredations committed by them are in direct violation of a solemn contract, voluntarily entered into with America. Great Britain excused herself by



declaring (whether truly or not is no matter) that her orders had been misconstrued, that she was ready to make restitution, and it is well known that she has made good this declaration, by paying the full value of the cargoes and vessels illegally seized. But, the conduct of the French leaves no room for an excuse. They cannot plead a misconstruction of their orders, their spoliations have not taken place under an ambiguous instruction, but are warranted by a decree of their tyrannical assembly; and, to deprive America of the hope of indemnification, and even of the appearance of maintaining her rights, they have hurled this decree in our teeth. The British unlawfully seized on the property of Americans, or, if you will, in the polite language of Maryland Mr. Smith, that nation of "monsters" robbed them; but the minister of these "monsters" did not proclaim the plundering order in this country, and insult the people whom they had robbed, by telling them that it was the fault of their own Executive. The French have done all this and ten times more: they have trampled upon the independence of Americans, braved them, scoffed at them: they have done every thing but kick the President from his chair and take possession of the government: and yet Mr. Dayton, the *energetic* Mr. Dayton, says not a word about *sequestration*; he is even afraid to compliment his constituents on their *freedom* and *understanding*, lest it should be *unpalatable* to this insidious, treacherous and insolent nation. Not a word do we now hear about "*pirates* and *sea-robbers*, and *leviathans*, and *monsters*:" all breathes a desire to cultivate "*harmony*, *perfect friendship*, and *affection*." In speaking of the depredations of the

British, "nothing," it was said, "was to be expected from the *justice* of a nation who had "robbed us;" but now, behold, every thing is to be left to the "*justice and moderation*" of the French, after we are not only well assured that their robberies have far surpassed those of the British, but after their minister as contemptuously told us, that those robberies are sanctioned by his government; that it has given orders for violating the treaty, and is determined to continue in the violation. Thus, one nation is spoken of with approbation, esteem and affection; is even flattered and caressed, after loading us with injuries a thousand times greater than those which drew down on another nation the indecent and opprobrious terms of "*pirates and monsters.*" Is this a proof of the candour or of the obstinate prejudice, of the wisdom or folly, of the House of Representatives? Is it a proof of the independence of America on Great-Britain, or of its absolute dependence on France?

To what are we to ascribe the immeasurable difference between the daring and insulting tone formerly assumed towards Britain, and the poor, piping, pusillanimous language, that is now held towards France. Is it because one is a monarchy, and the other calls itself a republic? I have heard, or read, of a fellow that was so accustomed to be kicked, that he could distinguish, by the feel, the sort of leather that assailed his posteriors. Are our buttocks arrived at this perfection of sensibility? And do we really find that a republican shoe wounds our honour less than a monarchical one? Is an injury from a nation on whom we heaped every term of abuse, and for whose annihilation we, and even some of our parsons, de-

voutly prayed, less calculated to rouse our feelings, than the accumulated injuries and insults of another nation, whom we distinguished by every sign of partiality, for whose misfortunes we put on mourning, and for whose victories we mocked and insulted heaven with thanksgiving? Is a single slap on the cheek from a power, with whom we had no connection, less offensive than reiterated blows from an *ally*? Finally, is the commerce of Britain less necessary to America than that of France, or is the power of the latter more to be dreaded than that of the former?—This last question is the only one that requires to be examined: the rest, I trust, are already answered in the mind of the reader.

The necessity of a commercial connection between Great Britain and America, is so loudly and unequivocally asserted by the unerring voice of experience, that nothing but the blindest ignorance, or the most unconquerable prejudice, could possibly have called it in question. Immediately after the suspension of this commerce, caused by the revolutionary war, it was on both sides resumed with more ardour than ever, notwithstanding all the arts that France and her partizans employed to prevent it. In vain did poor Louis issue edicts to encourage his people to supplant their rivals, in vain did he take off his duties and offer premiums; in vain did friend Brissot coax the Quakers, and citizen Madison speechify the Congress: in spite of all their fine promises, cajoling, and wheedling; in spite of the mortification of Britain, and the more powerful prejudice of America, no sooner was the obstacle removed by the return of peace; than without a treaty of friendship or commerce, without any



other stimulus than mutual interest, confidence and inclination, the two countries rushed together like congenial waters that had been separated by an artificial dyke.

It is this natural connection with Britain, the British capital, which a confidence in the stability of the government invites hither, together with the credit that the merchants of that country give to those of this, a credit which British merchants alone are either willing or able to give, that forms the great source of American wealth. Mr. Smith from Maryland, the *polite* Mr. Smith, who called the British “*sea-robbers and monsters*,” incautiously acknowledged, in the same breath, that these “*monsters*” gave a stationary credit to this country amounting to *twenty millions of dollars*. Grateful gentleman!—A very great part of this credit is given for a twelve-month at least; so that the simple interest on it amounts to *one million two hundred thousand dollars annually*; an advantage to this country that might have merited in return something “*more palatable*” than *sea-robbers and “monsters.”*

If America could obtain what she stands in need of (which she cannot) from any other country than Britain, from what country on earth could she obtain them on terms like these? The capacity of France, in the brightest days of her commercial prosperity, was fairly tried. Correspondencies were opened with her merchants; but what was the result? The total ruin of them and of all those who were concerned with them. They are no more; they are forgotten. Their trade could be equalled in shortness of duration by nothing but the wear of their merchandise.

To say, as some of the French faction have done, that America does not want the manufactures of Britain, is an insult on the national discernment little short of the *Blunderbuss* of my old friend Citizen Adet. Let any man take a view of his dress (when he is dressed like a man), from head to foot, from the garments that he wears to sea, to plough, to market or to church, down to those with which he steps into bed ; let him look round his shop, and round the shops of his neighbours ; let him examine his library, his bed-chamber, his parlour and his kitchen, and then let him say how great a part of all he sees, of all that is indispensable, useful or convenient ; let him say how great a part of all this comes from Great Britain, and how small a one from France or any other country ; and then if he be fool enough, let him say with the Gallican faction, that we stand in no need of the manufactures of Britain.

The commercial connection between this country and Great Britain is full as necessary as that between the baker and miller, while the connection between America and France may be compared to one between the baker and the milliner or toyman. France may furnish us with looking glasses ; but without the aid of Britain we shall be ashamed to see ourselves in them, unless the fansculottes can persuade us that thread-bare beggary is a beauty. France may deck the heads of our wives and daughters (but by the bye, she shan't those of mine) with ribbons, guaze, and powder, their ears with bobs, the cheeks with paint, and their heels with gaudy party-coloured silk, as rotten as the hearts of the manufacturers ; but Great Britain must cover their and our bodies. When the rain pours down and washes the rose

from the cheek ; when the bleak north-wester blows through the gauze, then it is that we know our friends. Great Britain must wrap us up warm, and keep us all decent, snug and comfortable, from the child in swaddling cloths to its tottering grand-fire. France may send us cockades, as she does (or has done) in abundance ; but Great Britain must send us hats to stick them in. France may furnish the ruffle, but Great Britain must send us the shirt ; and the commerce of the latter nation is just as much more necessary to this country than that of the former, as a good decent shirt is more necessary than a paltry dishclout of a ruffle.

As, then, the importance of a trade, with any nation, must be the standard whereby to measure the embarrassment and distress that its suspension would produce, it is evident that a war with Great Britain would, in this respect, have been productive of infinite calamities to America, while a war with France would hardly be felt. The dangers, therefore to be apprehended from military operations only, remain to be considered.

By going back to the epoch when the hostile tone was assumed towards Great Britain, I could represent her as in possession of the *Western-Posts*, and consequently as in a situation to arm and support the Indians, to harass that frontier, and by those means find employment for an army of the United States, and that a very expensive one too. But, I shall decline this advantage, shall consider things in their present state ; I shall even suppose all inroads from Canada impossible, shall turn my eyes to the sea only, and there take a view of



what might be reasonably feared from a war with Great-Britain, and what from a war with France.

The mighty difference in the maritime power, skill and courage of the two nations, is so universally known, and has undergone so many and so convincing proofs during the present war, that any comparison in this respect would be superfluous. The hirelings of France, do, however, pretend that she could eat us up alive, crack us as a squirrel does a nut, while we could boldly bid defiance to her rival. I shall not suppose it possible for Great-Britain to bombard our towns and burn our shipping, I shall look upon all our harbours as completely defended ; I shall even suppose it impossible for her to make a landing on any part of our coast, to carry off a single sack of flour or head of cattle ; and only insist, that, with thirty detached frigates, and a squadron of twenty ships of the line, she could completely block up every principal port in the United States, in defiance of the French and their new allies, Holland and Spain. If I am told to look back to what she was able to do, in this way, last war ; I reply, that the commerce, the foreign relationships of this country, are not now what they were then, nor would the species of war, carried on by Britain, be the same. Then she had armies on the land, on which the operations of her fleet were dependent. It had garrisons to supply, convoys to escort, and transports to conduct from one state to another. Those who look to France and her allies for relief, forget that during this war France has lost *thirty-nine* ships of the line, with a proportionate number of frigates ; that the remnant of her shattered fleet is now blocked up in her own ports, and that her petty armaments skulk

about from harbour to harbour, as if their only object was to keep out of sight. They forget that the Dutch dare not peep out of the Texel, and that the Spaniards, after mustering their all together, are stationed before a place of refuge in the Mediterranean. In this situation of things nothing could prevent Great-Britain from totally cutting off the commerce of America, exports as well as imports, trebling the price of every article of foreign manufacture, and rendering the produce of the land a drug ; destroying the revenue of the country at the very moment that a tenfold augmentation of it would be necessary.

From the French and their allies, on the contrary, America has little, nay nothing to fear. When we are told about their demolishing our towns and invading our country, it seems to be forgotten that they must cross the sea to come to us. Fear seems to have deranged the trembling wretches who hold this language. They talk and think about the prowess of the barbarian armies, till they imagine us divided from them by a river only, or that it is as easy for a hundred thousand of them to be shipped off and landed in America, as for them to cross the Rhine; they imagine that a fleet of three hundred transports and fifty ships of the line are as easily erected as a bridge of boats. And, during this terrific reverie, it never once strikes them that Great-Britain is at war with the French, or that her fleets would blow them to atoms, before they could approach our coast. Mr. Giles, and all those who talk about the danger of incurring the displeasure of the French, delight in representing her as ready to make an attack on us in conjunction with the Spaniards. This is true, and we are informed that they have

already to these their "natural allies," to seize and confiscate our vessels\*. There is no doubt but both nations would willingly co-operate in such an enterprize; but I would ask Mr. Giles seriously, whether he thinks America would stand singly in the war; whether he thinks the government or the people so incorrigibly blind and stupid, as, while they see the French calling in all hell to their aid, to refuse the only assistance capable of repulsing the infernal host.—Oh, Lord! says Mr. Giles, what are you talking about! "I dislike extremely any *intimate connection* betwixt this country and Britain, notwithstanding pecuniary advantages may arise from it†."——So says Citizen Adet, and so says every Frenchman as well as Mr. Giles. Yes: this is what they "dislike," this is the thing, and the only thing, they are afraid of, and it is for that very reason that it ought to take place.

But, I should be glad to know on what Mr. Giles founds his "dislike" to this connection, in case of a war. He acknowledges its "pecuniary advantages," and that is one great point gained; for you well know, Mr. Giles, that in *connec-*

\* It is pretended by France, that our treaty with Britain contravenes that with her; and for that reason she seizes our vessels. Groundless and insolent as this pretext is, it is worth noticing now that the Spaniards have begun to imitate her. We had *no treaty* with them, when that with Great Britain was formed, and therefore, I presume, that the "*magnanimous* Spanish monarch," as Mr. Swanwick called him, will alledge that our treaty with him was contravened *before it was made*: nor should I much wonder, if members in Congress were to be found, courageous and patriotic enough to attempt to support the charge.—This is all that is wanted to fill up the measure of our humiliation.

† See his speech in this debate.



*tions with foreign nations* nothing goes on cheerly *without money*. What, then, can be the objection? Because America is a *Republic* and Britain a *Monarchy*? This was the old objection to the treaty of amity and commerce with Great Britain; but it very luckily happened that, just before that treaty was concluded, the Republic of France had made a similar treaty with the king of Prussia; and now, as if on purpose to give us a second example, she has concluded a treaty offensive and defensive with the king of Spain, and has called that nation her "*natural allies*."—Now, Mr. Giles, rub that *forehead* of yours a little, and tell me sincerely, without any quibbling or subterfuge, whether you think the Spaniards are more *naturally* allied to the French than the Americans are to the British.

Surely no nation was ever so completely duped as America has been by the French and their partizans! By a sincere and hearty alliance with Great Britain, she would not only place herself in a situation to make a peremptory demand of indemnification from France, but, in case of refusal, would be able to strip both France and Spain of every inch of territory they possess in this hemisphere. There is no danger of any other nation taking umbrage at this. America and Great Britain might bid defiance to the world. The map of this continent and its islands lies open before them: they might cut and carve for themselves, and sit down in the quiet enjoyment of their conquests. The very mention of such an alliance would scare the Dons at the bottom of their mines, and would make the *seven hundred and five tyrants* tremble on their thrones. Yet the hirelings of France tell us that this alli-

ance must not be formed, because, forsooth, Britain is a monarchy ! Poor, paltry objection ! France avails herself of all the rascally aid she can rake together ; she forms treaties with all the monarchies she can find base enough to join her, and calls them her *natural allies* ; but, if America makes a treaty with a monarchy, be it merely for the purposes of adjusting disputes and regulating trade, France, “ terrible France,” takes offence at it, calls it an unnatural connection, seizes our vessels as a punishment for it, and (with shame be it spoken !) is justified by some of those who are chosen to preserve the honour and independence of the country !—All the world are the *natural allies* of France ; republics, aristocracies, monarchies and despotisms ; Dutch, Genoese, Spaniards, Turks and Devils ; but poor America has no *natural ally* at all, except France herself ; and if she chooses, with the aid of her allies, to rob and insult her, America must accept of no one’s assistance, but must stand and be pillaged and kicked till the by-standers cry shame.—Honourable Independence ! “ Glorious Revolution.”—If this must be the case, let us hear no more boastings and rejoicings. Let the *fourth of July* be changed from a festival to a fast, or rather, let it be effaced for ever from the calendar.





A  
L E T T E R  
TO THE INFAMOUS  
T O M P A I N E,

IN ANSWER TO HIS LETTER TO

*General Washington.*

---

“ CERE MONY, and even *silence*, from what-  
“ ever motive they may arise, have a hurt-  
“ ful tendency, when they give the least degree  
“ of countenance to *base* and *wicked perform-*  
“ *ances.*” With this maxim, Tom, you begin  
your remarks on one of your then Sovereign’s  
speeches to his parliament, and during which re-  
marks you pay a very high, though just, compli-  
ment, to the talents and virtues of *General Wash-*  
*ington* ; the very man whom you now attempt to  
strip of every talent and every virtue, public as well  
as private. Complain not, therefore, if your max-  
im be adopted on the present occasion ; if your bru-

tal attack on this illustrious character has got the better of *silence*, and drawn forth an answer, and if this answer be conducted with very little ceremony.

Your letter professes to treat of “ affairs public “ and private.” From this adjunct to the title, we might have expected from the Great Tom Paine, the prince of demagogues, something like a review of the President’s administration and a developement of diplomatic and cabinet secrets. It was not being over sanguine to expect this much from a member of the “ illuminated and illuminating Assembly of France,” and a maker of constitutions besides. But, alas! how have we been disappointed! That part of your letter, which treats of what you call “ *public affairs*,” is no more than a repetition of one or two passages of Citizen Adet’s insolent notes, which had been sentenced to general execration a month before your letter appeared. Your “ *private affairs*,” were long ago *public*. Every one knew, and every honest heart rejoiced, that you had found a Bastille in the purlieus of your “ palace of “ *freedom* ;” that your filthy carcase was wasting in chains, instead of wallowing in the plunder you had promoted.

In the minds of the people of this country, therefore, none of the assertion, contained in your letter require to be refuted. The public voice has pronounced them as false and foul as the heart from which they proceeded. But, it is not enough that such are our sentiments; it is necessary, to preserve us from the shame of passing for your dupes, that these sentiments should be known: and, as the world has a right to be in-

formed of the reasons on which they are founded, it is in compliance with that claim, and not in complaisance to the inhabitant of a dungeon, that I proceed to observe on what you have had the impudence to assert: viz. 1. That our treaty with Britain justifies the seizure of our vessels by the French. 2. That the President was guilty of a neglect of duty, in not demanding your enlargement from the cells of one of the thousand Bastiles of your free and happy republic. 3. That our Federal constitution is an “inconsistent instrument,” which, if you live to return to America, you will have altered. 4. That all which General Washington did in the American revolution, might have been done by any other man as well as by him, and that he has neither talents nor virtues, either as a statesman or a general.

The first of these assertions; to wit, *That our treaty with Britain justifies the seizure of our vessels by the French*, you attempt to support by a most barefaced misconstruction of the second article of our treaty with France. This article says, that the contracting parties engage mutually, not to grant any particular *favour* to other nations, in respect to commerce and navigation, *that shall not immediately become common to the other party*. “Therefore,” say you, “all the *concessions* made “to England by Jay’s treaty, are through the “medium of this second article, made to France, “and can be exercised by her as a matter of “right.” This is a truth, but, like all the truths you have ever committed to paper, it is advanced with the malicious intention of leading your readers into a falsehood.



Having said, that all the commercial favours, or *concessions*, granted by America to England, are, by the pre-existing treaty, granted to France also (all which we knew while you were safe in your den), you proceed to number among those *concessions*, the acknowledgment of Great Britain's right to seize contraband articles and enemies goods, found on board neutral vessels, which is just *no concession at all*. Great Britain had, prior to the treaty, as she still has, a right to seize all such articles and enemies goods, so found. No stipulation in a treaty was necessary to the recognition of this right. It is established by the universal law of nations, and is, and ever has been, rigorously maintained, when not surrendered by particular convention. It could be no *concession* on the part of America to acknowledge that Great Britain possessed a right which she did possess, and which she exercised too, before the treaty was formed; and if this was no *concession*, how can the second article of the treaty with France be in anywise applicable to the case?

I shall not here prove that the regulations, respecting seizures, adopted in the treaty between Britain and America, are consonant to the principles of the modern law of nations, and are moreover sanctioned by the practice of France. Neither shall I enter into an explanation of the true meaning of the stipulation for *equal favour*, nor attempt to expose the absurdity of applying it to what every independent nation enjoys as a *right*. All this I have done, and I hope to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind, in my answer to the insolent and seditious Notes of Citizen Adet, to which I would refer you, Tom, were I not well assured, that you are guided by villainy, and not

misguided by ignorance or error. I shall not avail myself of the advantage to be derived from a repetition of these proofs. I shall admit your assertion in its fullest extent, and convict you on your own words.

You say, that the treaty with Britain, as far as it relates to seizures, “ is now become engrafted “ into that with France, and can be exercised by “ her as matter of right.”—Now, then, let us turn to what the British treaty says on this head. “ Where vessels shall be captured or detained on “ *just* suspicion of having on board *enemies pro-* “ *perty*, or of carrying *to the enemy* any of the ar- “ ticles which are *contraband of war* ; the said “ vessel shall be brought to the nearest and most “ convenient port ; and *if any property of an ene-* “ *my* shall be found on board of such vessel, that “ part *only* which *belongs to the enemy* shall be “ made prize, and the vessel shall be at liberty “ to proceed with the remainder without any im- “ pediment.”—Compare this with your justification of the present conduct of the French. Are they content with seizing only articles *contraband of war*, or the *property of enemies* ? And do they suffer the vessel to proceed with the rest of her cargo ? No ; they seize *all vessels bound to the ports of the enemy*, whether they have on board contraband articles, or enemies property, or not ! They seize and confiscate both vessel and cargo, and put the captains and seamen in chains.

You will say that Great-Britain stopped all our vessels bound to her enemies ports, some of which she also condemned ; but this was before the treaty with her was made, and therefore cannot be

attributed to that instrument, by which, on the contrary, she acknowledges the *illegality* of all such seizures, and engages to *make full compensation for the losses thereby sustained*.—Take, then, the treaty with England, let it be the law to judge your Harlequin masters by, and we shall soon have the pleasure to hear that they have shared the fate they long ago merited, and which their *servant* has often so miraculously escaped.

You were informed of the piratical orders they had issued, and were commanded to prepare a justification. In compliance with this command you rummaged about the treaty, as Milton rummaged the Bible to find a justification for the murder of his king. Your baleful eyes at last fixed on the eighth article. Here, you say, the treaty “makes a concession to England of *other articles* in American ships. *These articles* are all “*other articles*, and none but an ignoramus, or “something worse, would have put such a phrase “into a treaty.” Do you think that we have never read this treaty? And, if we had not, do you think there is a man among us fool enough to believe that it contains such a concession? If you do, your opinion of the people of your “beloved “America” must be much changed.

This article, out of which you have culled *two*, and only *two words*, runs thus: “And whereas “the difficulty of agreeing on the *precise cases* in “which *alone* provisions and other articles, not “generally contraband, *may be regarded as such*, “renders it expedient to provide against the misunderstandings which might thence arise: It is “agreed, that, whenever any such articles, *so becoming contraband*, according to the *existing law*



"of nations, shall for that reason be seized, the same shall not be confiscated, but the owners thereof shall be speedily and completely indemnified."—So that, you see, your *all other articles* are reduced to such articles only as are *contraband of war*, according to the modern, *the existing law of nations*.

*Playfair* calls you "the clumsy advocate of insurrection," and you are certainly as clumsy an advocate of piracy. Poor Citizen Adet is a lame hand enough, but you are still worse; he did flounce about and made a noise before he sunk; but you just make a bubble, and go to the bottom at once, like a stone or a lump of lead.

I now come to your charge against the President respecting your detention in prison. You insist that you were still a citizen of America, and that therefore it was his duty to demand your enlargement.—You perceived that you had lost all claim to citizenship here, in virtue of the article which extends that deprivation to all those "who shall accept of any title or office under any foreign king, prince, or state." To get rid of this you have recourse to a curious quibble: you pretend that this provision did not embrace your case, because France, at the time you joined the legislative mob, was neither a kingdom, principality nor state, but a people in a state of revolution.

That France was not worthy of the name of state I am very ready to allow. The French were then, what they are now, a horde of savages, engaged in the work of destruction. But, be this as it might, France was acknowledged as a state by America, and even you, I presume, will not have

the impudence to deny, that she was declared to be a republic too, the very first day that you took your seat in the convention, and, if a republic, she was certainly a state. Admitting your own doctrine, then, to have preserved your claim to American citizenship, you should have abdicated your seat, the instant this declaration took place.

You contend that a man may lend a hand to *form a constitution* for a nation who has none, without forfeiting his citizenship in his own country. This may be so: it is nonsense, and therefore not worth disputing about. But why did you not retire as soon as your job was done. You continued your seat after you had made and sworn to and made every one else swear to your silly work. You had tasted the sweets of plunder, and you hung to it like a leech, till Robespierre changed you from a legislator to a jail-bird.

You wish to persuade us, that the being a delegate to aid in forming a constitution, was not filling any *office* at all.—Now suppose that I should allow this, did you exercise no other functions than those of a constitution maker? Was not the convention every thing, legislative, executive and diplomatic; judicial, military, and *ecclesiastic*? Were not some of you watching the armies, others superintending the guillotine, and others preaching sermons of atheism? Was this filling *no office*? And were you not at all times as liable and as ready and fit to be thus employed as any of the gang? Nay, did you not preside *as judge* (“ah! righteous rascally judge!”) on the trial of Louis the XVIth? And did not your swinish voice pronounce on him the sentence of *banishment*? Was this filling *no office*?

But, whether you were an officer or not, or whether you had legally forfeited your American citizenship, what a poor mean-spirited miscreant must you be to make a complaint that your release was not requested by the President, the man whom you call an *apostate* or an *impostor*! What! *old Common Sense*, who was at all times “ready to fight a *hundred tories* ;” the *great Rights of Man*, who, “proudly scorned to triumph or to yield ;” is it this hero in the cause of French liberty, who boldly defied the gallows of Old England, that now trembles at the thoughts of the French guillotine!——“To such a pitch of rage and suspicion was Robespierre and his committee arrived that it seemed as if they feared to leave a man alive. *No man could count upon his life for twenty hours.*” \* One hundred and sixty-nine prisoners were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and one hundred and sixty of them guillotined. In the next list I have good reason to believe *I was included.*”—Well, and what then? Why should you not be included as well as the thousands you assisted in sentencing to death? What a poor whimpering story is here! After all your boasting of the greatness and dignity of the “democratic floor,” you have not discovered a zeal nearly equal to that of *Lord Stanhope*, one of “that class of equivocal generation, called *aristocracy.*” †

“*Lord Stanhope.* What are all the executions and what is all the blood, about which we hear such pitiful tales? The cause of France is the

\* This confession is valuable. The democrats will not now deny what I have ever said about French liberty.

† See Woodfall's Parliamentary Reports.



“ cause of freedom, of mankind. Who would  
 “ hesitate to be executed in such a cause? I would  
 “ *cheerfully be hanged in her cause.*”

“ *Lord Abingdon.* My lords, his lordship wishes  
 “ you to hang him. I beseech your lordships to  
 “ give the noble peer rope enough and he will  
 “ hang himself.”

Are you not ashamed, Tom, to be surpassed by a lord? Instead of coming forth from your den, a volunteer martyr in this glorious cause, and crying, *Vive la Republique!* with your neck under the national razor, you tremble even now at the thoughts of your danger. Instead of dancing to the music of your republican chains, you pine and peak and cry for *liberty*: as if it were possible for a man to want liberty in France!

I cannot help observing here how harmoniously you chime in with the cant of the enslaved French and the American democrats. “ During the *tyranny of Robespierre—the orders of Robespierre—the cruelty of Robespierre.*” Just as if the whole mob of tyrants, who passed the bloody decrees, were not as guilty as he who *proposed* them? But the rest, or the greatest part of them, are *alive* and *in power*, and Robespierre is *dead*.

You are obliged, however, to confess that the convention itself refused to release you at the request of some silly Americans: but here again, to avoid offending your despotic masters, you throw the blame *on the president* for the time being, and he, poor cut-throat, “ has since *absconded.*” If he had been present you would not have dared even to do this.

The committees, you acknowledge, did order your arrest ; but then as some of them are alive, and even on the throne, you add : “ the committees, of which *Robespierre was Dictator.*” Thus you qualify your tone, kneel, creep and cringe to those who have held you in chains, and brought you to the foot of the scaffold. Nay you do more. *Carnot*, one of the five fellows now called the Directory, was a member of these committees, he was Robespierre’s right-hand man, the jackall that brought provison for the guillotine. This is he who signs the decree for seizing the vessels of your “ beloved America,” and this measure your pen, your poor old double-turned antithesises, are now employed to defend. It is thus that you support “ the *dignity of man,*” that “ *dignity* compared to “ which that of lords, dukes and kings dwindles “ into nothingness.”

If Robespierre were still living, you would be as much his flatterer and slave as you are the flatterer and slave of Carnot. You were made for a French republican ; the baseness which they have constantly discovered, is in your nature. While the tyrant is alive, he is a God ; when dead, he is a devil. An ignominious death, the awful avenger of crimes, and, with other men, the oblivion of injuries, with you unlocks the faculties of reproach, and changes your praises into execrations. You are true carrion-crows : you flutter in flocks from the presence of the kite, but when he is wounded by the hunter and lies gasping on the earth, you attack his prostrate carcase, and pick out his eyes that are closing in death.

Now, Tom, for your attack on the *Federal Constitution*. On this head I shall be very concise.—You must recollect, if your memory is not as treacherous as your heart, that, in your “Rights of Man,” you every where coupled this constitution with that of France, which your book professed to defend; and that you held the Federal Constitution, in particular, up for the imitation of the English.—Let us therefore contrast what you then said of this constitution, with what you say of it now.

*Letter to Gen. Washington.*

I declare myself opposed to several matters in the constitution, particularly to the manner in which, what is called the Executive, is formed, and to the long duration of the Senate; and if I live to return to America I will use all my endeavours to have them altered.

It was only to the absolute necessity of establishing some federal authority, extending equally over all the states, that an instrument, *so inconsistent* as the present federal constitution is, obtained a suffrage.

*Rights of Man, Part. 2d.*

The whole expense of the federal government of America, founded, as I have already said, on the system of representation, and extending over a country nearly ten times as large as England, is but six hundred thousand dollars, or one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds sterling.

The government of America, which is wholly on the system of representation, is the *only real republic in character and in practice*, that now exists. Its government has *no other object* than the public business of the nation, and therefore it is *properly a republic*.



*Letter to Gen. Washington.*

As the federal constitution is a copy, not quite so base as the original, of the form of the British government, an imitation of its vices was naturally to be expected.

*Rights of Man, Part 2d.*

It is on this system that the American government is founded. It is representation ingrafted upon democracy. It has fixed the form by a scale parallel in all cases to the extent of the principle. What Athens was in miniature, America will be in magnitude. The one was the wonder of the ancient world; the other is becoming the admiration and model of the present.

There is a pretty little posey for you, Thomas! What a vile wretch must you be! That which was becoming the "*admiration and model of the world,*" is now "*a copy, not quite so base as the original, of the British government;*" and you were exhausting all the hell of sophistry to persuade the English to change their constitution for another, from which the vices of their own were "*naturally to be expected.*"——Never, surely never, was a poor demagogue so completely detected. Your letter will do good in this country; but in England it will be a national blessing. Your *sincerity* will now be seen to the bottom. Those whom you had the address to deceive will now blush at their folly: they will see the pit you had prepared for them, and will bless the hand that saved them from destruction. For my own part, what I owe to this performance in common with every American and every Englishman, I have particular acknowledgments to make. It has flattered my vanity as a political writer; a species

of vanity which you know, Tom, is none of the weakest,—witness your Second Part of the “*Rights of Man*.” I long ago declared that all who were the enemies “of the British Government, “would be found to be the enemies of the General Government of America.” And no longer since than the September Censor, which contains your infamous life, I said : “I sincerely “believe that he (meaning you, Tom,) *hated*, and “that he *still hates* the general government of the “United States, as much as the Government of “Great-Britain. But it was necessary that he “should find out something to hold up to the “imitation of the English ; no matter what, so “that it differed from what they possessed.”

Among the good effects that your letter will have, one is, and that not of the least importance, it will tend to complete the reconciliation between America and Britain. Your intention and that of your employers was quite different ; but you have overstepped your mark. When the people of this country first read your “Rights of Man,” they were naturally flattered with your compliments to their wisdom. To have formed a government, “the admiration and model of the “world,” and to be held up to the imitation of their rivals in freedom, merited a return of applause ; and they were astonished and offended to find, that the English refused to be instructed. Hence the appellations of “British tyrant,” and “willing slaves ;” and all the acrimonious and disdainful language that was for a long time held towards that nation. But now, when they perceive that their flatterer is become an assailant, and that their “admiration and model of the “world,” is no more than a mere “copy, not

“ quite so base as the original, of the *British government*,” they will begin to think that the people of England were not so foolish ; that they still are free men, and worthy of their friendship and affection.

In a successive attack on all that is fair and excellent, *the conduct and character of General Washington* naturally follows the Federal Constitution.

I will not cast a slur on this illustrious man by attempting to defend him against the shafts of Tom Paine, but I will make you, Tom, defend him against yourself.

#### *Letter to Gen. Washington.*

When we speak of military character, something more is to be understood than constancy ; and something more *ought* to be understood than the Fabian system of *doing nothing*. The *nothing* part can be done by any body. Old Mrs. Thompson, the house-keeper of head-quarters, (who threatened to make the sun and the wind shine through Rivington of New York) could have done it as well as Mr. Washington. Deborah would have been as good as Barak. The successful skirmishes at the close of one campaign, matters that would scarcely be noticed in a better state of things, make the brilliant

#### *Common Sense.*

Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action ; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude ; and I reckon it among those kind of *public blessings*, which we do not immediately see, that GOD hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even *flourish upon care*.



*Letter to Gen. Washington.*

exploits of Gen. Washington's seven campaigns.--No wonder we see so much pusillanimity in the *President* when we see so little enterprise in the *General*.

Elevated to the chair of the Presidency you assumed the merit of every thing to yourself, and the *natural ingratitude* of your constitution began to appear. You commenced your Presidential career by encouraging and swallowing the grossest adulation, and you travelled America from one end—to the other, to put yourself in the way of receiving it. You have as many addressees in your chest as James the II. Monopolies of every kind marked your administration almost in the moment of its commencement. The lands obtained by the revolution were lavished upon partizans; the interest of the disbanded soldier was sold to the speculator; injustice was acted under the pretence of faith; and the chief of the army became the patron of the fraud.

*Rights of Man, Part 2d.*

I presume, that no man in his sober senses, will compare the character of any of the kings of Europe with that of General Washington.

As soon as nine states had concurred, (and the rest followed in the order their conventions were elected) the old fabric of the federal government was taken down, and the new one erected, of which General Washington is president.—In this place I cannot help remarking, that the *character and services* of this gentleman are sufficient to put all those men called kings to shame. While they are receiving from the sweat and labours of mankind, a prodigality of pay, to which neither their abilities, nor their services can entitle them, he is rendering every service in his power, and refusing every pecuniary reward. He accepted no pay as commander in chief; he accepts none as president of the United States.

*Letter to Gen. Washington.*

And as to you, sir, *treacherous in private friendship*, and a *hypocrite* in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide, whether you are an *apostate* or an *impostor*; whether you have *abandoned good principles*, or whether you ever had any?

*Dedication to the 1st part of the Rights of Man.*

SIR,

I present you a small treatise in defence of those principles of freedom which your *exemplary virtue* has so *eminently contributed to establish*. That the Rights of Man may become as universal as your *benevolence* can wish, and that you may enjoy the happiness of seeing the new world regenerate the old, is the prayer of,

Sir,

Your most obliged, and  
Obedient humble servt.

THOMAS PAINE.

Now, atrocious, infamous miscreant, “look  
“on this picture, and on this.” I would call on you to blush, but the rust of villainy has eaten your cheek to the bone, and dried up the source of suffusion. Are these the proofs of your disinterestedness and consistency? Is it thus that you are always the same, and that you “*preserve through life the right-angled character of MAN?*”

The object of your masters, in having recourse to you on this occasion, is evident to every one. Your letter was written at the time they were passing the decree for authorizing the violation of their treaty with America. To prevent the people here from resenting the injury, it was necessary to persuade them that it was owing

to the mal-administration of their own government, and this could not be done without undermining the character of him who presided over it. It was thought that you yet possessed influence enough to effect this, and therefore the prostituted pen of the revolutionary ruffian was put in a state of requisition.

Your tyrants are completely baffled. The effects of your letter are exactly the contrary to what it was intended to produce. There is but one thing on earth nearer to the hearts of all true Americans than their constitution, and that is, the spotless character of their chief. Your brutal attempt to blacken this character was all that was wanted to crown his honour and your infamy. You were before sunk to a level with the damned, but now you are plunged beneath them. The vile democrats, nay even Franklin Bache, with whom you boast of being in close correspondence, can say not a word in its defence. All the *apology* for you, is, that you wrote at the instigation of the despots of Paris. Thus the great Rights of Man, the sworn foe of corruption, and the reformer of nations, winds up his patriotic career: his being *bribed* is pleaded as an *alleviation of his crimes*.

T H E E N D.

















